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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZI

JANUARY 1982 $3.00

GIANT PET OF THE YEAR POSTER

THE BORN-AGAIN GOSPEL OF GREED

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THE GREAT CANCER INSURANCE SCAM

ISAAC ASIMOV ON CREATIONISM

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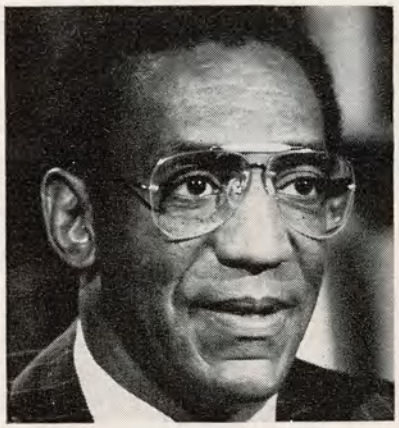

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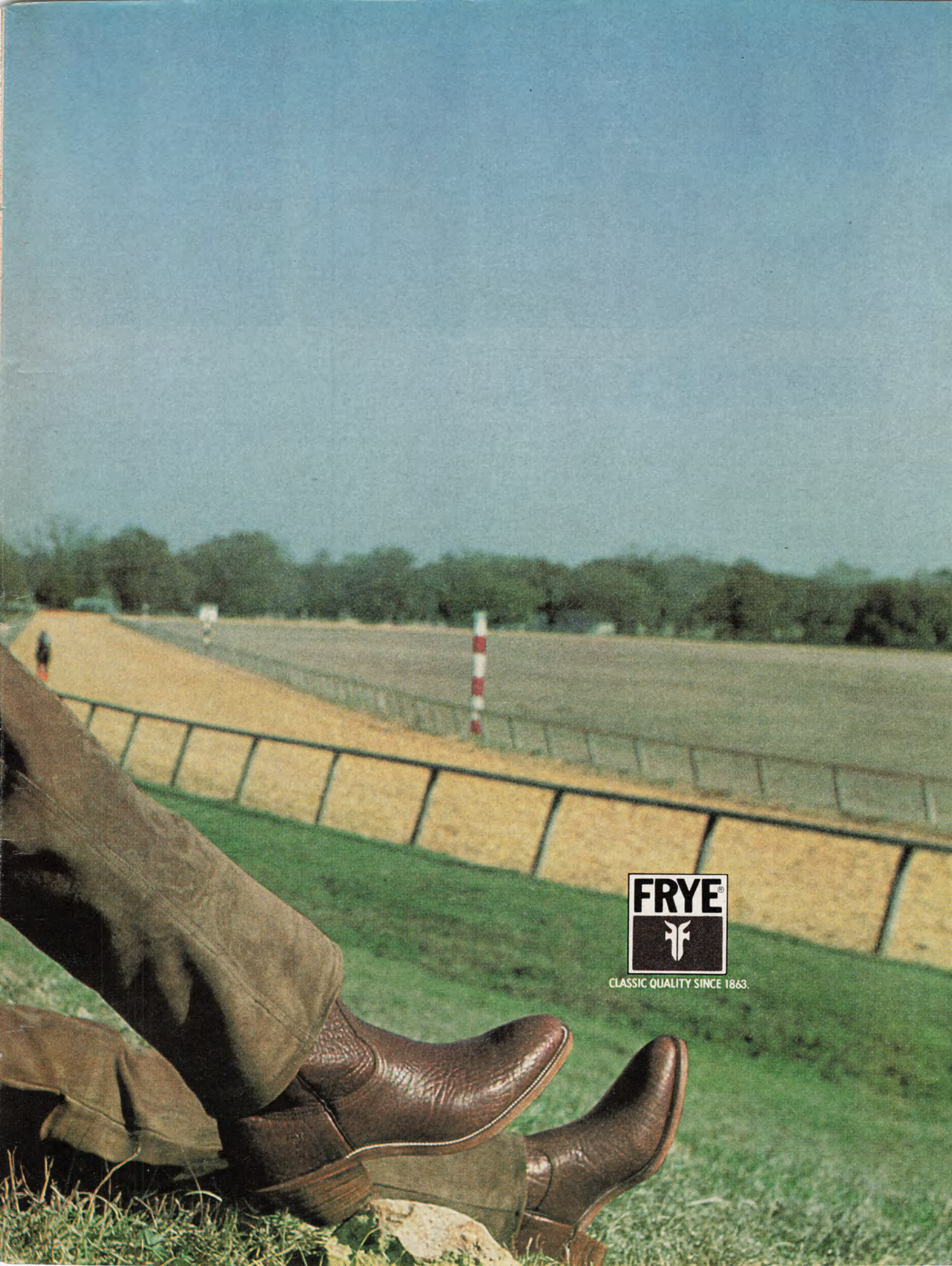
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PORTRAIT OF DANIEL KEYES

HOUSECALL

Two months ago, in the first of *Penthouse*'s investigative articles on the finances of Jerry Falwell's ministry, **L.J. Davis** and **Ernest Volkman** focused on a mysterious con man and swindler named F. William Menge, a convicted tax evader who managed to become one of Falwell's closest friends and advisers. Menge, as you'll recall, died mysteriously, if not horribly, beneath the blades of a rotary power tractor, shortly after he had threatened that he was going to "tell all" and that people were "going to go to jail!" In this month's lead article, "Praise the Lord and Pass the Contributions" (page 52), **Arthur Weidel**, a born-again Christian banker, tells about his own unhappy experiences with Menge and the ministry, an association that came about after Weidel was asked to help straighten out the financial affairs of a small Baptist church in New Jersey. Weidel came to *Penthouse* with his story because, as a very religious man, "I was all the more disturbed by my experiences with supposedly God-fearing men who use the name of God to exploit those around them."

Weidel's article, which was written with the assistance of L.J. Davis, describes his growing disenchantment with Menge, a man who Weidel had heard was a "dynamic, born-again Christian worth a hundred million dollars" but who in reality was bilking innocent people out of their life savings. More than $30,000 of this money somehow ended up as a "gift" to Falwell's ministry, but when Weidel asked the Moral Majority leader to return it, he was told that it would be like throwing money "down a rathole." Falwell "felt no obligation to the 200 bondholders who had supplied him with a loan and a donation," Weidel recalls. And even though his faith remains strong, Weidel writes that he has learned an important lesson from his experiences with Menge: "There is no greater hypocrite than a man who will shamelessly use the name of God to gull the innocent, and there is no scam more effective."

But there are, alas, many scams *equally* effective. And one of the cruelest is described by prize-winning Washington journalist **Robert Sherrill** in the ninth article in the *Penthouse* series on "The Politics of Cancer" (page 74). Hundreds of insurance companies across America sell "cancer-only" policies to millions of gullible people who expect that they are buying financial protection from the catastrophic costs of cancer treatment. Some time ago the Federal Trade Commission conducted a major investigation into cancer insurance, but before its findings could be made public, Congress ordered the FTC *not to investigate any insurance company*! It seems that the insurance colossus as a whole went to work on Congress, and Congress caved in. But, fortunately, Sherrill obtained a copy of the FTC report, and he summarizes its findings in our article. As one of the congressmen who gave the report to him commented: "This report documents that... Americans are spending billions for a service that...doesn't insulate them against the expenses they may well face. *Why is the U.S. Congress suppressing this vital information?*"

Daniel Keyes's "The Minds of Billy Milligan" (page 70) documents the sensational results of a totally different kind of scientific investigation. Milligan, who was arrested in 1977 as the Ohio State University "Campus Rapist," was the first person ever to be found innocent of a major crime because he had multiple personalities. The victim of brutality when he was a child, Milligan possessed a medically unprecedented twenty-four *completely separate personalities*. Keyes, who wrote *Flowers for Algernon* (which became the movie *Charley*), was asked by Milligan to write his story. Among other things he writes that the rapist was not twenty-six-year-old Billy, but a nineteen-year-old lesbian poet, Adalana, who just happens to share Billy's body. Our article is adapted from the new Random House book of the same title, and you'll have to keep reminding yourself that it's not science fiction.

"The Man Who Invented Eternal Life" (page 122) is, however, science fiction, in the best and most elegant tradition, written by one of today's masters of that genre, Polish author **Stanislaw Lem**. Translated by **Joel Stern** and **Maria Swiecicka-Ziemianek**, this eerie tale is from Lem's latest collection of stories, *Memoirs of a Space Traveler*, which will be published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. And speaking of science fiction, **Isaac Asimov**, world-famous author of science fact *and* fiction (he's published 239 books to date), attacks the New Right's dangerous attempt to force public-school children to accept the notion that science fiction (called "creationism") has genuine scientific validity ("Advise and Dissent," page 120).

This month's dramatic and moving interview (page 78) is with **Robert Leuci**, the real-life "Prince of the City" whose exploits were the basis for the recent hit movie. Leuci, a high-level New York City police officer, tried to help reform the corrupt criminal-justice system by cooperating with a top-secret federal investigation. But, as he tells *Penthouse* interviewer **Andrew Gilman**, he quickly lost control of events, and he was forced to participate in the destruction of his best friends: "I couldn't believe that these investigators would point at the cops and say, 'Hey, *these* are the ones responsible.' I thought they must be kidding! Whatever cops do wrong is insignificant compared to the wrongdoings of the entire system." And while Leuci thinks that police are more honest today than when he joined the force, he believes that the wretched state of criminal justice in America is a much more important issue: "The average guy doesn't give a damn about how the law is enforced; he just wants the law *enforced*."

Other features this month include **Nick Tosches**'s pictorial examination "Rear View" (page 149), which explores our all-American, sociosexual obsession with asses; a look at what's new in the worlds of stereo (page 154) and fashion (page 176); and the latest in Christmas gift suggestions for the latest in last-minute shopping (page 184). And as you carefully unstaple the special foldout poster featuring **Bob Guccione**'s photographs of our new Pet of the Year, **Danielle Deneux**, we hope and expect that you will pause a moment and think of us, as we will think of you. Here's to a joyous 1982...a New Year filled with peace, prosperity, and...especially...beauty.

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JANUARY

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Fowl play

I read your magazine, particularly the "Forum" pages, with avid, almost unbearable sexual tension. To be quite honest, some fantasies seem too incredible to be true, but I feel I must describe a delightful afternoon I once spent with a roasting chicken.

It was a typically boring Sunday afternoon, overcast, occasionally drizzling, and nothing worth watching on TV. I had friends coming around for dinner that evening and had a chicken roasting in the oven. Lying on the sofa, a can of beer nestled in my hand, I could not help but notice the pungent aroma of the bird's inner juices hissing and sizzling on the walls of my oven and assailing my nasal passages in the most lascivious manner. In spite of the fact that it was a Sunday, I became most aroused. I suddenly felt my shorts become unusually constricting.

I went into the kitchen to check on the fowl. Looking through the glass door of the oven, I was struck by the graceful lines of the roasting bird, her brown, crackly skin, the puckers of flesh between her ample thighs, thrusting up at me like an invitation to her darker passages. I had stuffed these regions with a mouth-watering mixture of herbs and spices. As I gazed at her in sexual rapture, I tensed as this same stuffing oozed out of her well-lubricated opening. It was at that moment, my mouth dry, my heart beating with a pagan throb, that the bird's timer thrust itself out of her golden breast. At first I was startled, but the realization of the task before me grew. I had to have that bird!

I wrenched the door of the oven open. I grasped the roasting dish in both hands, burning them slightly in my haste. My cries of pain only served to heighten my frenzy. I pulled her from the oven, and in doing so her hot juices trickled over my hand. Holding her body with one hand, I thrust the other into her burning stuffing. It dawned on me that my massive chicken stuffer couldn't withstand that sort of punishment, but hell, it was finger-lickin' good.

I quickly got the blow dryer from the bathroom and lovingly caressed her with gusts of cool air. Soon I knew she was ready for me. I dropped my shorts, and my carving tool sprang to readiness. Grasping her firmly by the thighs, I lowered her eager body onto mine. Her stuffing engulfed me. I felt her drumsticks lock around me. Falling to the floor, I began to carve her up. With each thrust her warm juices splashed out, covering me with a thick coating of her fragrant wetness. She offered no resistance as I took her with mounting passion. I could feel the end of my tool knocking her ribs. I almost thought I could hear her delicate moans of pleasure with each stroke. With increasing speed I knew I wouldn't have any further need for the timer.

I felt a surge of orgasmic ecstasy as I added to the succulent herbs and spices. My senses reeled as I clutched her tighter to me in my moment of conquest. My body gave out as I rolled over and tenderly took her from me and placed her on the serving dish.

I was suddenly aware of the dinner hour approaching. After cleaning away the evidence of our delightful interlude, I quickly showered and prepared the vegetables. Later that evening, while dining on the fruits of my pleasure, I smiled secretly as my guests complimented my culinary expertise, particularly the unusual flavor of the stuffing. I never knew I could have my cock and pullet at the same time.—*Name and address withheld*

Indirect incest

Being a woman and a confirmed heterosexual, I've never much enjoyed men's magazines, but I have liked yours because of its "Forum" section and always wanted to write to you. But nothing ever really special happened to me—until now. This past summer, me and my boyfriend house-sat for my brother and his wife while they took a five-week vacation to Canada.

I'm twenty-six, and my brother is twenty-four, and we've always been close. Probably the closest we've ever come to anything sexual is when I was about sixteen and thought I wasn't attractive. (I've since developed very well, thank you.) When my parents were out, I used to traipse around the house in my bra and panties trying to turn Gene on, not so much in an out-and-out sexual way, but just to get his attention, to reassure myself that I was attractive to at least somebody. I succeeded, too. I still laugh at the way Gene would pretend he was doing whatever he was doing—watching TV or doing his homework—while stealing horny glances at me as I lay on the couch or on the floor, giving him more "beaver shots" than his dirty little mind ever dreamed of. And while I was largely ignorant about sex, I did know what a hard-on was and was both thrilled and horrified at seeing the prominent bulge in Gene's pants during these incidents, especially once, when he got up to get the phone and his cock strained against his crotch like a banana.

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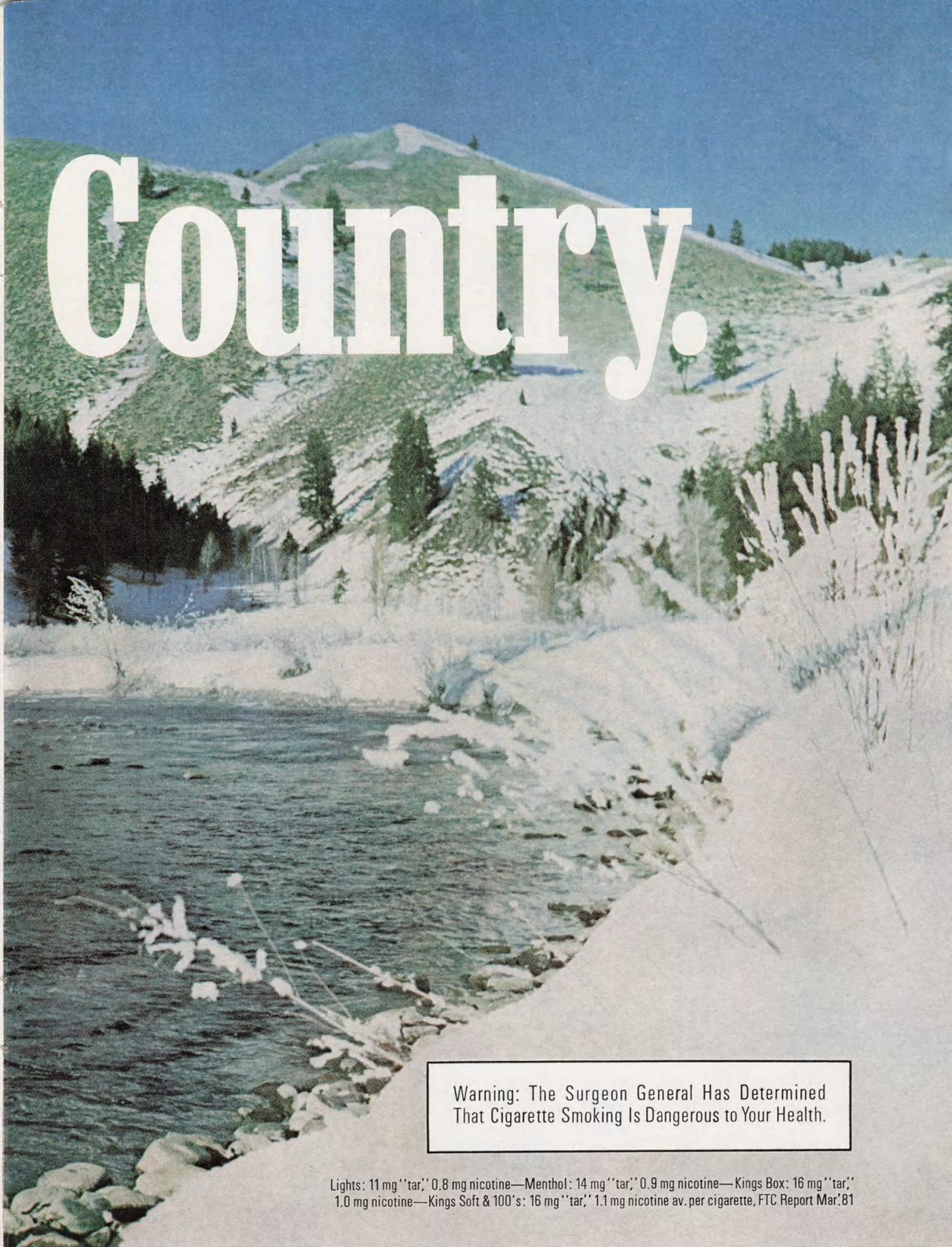

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Afterward he would always go to the bathroom for what I now know was a good jerk-off. In later years neither of us spoke about this game, although I suspect this exhibitionistic aspect of our relationship must have remained in Gene's mind, which would explain what my boyfriend Tim and I found at Gene's house.

Gene is really into all the home entertainment stuff that is coming out now, like large-screen TV and movie cassettes, as well as—laid out in the open for all to see (and for me to find?)—several videotapes he had made with his own camera. I figured they were home movies or vacation stuff and put them on one day when Tim was gone and got the surprise of my life!

I thought something was a little strange when I saw that the place Gene was filming was his bedroom. At first, he and his wife, Anna, sat on the bed joking and making faces—that is, until they started kissing, first in a jokey way, like shy kids, and then with increasing passion, until I saw their tongues slurping away at each other while Anna squeezed Gene's bulge. At this point, knowing where it was leading to, I stopped the machine in genuine embarrassment. But the more I thought about it, the more excited I got. After all, how many girls get to see their brother in a pornographic movie? Also, Gene obviously had left the tapes there for me to find, and I didn't want to disappoint him.

So I turned it back on, sat back, and enjoyed myself. After necking a while longer, Anna got up and did a striptease. I began to get wet between the legs. Then it was Gene's turn, and I got even wetter. When the point came where he stripped off his briefs to reveal his erect penis to my wide-open eyes, I couldn't resist reaching down and caressing myself. He walked right up to the camera and revealed a delicious close-up of his eight-inch penis. (Or is it nine inches? Anyway, it looks quite large.) Gene proceeded to display it from every angle, rubbing it every once in a while to keep it stiff. Watching him, I rubbed myself vigorously as well. Then Anna dropped to her knees and gave him a long, exquisite blowjob. Boy, did I envy her! Her slithering tongue completely bathed his cock, stopping now and then to caress his urethra, just like I like to do with Tim. By this time I was bathed in sweat and vigorously masturbating, almost hurting my clit in excitement. Finally, Gene began thrusting back and forth in Anna's mouth. His buttocks tightened, and he came.

At first Anna kept her mouth tightly clamped on my brother's cock, and I thought I'd be cheated of the sight of his semen, but after a moment she opened up, relinquishing her still stiff prize, and out poured the gluey white come over her lips and down her chin and neck.

That did it. With a loud moan I came in a blinding series of orgasms, the first multiple climax I'd ever had. Well, that was the end of the tape but it wasn't the end of me. I was turned on like I'd never been before, and it wasn't until I'd hungrily viewed the other tapes and come a half dozen times more that I was satisfied. The other tapes had an accent on oral sex. I'm proud to say that little brother is an expert cunt-licker. They did almost everything else except, disappointingly, ass-fucking, my personal favorite. I showed the tapes to Tim, when he got back, and for the next couple of weeks we watched them constantly between and during fucks, or I would coax him to eat me out for an hour or more while I committed visual incest.

It was only toward the end of our stay that it occurred to me that two could play the same game. Tim didn't have to be convinced, and I was sure, given our purpose, that Gene wouldn't mind our helping ourselves to a few of his blank tapes. I did a slow striptease, trembling at the thought of who would be seeing this, and paused for a while in my bra and panties, lolling about on the bed and hoping Gene would remember my earlier exhibitionism. Only now I didn't stop at my underwear but stripped down completely, proudly displaying my smallish but perfectly shaped thirty-four-inch chest and then (almost fainting with excitement and embarrassment) opened my legs as Tim went into a close-up, revealing my light-brown, well-trimmed mound. Pulling apart my lips, I slowly caressed myself, knowing that Gene would be pumping himself when he saw this. Tim and I then proceeded to give Gene and Anna a sex show in return for theirs, and fucked and sucked up a couple of hours' worth of tape, including going them one better by not only having Tim come in my mouth but then passing Tim's semen back to him in big French kisses. We also showed them what anal sex was all about, although it took a couple of takes to get that in.

Since we both had to be back at our jobs, we left before Gene and Anna returned, but we left our welcome-home present in the form of the tapes. When Gene returned, it wasn't long before he gave me a call, and we nervously laughed our heads off. He asked Tim and me to spend a weekend with them to view some more of their movies and, half hysterically, I accepted. Sexually flirting over the phone with my brother freaked me out, but I've never been so turned on by a conversation. I want very much to go for the visit, but knowing where it will almost certainly lead, I'm also scared stiff. But having gone this far, it's hard to stop now.—*Name and address withheld*

Another convert

I would like to share an incredible experience my husband and I shared shortly after we were married. Although he had gone down on me several times before then, I was never really able to bring myself to suck him off. I was so afraid he would come in my mouth! The few, rare times I had allowed him to put his penis in my mouth, he had already ejaculated safely in my vagina. By that time he was usually limp and satisfied. Even though he

always promised he would withdraw before coming, I still would not give him head until I was sure he would not, or could not, shoot off in my mouth.

Then, one day, we were both relaxing, feeling really mellow after a few drinks and a couple of joints, and we started fooling around. One thing led to another, and soon we were naked and he was fingering me into a frenzy. I took hold of his penis and started pumping it slowly. The sight of his hard cock and full, tight balls seemed to turn me on further, and as I began to hump up and down on his fingers I knew I would come soon.

It all seemed so right, so perfect, as I took his penis into my mouth. It was a night to remember. Before, he had been passive during my cocksucking. Limp and drained. This time he was hot and active, his full load packed tight in his balls and sex equipment. His smooth, sexy ass flexed as I began sucking harder on his loaded prick. By this time I was out of my mind and almost coming. He had two fingers deep inside me as his thumb softly brushed my clitoris. I wanted him to come in me. I took hold of his cock shaft in one hand and lightly grasped his bloated testicles in the other. I pumped his shaft harder, and almost instantly his penis gave a powerful flex from root to tip. His balls shifted sluggishly and pulled up tight against his hairy groin. I knew what was about to happen, but I couldn't stop. I couldn't stop giving him the pleasure he had given me. That's when I came. I felt my vaginal muscles grab his fingers, and I experienced a series of throbs I knew he could feel. He whimpered, bucking into my mouth. The head of his penis expanded and something hot and wonderful drooled onto my tongue. I heard him scream, "Oh, Goddd!" as a great wave of semen exploded into my mouth. As my vagina was racked by delicious spasms, I felt rich, warm fluid rush into my mouth and I knew that there was no higher heaven than what I felt at that moment.—*Name and address withheld*

A total woman

Wow! Am I ever hot! I just read a letter in *Penthouse* about a guy who loved to wear ladies' lingerie. I, too, love to dress up in ladies' clothes. I am twenty-five and married. My wife doesn't know about my lust for silk and lace. She dresses very sexy, with panties and bras from Frederick's. I have a very good collection also. Whenever I get a chance to explore women's bedrooms, I usually take a bra or a couple of pairs of panties if the chick is attractive and has good taste. I especially love laundry baskets with used panties.

I also love to look up women's dresses and see their sexy pantied crotches. One day I sat for two hours at a very busy stairway, and I must have seen a hundred different asses covered in an assortment of panties. One girl was wise to me and stood on the stairs for about fifteen minutes. I didn't say anything. I just wanted to look. She would squat down and the crotch of her panties couldn't have been more than an inch wide. Black cunt hair stuck out everywhere, and she rubbed her sexy pink panties right up into her wet slit. When she stood up, her panties disappeared in her crack and I could see her juice running down her thighs. I started to speak, but when I did talk she suddenly dropped her panties and threw them down to me and ran. I've still got those sexy pink panties.

Right now I am wearing a black lace bra. I use water-filled balloons for tits. I'm about 40 DD and wear a very short black lace negligee with a sexy black silk G-string, over which I have on a pair of see-through blue nylon panties with black lace trim. I also have on black high heels. My eight-inch cock is about to explode. I love and worship women, pussy, and female ass holes. But when I am dressed, I feel like a total woman. I love to go to men's rooms wearing my sexy lace panties. You'd be surprised at the men who love to see and feel my panties. I wore these same panties to the mall today, and I sucked one hard cock under the stall wall while the guy in the stall to my left fucked my tight ass hole. When I came out, I noticed the man who had just fucked my ass by his shoes. He noticed me, too. He was sitting with a very sexy woman. I sat down next to her without saying anything. I still had her man's come in my ass and panties.

The next thing I knew they were talking to me about what we had done. At first I was embarrassed, until I noticed the woman was getting turned on. They took me to their house, which was very high-class. The woman told me to lie on the floor, which I did, and she came and stood over me. Wow! She had on baby blue silk and lace panties with a matching garter belt and lacy blue slip and bra. She also had on black seamed stockings and blue high heels. We were on a tile floor, and she squatted over my chest and started releasing her golden pee while running her fingers through it and soaking her luscious panties. She had some of her sexy frilly lingerie laid out on the bed for me. I told her about my balloon tits, and she sent her husband out for some balloons. She helped me get dressed, slipping the panties into place. The panties were hot pink, with a lot of sexy lace. She helped me with the pink garter belt and stockings. Then came a pink lace 38 D bra and a sexy pink slip. I also put on some pretty, pink high heels.

When her husband got back, the ball started rolling. She started sucking his cock, so I joined in and he fingered our ass holes through our panties. Then he started fucking her pussy while I licked her juice from his prick and balls. Then he pushed his hard dick in her sexy, tight ass hole. She had a lot of deep red hair on her

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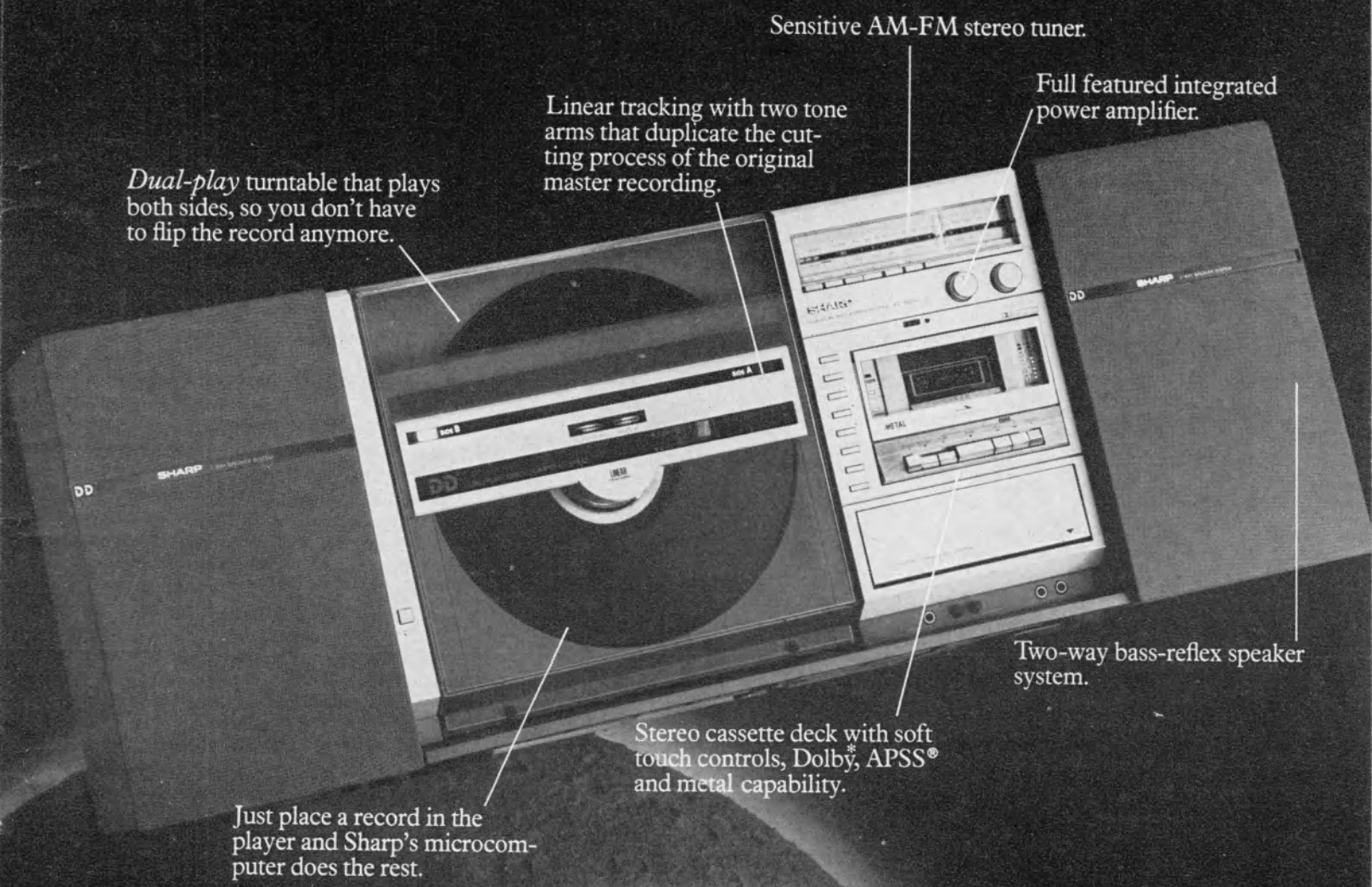
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cunt and around her ass hole. I pulled them with my teeth while he fucked her. She said she wanted to see him fuck my ass before he came. She slid my sexy pink panties down and sniffed and licked them while she guided his rock-hard dick into me. She couldn't get over the sight of her man's dick fucking another man's ass hole. She licked our balls while alternating back and forth to my dick. She deep-throated my cock and pushed her finger deep in his ass hole. We both started coming, and he pulled out to bathe her face in his come while I also shot off on her beautiful face and lips.

We finished up by getting in the shower and peeing all over each other. I loved fondling his dick while he peed through my fingers. He did the same to me while we both touched her gorgeous cunt. Later on, she gave me the panties and other stuff I wore along with her wet panties and lingerie.—*Name and address withheld*

The right circumstances

While I was in the midst of this sexual experience I decided that I had to write in to "Forum." Here goes.

I am a happily married career woman in my early thirties. I was a virgin when I met Tom, my husband, and our sex life together is super. I have been faithful to him throughout our ten years of marriage, straying only through fantasies. I was brought up with a strict Catholic view of sex and morals, so making it with another man was not one of my options . . . until now!

Robert has been one of our closest friends since before we were married. I have always considered his rugged outgoing style attractive. Over the years Robert hasn't ever bragged about his sexual prowess, but both Tom and I are well aware that his life as a bachelor has made him quite the sexual expert.

Our experience together began with an afternoon and evening filled with joints and laughter. Robert had recently moved to the other side of the country, and we hadn't seen him for quite a while. We were all ready to party. At one point in the afternoon, while Tom was in another room, Robert pulled me to him and kissed me. It was a short, friendly kiss, and Tom came back in time to see it, but that probably got us all started.

We all went out to a dinner party with friends and then returned to our place. It was getting late, so we smoked a little more, and then Tom and I left to go upstairs to bed. We were in the midst of some incredibly juicy foreplay when Tom suggested that we call Robert up to join us. I was speechless at first! After ages of silent deliberation, I finally responded with a hesitating yes.

When I called Robert up to join us (I didn't say why, but I knew he knew!), I was shaking like a leaf. I guess I was almost as scared as I was excited. It took a long time for those damn shakes to go away. But they added to the excitement of the mo-

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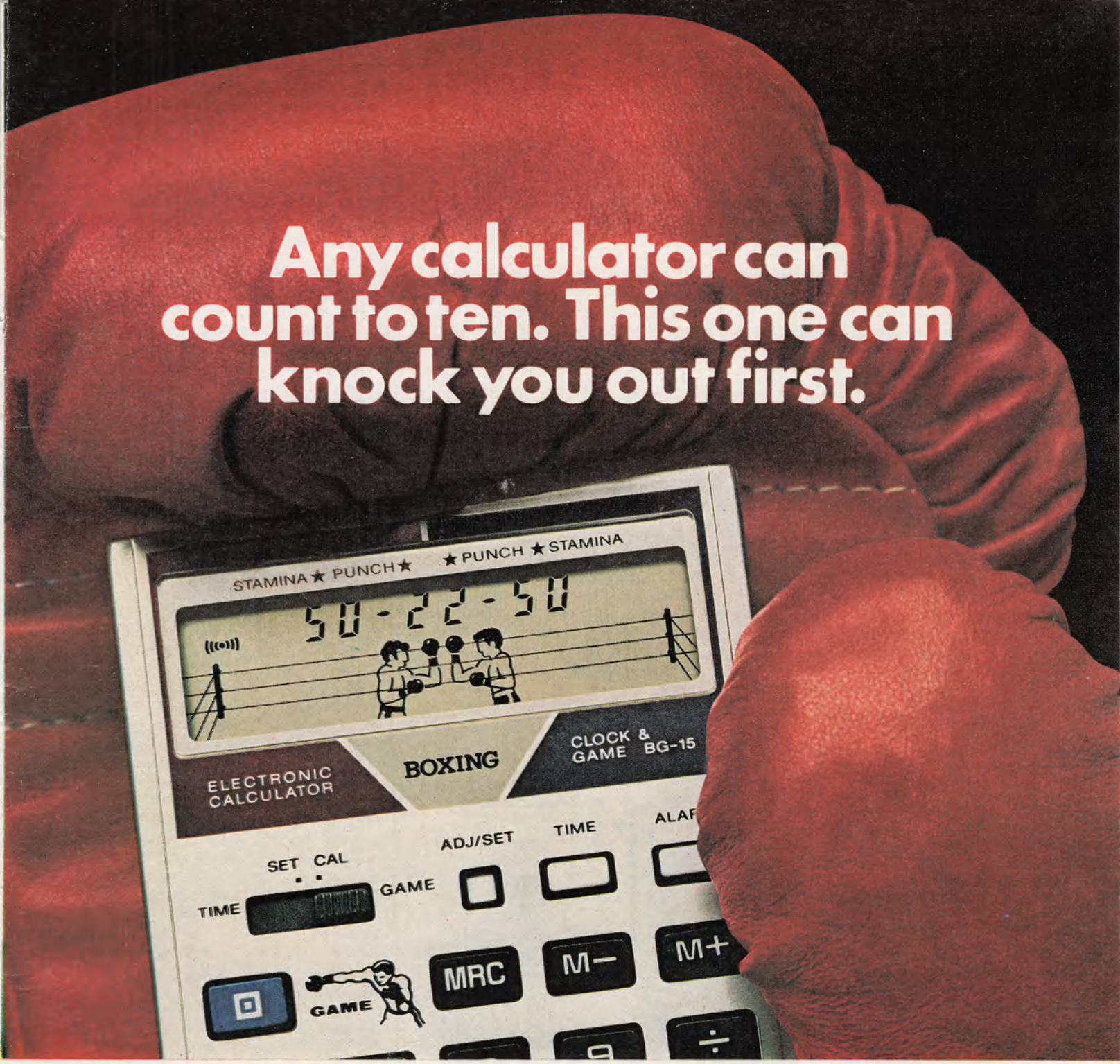

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ment in a funny sort of way.

Tom was naked when he opened the door for Robert. I was sitting on the bed, wearing only my lace bikinis. After saying something like, "Wow, this is super!" Robert came over to me and kissed me long and hard. I loved the feeling, and Tom must have loved seeing it, too. He told us he'd rather watch than "enter in" for a while.

Robert didn't undress right away. He took off my panties and just kept rubbing his hands all over me while we kissed and hugged. (I get wet just writing about it!) I can't describe how turned on I was. Robert was so tender and gentle, very much like Tom. It was such an incredible turn-on to be fondled by someone else! With Tom watching and being turned on, too, I had the best of both worlds: a different lover and a consenting husband. Tom saw and heard everything we did and said. I had no reason to feel guilty. I had only to enjoy the moment.

Robert and I fucked and sucked for hours. Tom finally joined us in the early morning. I was in heaven. There were enough hands to touch me practically everywhere at once!

We finally began to rest at 6:00 A.M. We probably would have continued all day long, too, but we all had major commitments and needed at least some sleep.

I have only one regret about our encounter. It is that we didn't do this sooner, before Robert moved so far away! I keep thinking of all the good times we missed out on. Robert has gone back home now, but I know all three of us are eagerly awaiting his next visit.—*Name and address withheld*

Back to the fold

While attending college in the early 1970s, I got involved with and later married an attractive Chinese woman. Her parents were already in this country, but her two sisters were still living in Hong Kong. One sister is slightly older, writes weekly, and has a slew of kids, but the other is rarely mentioned. After nearly three years we saved enough to get us to Hong Kong.

The more known sister met us at the airport and took us back to her apartment to stay. I was just about getting the feel of the place when one night, during dinner, my wife's other sister called. The next day the other sister's chauffeur would call to escort us to her home, my wife told me as she hung up the phone. She had a flushed look, and later I asked her what was making her nervous. This sister, she said, was thirty-five, ten years older than my wife. Despite her family's warning she married a very corrupt businessman almost twenty-five years her senior. She evidently was a very lonely woman with no one to turn to—her family still holds her in slight disdain. All except my wife, who feels sorry for her.

"I'd like some answers!"

The chauffeur called at ten the next morning, and we traveled through the hills surrounding Hong Kong. After an innumerable series of hairpin turns we finally arrived at what could only be called a compound, complete with gates, guards, and dogs. We were ushered into a teak-lined sitting room abundant with freshly cut flowers and green plants. A door opened from what I swear was a solid wall, and in walked the most sophisticated and beautiful Oriental woman I had ever seen. Her figure was perfection. The cut of her Chinese dress emphasized her narrow waist and flared just enough at her flowing hips. As she passed I caught the scent of jasmine in the warm air.

After dinner that evening, my wife insisted upon visiting their old family home, which was nearby and now occupied by an old girl friend. I decided to stay behind to do some of the work that I had put off since our arrival. After about an hour my wife called to say that she would stay the night there and return in the morning. I worked late, but it was a hot night, so I went to the balcony to try and cool off. The master bedroom's balcony adjoined ours, separated by a vine-covered lattice. A soft noise from the next balcony caused me to go to the lattice, and through the grid I could see my sister-in-law, wearing just a hint of a silk kimono, drooping just under her milk-white shoulders and open at the front, exposing her soft, creamy thighs. Her hand was moving slowly about her love mound, and I could make out the shape of a vibrator moving methodically in and out, the hum floating on the night air.

The shorts I was wearing weren't quite big enough to hold all that was going on inside them, and my member grew to its full eight inches. As I was watching her long nipples stretching out into the moonlit night, her soft breasts swaying with the rhythm, I was also trying to figure out how to get over to that side. Then her phone rang.

My wife returned the next day, and soon we found ourselves back home in New York. About a year and a half ago, just a year after our trip, my wife got a letter from her older sister saying that she was leaving her husband and wanted to immigrate to the U.S., asking to come back into the family. My wife sponsored her and set her up in an apartment close to their parents. Admittedly, ever since our Hong Kong trip I fantasized about this sister, thinking of that balcony scene and what might have occurred had things been different. One night, after having a few with the guys from work, I bought a black garter belt with red dragon clips and a dildo-vibrator larger than the one I knew she had, packed them in a box, and anonymously sent them to her. A couple of weeks later her parents invited her, my wife, and myself to dinner. I was to pick her up and then pick up my wife at work. We have a small car and getting into it can be difficult, especially with a tight Chinese dress. My sister-in-law, however, just hiked up her dress above the

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thigh, exposing the garter belt, and, staring me down the whole time, climbed in. Her English had improved by now, and she had decided to start a small import business. She asked me to help with the marketing, which is my specialty. With knots in my gut I suggested we start next week, knowing my wife would be at a Chicago seminar the whole week.

She showed up on Monday night. After going over some figures I poured her a glass of wine and decided to let her make the first move. A while later she whispered something in Chinese and stood up, undoing her skirt. It fell softly, like all her movements, and landed gently on the floor. There in front of me was the black garter belt holding up some light purple stockings. She was wearing no panties. She pointed to the garter belt and said she knew it was I that had sent it and had waited for just this kind of a moment to thank me. Yes, she had seen me from the balcony that night. She said her entire marriage was spent with an impotent old man who was angry with her because she could have sex and he couldn't. He treated her like dirt, and my sending the belt and dildo had shown that I thought she was beautiful and had rebuilt her pride in being a woman.

She wanted me to touch her pussy, which I gladly did while she unzipped my pants and treated my growing member with gentleness. She went wild as I gently blew across her mound, catching the minklike fur and causing it to wave in the breeze. I buried my head in it as she managed to wrap her warm lips around my penis, and we both tasted the honey so long dreamed of. The excitement must have been too much for both of us, and we came right then and there. I then stood her up and opened her blouse to reveal those beautiful breasts, and as I slipped it off her shoulders, she brought those lovely erect nipples closer to my face. I took one between my lips, and the combination of the soft skin, jasmine scent, and firmness of the inch-long nipples got us going again. Just to be admired, she put on a micromini skirt (which may be coming back into style) and went about pretending to clean up, bending over to expose that soft fur and tight little ass. Finally she stood before me as I sat in a chair and slowly lowered herself onto my lap, our eyes never breaking contact. As I entered her I could feel her muscles twitching around my eager cock. She was very light, and I picked her up while still inside her tightening vise as she wrapped her legs about my waist. We held on tightly as we bucked each other to a glorious orgasm.

Our sessions went on every evening until my wife's return. On our final night together, my sister-in-law brought over a Chinese powder which she mixed with some wine and coerced me to drink. She had come over in a red silk Chinese dress that zips completely up the side, which she now began to unzip from the bottom up. My member was coming to life with a strange, cool feeling as I looked down to find her sitting before me, my tool in her mouth, fingering that beautiful pussy. My head was getting dizzy as this live fantasy trip seemed to go on forever, causing me to feel like I was on the edge of the world's biggest orgasmic explosion. I seemed to come to and saw her sitting in front of me with the dildo I had given her.

Since she is small, I was afraid she would do herself harm with anything that big, but she smiled and took my hand, laying the machine across my palm and closing my fingers around it. She guided it slowly between her legs and then into herself, my hand providing the motion, all the while staring directly into my eyes. After many different positions, each of which sent her into orgasmic shivers, she knelt before me on all fours, vibrator still in place. She softly took my tool in her hands, coating it with her own love juices, and guided it gently, yet firmly, up her sweet rear canal. Evidently the powder she had given me allowed me to stay hard for an eternity, as the vibrator in the dildo rubbed us both from the inside out. She was totally out of control, getting it from both ends, and I was not far from the edge either, until it seemed like the whole universe fell in on top of us.

All in all, life is very good right now. My wife seems happier, her sister is happy, and everybody agrees that life is better now that she moved to the U.S., and back to the family.—*Name and address withheld*

"Isn't that supposed to be hung by the chimney with care?"

Topic of discussion

We are a group of twenty-seven to thirty-year-old sex-mad psychedelic flotsam drug-crazed divorcés. While we were sitting around one recent evening, our few remaining brain cells came up with a new game.

You've heard of oral sex, right? Well, how about verbal sex? You see, an Australian mate of ours (Australians are not noted for their subtlety) used to incorporate the name of a well-known Australian town into his foreplay for fellatio. His method would consist of saying, "Brace yerself . . . right. Now put this into yer mouth and say after me, 'Wallamalloo, Wallamalloo.'" Now this is all very well but a bit unimaginative. To allow for changes of speed and stroke, we suggest that you do this, but also have the lady try the following words which produce interesting effects: wheelbarrow, Axolotl, rotary hoe (with an English accent), combine harvester (only safe for the toothless).

For more novel effects, try: Mexico and Theodore Roosevelt. Both of these will make come squirt out of your lady's nose. If you're into serious masochism, try "Winston Churchill" or "snapshot," but don't blame us for the result. We suggest you all go home and . . . "talk it over."—*Names and addresses withheld*

He has a way . . .
The musky scent on my hands prompted me to write to you about my interesting adventure.

Early yesterday morning, the phone rang and brought me back to consciousness. It was my man calling, telling me he was available tonight to be ravished, speaking in a tone that would just not take no for an answer.

Having nothing really planned for the day, I relished the hours I would enjoy just sitting, thinking about his sweet lips, his soothing tongue. The tingling sensation in my pussy was so strong I thought I would never make it through to the early evening hours.

It turned out to be a brisk autumn night, with the full moon setting the mood. As I walked from my car to his apartment, the cool, crisp air hardened my nipples, and I smiled to myself, knowing how much he would enjoy that.

The door opened, and there he stood, smoldering in his manliness. He invited me in, and I felt like a young girl getting ready to get screwed for the first time. He handed me a chilled glass of white wine, and I detected a glimmer in his eyes. Perhaps I was in for a good deal more than I realized.

We sat and talked for about an hour, me on the floor, resting in the crook of his L-shaped sofa, with him supporting his head on his left hand as he lay on his side on the couch. After several glasses of wine, I was beginning to relax, and I imagined he was, too, after a Scotch or two.

He looked me square in the eyes and without flinching asked me where his kiss was. I took a small sip of wine, licked my lips, and reached my arms up around him. Our lips touched, gently at first, then more passionately as we each responded to the warm wetness and softness. His tongue parted my lips, and he pulled me closer to him on the couch. A very soft moan came from deep within me. I could feel his firmness against my body. His hands gently caressed my back, up and down, and his fingers glided through my hair. My body arched toward his, my hips began to grind slowly against his crotch. Placing his hands firmly on my ass, he helped my grinding motions coincide with his. Somehow he managed to unbutton my blouse, and pushing it off my chest, he then turned his attention to my bra. He unclasped the hook; my breasts fell free of its confines, and the sensation of being naked across my chest brought all my attention to what he was doing to me. He cupped his hands around my tits, squeezing and caressing as he sucked and licked them. He pushed them together and took both nipples in his mouth at once, rolling them between his teeth and tongue. I thought I would absolutely explode.

Before I knew it, he had removed my jeans. He began to slide my panties down over my hips and thighs; my nipples were tingling as if his lips had never left them. I could feel how soaked my pussy was, but my lips were so swollen that the wetness hadn't seeped out onto my slit yet. He pulled me close to him and moved his hands over my ass, separated my legs from behind, and slid his finger right onto my clit. The dryness of his fingertip on my hardened clitoris magnified the sensational tenseness in my body, seeming to pull it all to that one spot. My hips began to hump against him, pulling his finger from my clit as I pressed against him. He spread my lips apart, my juices oozing over my slit. His finger pushed slowly deep into my cunt. My body began to jerk slowly. I was coming for the first time this evening.

I lay back to catch my breath before reciprocating the sensations. As I took a deep breath, he placed his finger, still glistening from being buried inside me, under his nose and sniffed in my aroma. The gleam in his eyes and the devilish smirk on his lips told me those sweet lips of his would soon be kissing my pussy lips.

I unzipped his terry-cloth top, sliding my hands up and down his chest. I pulled his pants down and wrapped my hands around that hard, ruddy-colored organ. I held it gently but firmly, moving my hands up and down, feeling every bulging vein, the protruding rim, the clear, gooey drop at the tip of his penis. I buried my nose in

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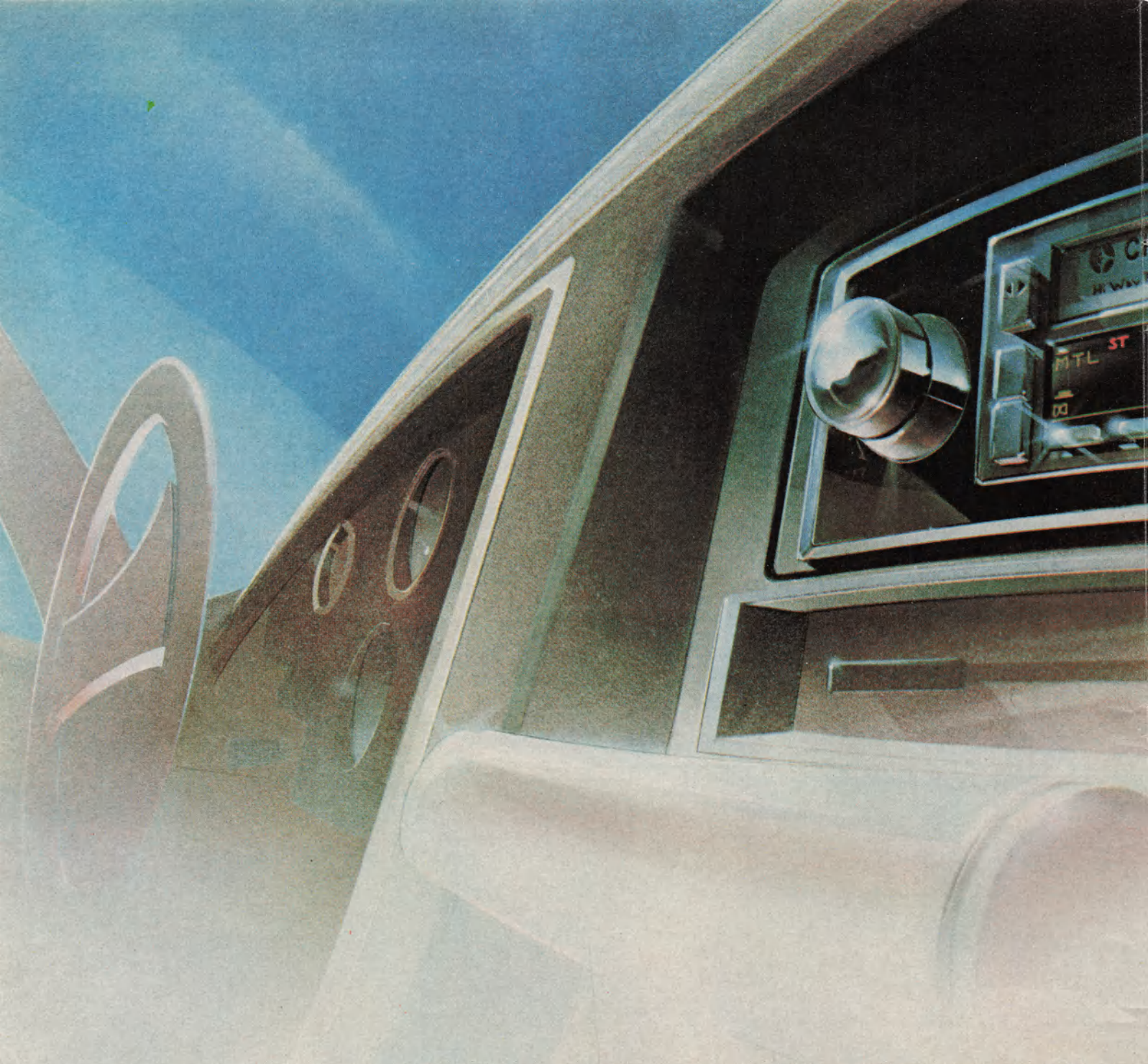

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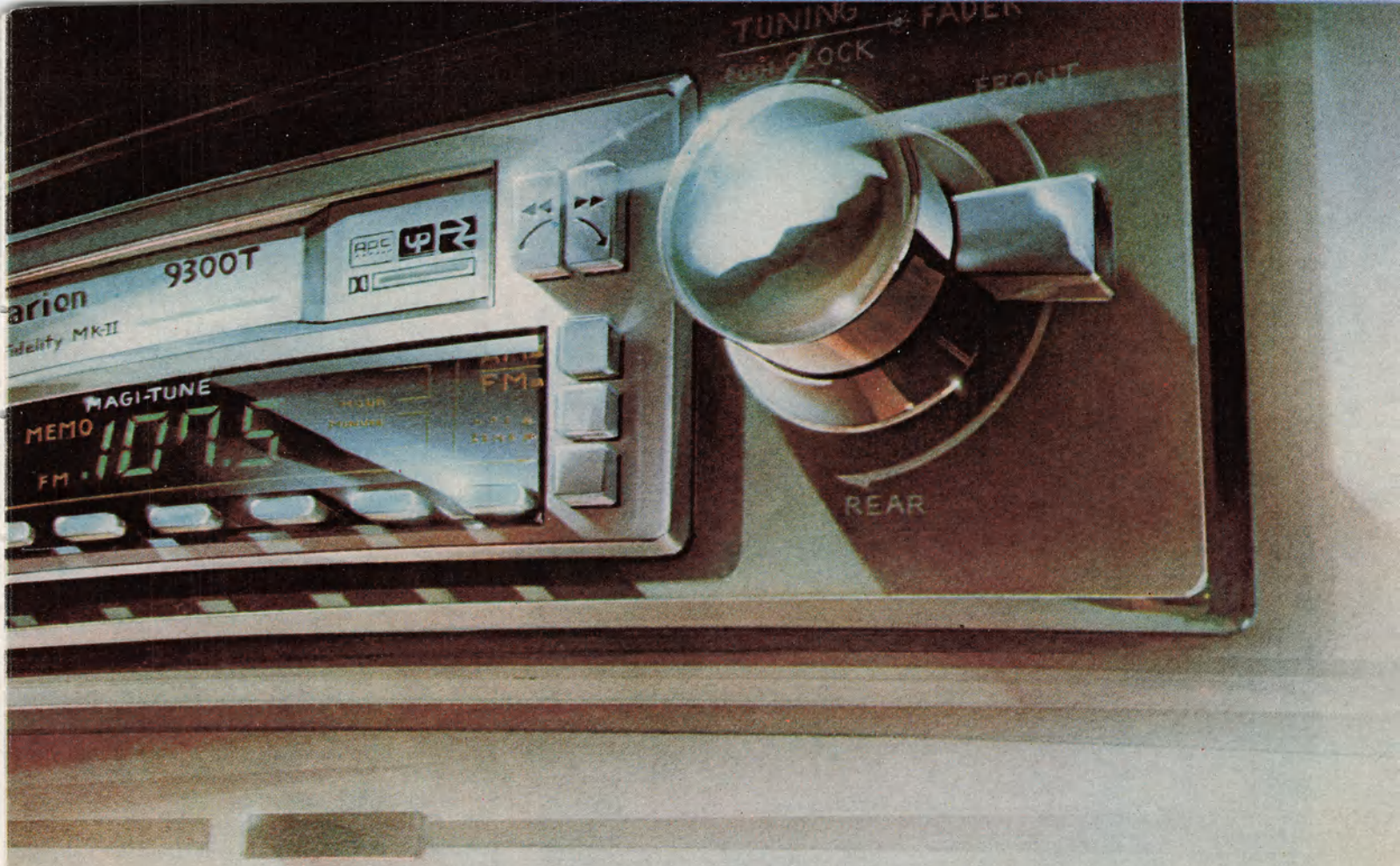

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his balls and my wet tongue in his crack, taking in the aroma of his natural scent, tasting the sweetness of his skin. His closed eyes, his slightly opened mouth, his soft moaning, all told me he enjoyed this as much as I did. As I slid his cock between my lips, my tongue worked small circles around his rim. His body pushed up against my face; I worked his cock slowly, pushing it deeper and deeper into my mouth and throat, all the time moving my tongue against it, sucking on him as best I could. His hands moved across my shoulders, his fingers weaved through my hair, holding my head firmly close to his crotch. Feeling him hold me this way sent hot surges through me; all I wanted was to feel the fullness of his rod at the base of my throat, moving in and out, rubbing the walls of my throat until he couldn't hold back anymore. I sucked harder to let him feel that need within me.

Soon I could feel his cock getting harder, ready to shoot his load down into my throat. I put my right hand around the base of his cock so his balls were right up against my bottom lip; I started rubbing his cock with my fingers. Within minutes, that salty but sweet jism was coating my throat. I pulled his cock a little way out of my throat so I could continue to suck and taste his juice at the same time. I sucked gently as his jerks began to slow down, and I just held his cock in my hands until he breathed a contented sigh.

We decided to take a breather for a while and moved into the bedroom. After about an hour found myself fondling his cock again. I eased my mouth onto his prick and sucked it to a rigid hardness again. He rolled me onto my back, straddled me at the shoulders, and rested his balls on my mouth. He reached over the side of the bed and produced one end of an old tie—the other end had already been tied around the frame's leg. He stretched my left arm up and tied the tie around my wrist, tight enough for me to feel it, but not so tight to cut off my circulation. He did the same to my other arm and both my legs. My heart was pounding; it felt so good to have this man do what he wanted and do it in such a way that I enjoyed it, too. There I was, my arms and legs spread to all four corners of the bed. I felt very naked as he just sat there, looking lustily at my body.

He pushed his finger up into my cunt, pushing in hard and wiggling it around inside of me. He would push hard and slow, then push in and out faster, banging me with his hand. My hips were grinding, lifting upward, almost begging his mouth to come down on my pussy. The whole time the room was filled with my moans and groans. When he finally lowered his head to my pussy, spreading my lips with his tongue, sliding it up slowly across my clitoris, I nearly screamed with pleasure. His finger rested by my hole, his tongue easing up into my cunt, his nose gently nudging my clit. He worked his tongue in and out of my pussy, rubbing up against my pubic bone. Then he would slowly slide it up toward my clit, all the time moving in circles, pressing down firmly, making licking motions. He wanted me to come; he put his thumb on my anus as he slid his wriggling finger into my pussy and nibbled on my clit. He started sucking my clit between his tongue and teeth, and I swear I went through the ceiling.

My mouth was very dry from my panting, and I asked him for a drink. He held my head up for me and placed the glass of wine to my lips. He looked at me for a moment, then got his drink. He started rolling my clitoris between his fingers, and the ice cubes started jingling in the glass. As he rubbed my clit, I exploded, screaming; I thrashed back and forth, feeling as if I couldn't take much more. But I knew he wouldn't stop.

He reached into the glass, fished out an ice cube, and started rubbing up and down along my slit. He pushed my lips open with it, letting it sit at the opening of my cunt for a moment before shoving it in. And when he pushed it in, he pushed it way up inside me. I could feel it, or rather the coldness of it. He fished out another cube and pushed it up into my cunt with the other one. My clit was hot and pounding, but inside it was cold and wet. The third cube he held for a minute as he put his glass down; then he spread my lips apart with his thumb and forefinger and teasingly rubbed the cube against my clitoris. My body started jerking up against the cube. My clitoris was becoming harder and harder as he masturbated me.

Finally, he reached down and untied the bonds from my ankles and my wrists. He had gotten me so hot again all I wanted was to feel his cock in me, rubbing against something inside me that would make me explode. He started ramming his prick into my wet pussy; I cupped his buns in my hands, spreading his cheeks and fingering his ass hole. I kept pulling him closer and closer to that spot, my legs up between our bodies, his ass pumping up and down into my cunt. I screamed with pleasure as he rode me into an orgasm—my whole body convulsed in spasms I couldn't control.

I slept for a little while, then was awakened by a whooping holler and a slap across my ass. He rolled over on top of me and starting to kiss me again. When he told me he was going to fuck me like I'd never been fucked before, my juices started flowing. He did say "ravish," and that's certainly what he did to me.

I slept very soundly and found myself sucking contentedly on his luscious prick again in the early morning hours.

The smile is still on my face, his aroma is still on my hands, and my cunt can still feel the fucking it got. I couldn't take sex like last night every week, or even every other week, but that's what makes it so good. And he's the one who makes me

feel like a woman.—*Name and address withheld*

Just being neighborly

My girl friend and I were sitting around playing strip poker one night, but we had decided that the loser would also receive twenty-five spankings on their naked ass. It came to the point where we were each left with only our underpants on. Luckily, I pulled a straight to beat her pair. Just as she had taken off her panties, the doorbell rang. Since the blinds were open, we began to panic. She ran naked past the window to get her bathrobe while I reached behind me to put on my pants.

As I sat there struggling to get them on, my girl friend answered the door. Her new neighbor was there to greet her and wanted to know if he could help her in any way. She said that she had everything she needed, and when he saw me trying to zip my pants, he knew what she meant. When she closed the door, I motioned for her to come toward me and told her that it was time for her to receive her punishment. As I pulled her across my lap, I was not surprised when I saw a pair of eyes peeking in through the window. For both of our pleasures I decided to deliver the punishment with slow, steady strokes. I gave her the first ten, spanking with time in between for her to ponder what was happening. I then inched her robe slowly over her beautiful ass cheeks, which I'm sure aroused the spectator as much as it did me.

Between each spanking I caressed each cheek and playfully toyed with her ass hole. I wet my fingers and lubricated the entrance, gently maneuvering my middle finger as deep as it would go. Her cunt started moving across my lap. I stopped spanking her and gently fondled her breasts. As she was already quite worked up, every time I brushed my finger across her nipples, a gentle moan followed.

While I kept stroking her breasts with one hand, I continued to finger-fuck her ass. This led to a beautiful climax as I saw her entire body quiver. I also reached a tremendous orgasm, and by glancing out the window, I knew that I was not alone.—*Name and address withheld*

A warm welcome

I would like to congratulate you on your excellent magazine, which my boyfriend, Tommy, and I devour every month. I can appreciate the feelings he has while looking at the pictures of those beautiful bodies, and I find myself aroused also. At five feet six inches and a trim 35-23-34, Tom tells me I compare very favorably. Tom is a handsome hunk of a man, with short, wavy black hair on a muscular five-foot-eleven-inch body. He is twenty-four, a year older than I. Anyway, I would like to share a beautiful experience we recently had.

Tom and I were sitting on the floor against the couch in the living room of my apartment, both naked and hot from a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 206

IF YOUR VIDEO IMAGE IS NEITHER HERE NOR THERE,

your videotape isn't getting along with your videodeck. Don't be too quick to blame your deck, either. The picture you get depends on how tape passes over the video heads.

After several plays, some cassette mechanisms can falter. The result is bad tape-to-head contact. Your picture bends to one side. Even worse, a misaligned mechanism can jam itself out of existence. Hardly the performance you paid for.

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International, Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

German culture

As an American-born citizen with a German heritage, I was thoroughly insulted by Paul Erdman's fiction excerpt in your September 1981 issue, "The Last Days of America." The obvious ethnocentric style and anti-German overtones of his work were vicious and unnecessary. Erdman is obviously ignorant of the German culture and/or heritage, preferring to include in his story line every anti-German stereotype ever slurred across a page.

It is sad to note how reminiscent Erdman's piece is of a simpler time in U.S. literary history, when it was popular practice to manufacture excitingly nationalistic, hateful scrawl that discouraged sympathy for another's culture and instead ridiculed another's outlook on life.

On the issue of German culture, every German alive today is painfully aware of his or her national history. But, as opposed to Erdman's anti-German literary style, one must note that no German can or should take full responsibility for Hitler's rise. As any historian knows, the English, the French, and, yes, the Americans must also carry the blame for that dictator's popularity. This point is historically preserved for us in the Treaty of Versailles.

So let's retire this anti-German ethnocentricity. What happened in Germany could have, under similar circumstances, happened in any other major European country or, for that matter, in any other major country in the world, and this *includes* the United States.—*Eric Schmidt, East Lansing, Mich.*

Paul Erdman replies:

At first Mr. Schmidt's letter puzzled me, especially the repeated use of the term "ethnocentric." Then it dawned on me that it must be a code for "Jewish." He obviously thinks that Erdman is one of "them," trying to get back at the Germans.

Well, as much as I admire the Jewish people and their many accomplishments through the ages, I fear that it is mostly Aryan blood that courses through this particular Erdman's veins. My forefathers, on both of my parents' sides, emigrated to the United States from Prussia in the 1830s. Both families were of solid, probably also stolid, Lutheran stock. In fact, carrying on that tradition, my father is a Lutheran minister, affiliated with the Missouri Synod, a church body that until quite recently had many member congregations which held church services in both English and German. More Germanic one could hardly get, ethnocentrically speaking.

Now for my personal credentials as an observer of things German: I have a Ph.D. from the University of Basel, where the official language is German. I spent fifteen years of my adult life living in the German-speaking world. One of my books was even written in German under the rather catchy title Die Europäische Wirtschaftsgemeinschaft und die Drittländer. *It was published in Tübingen, one of the great German centers of learning and culture. I could go on. But why?*

I feel that I must add, however, that I find Mr. Schmidt's thesis that the Holocaust could just as easily have happened in America thoroughly despicable.

M.I.A. concern

I have been reading your magazine for many years, and now it seems the right time to write to you. It is apparent that *Penthouse* is a very strong and influential entity. I have enjoyed the informative and controversial exposés—especially in the areas of religion and politics. The column "Vietnam Veterans Adviser" has allowed me and many of my friends to keep abreast of the things the government is and is not doing for veterans. Obviously, the "is not" column is considerably longer than the "is" column. I strongly believe the plight of the Vietnam veterans has not been covered fully yet!

The subject I am most concerned with at this point is the plight of the M.I.A.s—2,500 of them. We have 2,500 reasons to be patriotic, but the government seems to have buried the issue. I wish that the men in D.C. could be provoked to answer all the unanswered questions about M.I.A.s before any more bodies are neatly boxed and wrapped and sent from Asia to the U.S. How can this country not care? If only the American people could have the opportunity to meet the M.I.A. families, children, and friends who *know* that their servicemen are not dead, I know that they would care!

Please keep up your efforts in publishing information on this subject. Please help these boys and their families.—*Jadam Fattore, So. Holland, Ill.*

Editor's Reply:

We agree with your sentiments about the plight of the M.I.A.s, and we will be dealing with this subject extensively in a forthcoming issue.

Worst teams

We, the students of Marshall University in Huntington, W. Va., are very disturbed by

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your article "The Twenty Worst Football Teams" in the October 1981 issue. We would like to alert you to the following facts about Marshall's alleged football program: (1) Marshall has not had a winning season since 1965. Even then it won less than 60 percent of its games. (2) Marshall missed an NCAA record for consecutive losses by one game in the early seventies; it couldn't even do *that* right. (3) Last season the leading scorer on the Thundering Herd was a freshman placekicker, for God's sake. (4) The worst kick-in-the-pants is that you listed Villanova and V.M.I. in the "top" twenty and not Marshall. Both of these terrible "teams" beat the shit out of M.U. last season. (5) M.U. has won five—count 'em (on one hand), five—games in the last three years. (6) Although Marshall is a member of the famed Southern Conference, it has yet to win one lousy conference game.

There are many other things that can be said about the football thing at Marshall, but I hope you have gotten the point. Our football team sucks dead dicks, and by God, it's time we got some recognition for it.—*Dave Lewis, Huntington, W. Va.*

In your article "The Twenty Worst Football Teams" I feel you did not do Southern Illinois University justice. S.I.U. is not like some schools, such as the "Big Ten" schools. We do not strive to be the best football team around—only the best partyers! We take great pride in our reputation.

In your article you did not take into consideration why our team is so lousy. Do you truly expect our team—which excels in parties—to be able to play their hearts out on the field? I do not.

If you are going to compile a list, why not make it a list called "The Twenty Best Partying Universities?" This would be of great help to anyone considering college. I invite you to come on down to Southern to try our parties and evaluate us in the light we truly deserve.—*Gary Wallace, S.I.U., Carbondale, Ill.*

Injustice

Bravo for publishing Seymour Wishman's "The Failure of the Criminal Justice System" (October 1981). He hit the mark: defendants don't get off because of sharp lawyers or what the public calls "legal technicalities"; they get off because of overzealous law enforcement.

In my time as a news reporter, covering courts in Chicago and New Mexico and writing about more than 800 cases, I think I can count the number of acquittals on the fingers of both hands. But the number of convictions that have been overturned because of those "legal technicalities" is much higher. What the public views as technicalities can be boiled down to illegal searches by police who hope to beef up a weak case and are afraid the case might not be prosecuted without the sought-after evidence, judges who ease the state's burden of proof, and prosecutors who seek to gain "that little bit of edge" through unfair discovery practices.

The sad thing is that this sort of tilting of the odds results in cases reappearing following successful appeal. And from what I can see, juries, for the most part, are so willing to convict that, if left alone, prosecutors would find they'd perform quite satisfactorily.—*Dan Vukelich, Albuquerque, N.M.*

A new reader

My husband and I thought you might be interested to see our five-month-old son, Christopher, eyeing up one of your lovely ladies. We're starting him off on the right foot! When we saw the expression on his face, we couldn't resist sending the photograph to you, hoping you might publish it to show your readers that "you're never too young!" Thanks very much for your great magazine. We hope to see Chris some day as we leaf through the pages.—*Beverly and Joe Chiappinelli, Upper Montclair, N.J.*

Latin America

J. Michael Luhan's article "Latin American Holocaust," appearing in your September 1981 issue, suggested that the Reagan administration's policy toward the Guatemalan government was based in part on the asserted fact that "Deaver and Hannaford—a Washington-and-Los-Angeles-based public-relations firm headed until January 14,1981, by Michael Deaver, one of Reagan's chief aides—has been a registered agent of Guatemala since 1977."

Please be informed that the Hannaford Company, Inc., formerly Deaver & Hannaford, Inc., has never been an "agent of Guatemala," registered or otherwise. The firm has never maintained a professional association of any kind with the Guatemalan government, neither before nor during nor since 1977, as erroneously implied by the article.

During the early summer of 1980, the firm assisted an American firm in arranging for a visit to Guatemala by interested Californians. This visit was sponsored in Guatemala by the Fundación Guatemalteca por la Libertad, a private foundation without known ties to the Guatemalan government. Since August 1980 the firm has also represented the Asociación de Amigos del País, a group of more than 200 private citizens of Guatemala, which was founded almost 200 years ago, in 1794, and which sponsors economic, educational, cultural, and civic-improvement programs. The Asociación is totally apolitical and entirely supported by membership fees and donations. It receives no funds from the Guatemalan government.

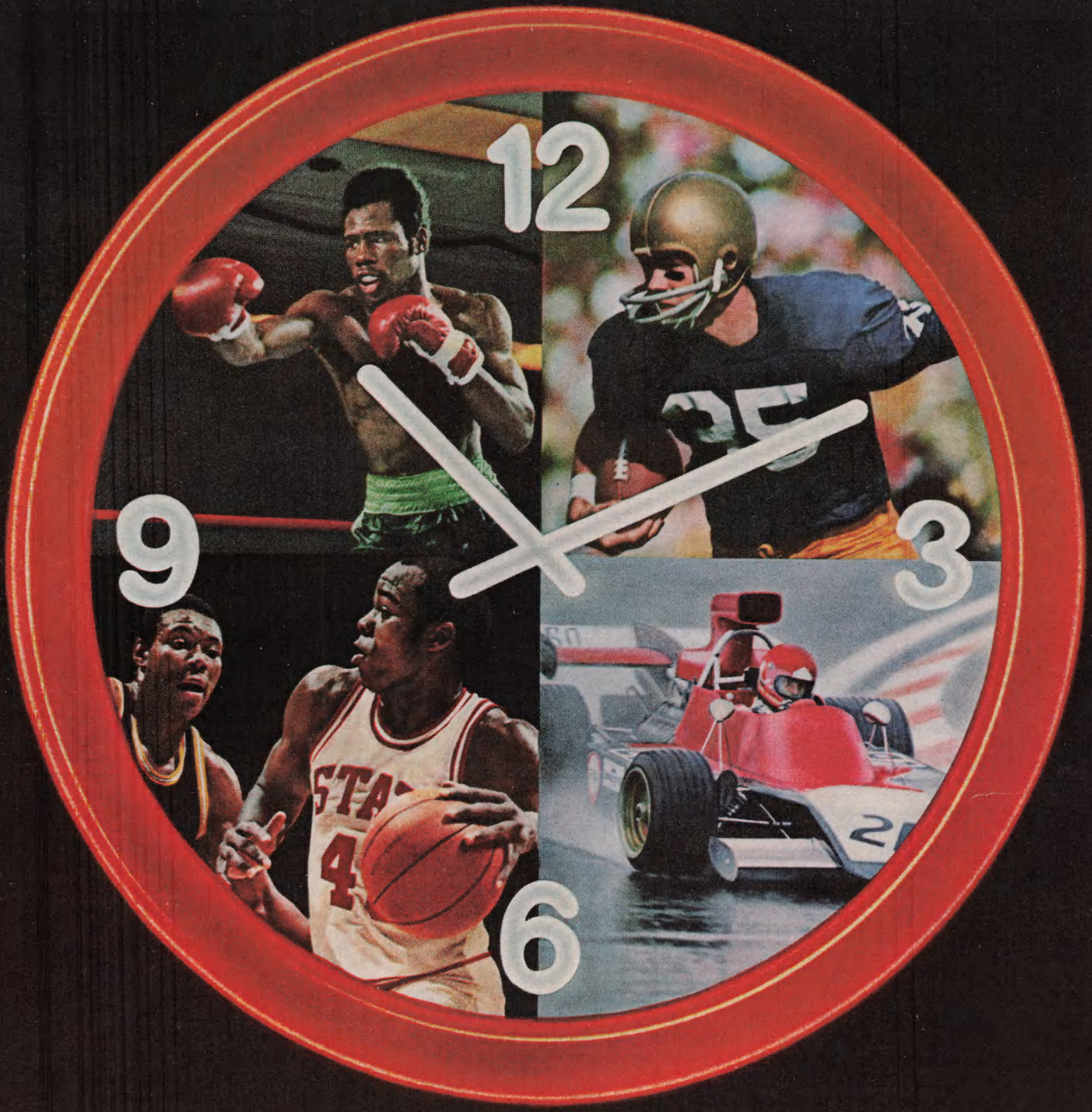
Our representation of these two private Guatemalan clients was reported and publicly disclosed to the U.S. Department of Justice, as the Foreign Agents Registration Act requires. Contrary to Mr. Luhan's article, registration does not imply in any manner that we are a "registered agent of Guatemala." The statute, with some exceptions relating principally to commercial and legal representation, requires registration by any agent for a "foreign principal." FARA includes among these principals governments, foreign individuals, and any foreign corporation, organization, or association. Registration is required whether or not a foreign government is involved.

This company first registered in 1977, when we represented a totally unrelated foreign client. At that time, the Department of Justice assigned to the firm a registration number. All subsequent registrations have been under that number, including registration for the two private Guatemalan clients mentioned. But prior to 1980, this firm had no Guatemalan clients.

In fairness to Mr. Michael K. Deaver, the firm's former president, we note that Mr. Deaver was not involved in the firm's representation of these Guatemalan clients. For most of the time involved, Mr. Deaver was on a leave of absence from the company. On January 14,1981, Mr. Deaver formally resigned from the company and divested himself of all his interest in the firm.—*Paul L. Boertlein, Senior Vice-President, The Hannaford Company, Inc., Washington, D.C.*

"Latin America Holocaust," by Michael Luhan, in the September 1981 issue of *Penthouse* further develops the concern and messages of Jane Fonda, Ramsey ("Jellyfish") Clark, and George McGovern—that a dictatorship, whether in Vietnam, El Salvador, Nicaragua, or Guatemala, is not so much needed by the peasants of those countries as is communism. History proves that communism is the greatest suppressor of "human rights" in the history of the world. Luhan proposes this for Guatemala.

President Reagan's wisdom tells us that a dictatorship, no matter how suppressive, can at least be negotiated with. Have we been able to negotiate with the Communists for the betterment of human rights for the people of Vietnam, Laos, Kampuchea, Ethiopia, Mozambique, Angola, North Korea, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, etc.? *No!* By keeping Guatemala free of Soviet–Cuban Communist control, we may be able to shape future policies in Guatemala and at the same time guard the borders from the Soviet-trained and -fi-



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nanced guerrillas who got a foothold in South America when former President Jimmy Carter decided that communism in Nicaragua was better for the peasants than was the dictator and friend of the United States, Somoza.

Luhan admits to being a member of the Peace Corps. The radical, antidemocracy people in the Peace Corps and VISTA are part of the problem in Third World countries. They, like the Catholic church, agitate the uneducated peasants to overthrow any non-Communist government that the Church and VISTA feel don't do enough for the people. These institutions cause unrest throughout the Third World. Eventually they fan the fires of revolution and death, as was the case in Nicaragua. Their continued aid and comfort to the Communists is treason against democracy worldwide. Until the Catholic church, the Peace Corps, and VISTA get out of South America, there can be no peace, only continued Communist conquests.

It is strange that writers such as Luhan ignore the captured Soviet-made arms funneled in from Cuba. Luhan wants the American public to believe that the involvement of Cuba in South America is only a rumor. I *reject* Luhan and communism. Thank God Jimmy "Boy" Carter and his softness on communism were rejected last November before all of South America could become another satellite of the Soviet Union. Communism must at least be stopped in our own hemisphere. President Reagan is the leader to do it. The continued pro-Stalinist stands taken in foreign affairs by *Penthouse*, *Playboy*, the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, etc., were rejected last November along with Carter, Church, McGovern, Bayh, Javits, Culver, Andy Young, Vance, and Mondale.

The liberal mass media is the number-one factor for the holocausts in Iran, Laos, Vietnam, and Kampuchea today.—*Kent Ebner, Wynnewood, Okla.*

Religious freedom

My family has been fighting, working, and living in and for America since Bunker Hill. It was not the Ten Commandments, but the blood, sweat, and tears of people like my kind upon which America was founded. They fought, not for some theocratic state, but for freedom, including freedom of religion. They believed very strongly in certain values, but they felt that those values were strong enough to exist and last on the basis of their own merits, not because someone was imposing them. Permitting people to learn God's truth by personal experience may seem undisciplined to Fred Johnson, but God knows better.—*James Scribner, New Canaan, Conn.*

Waylon fan

I loved the interview with Waylon Jennings in your September 1981 issue. He really is a man of true convictions, one who persevered against all the closed doors of the Nashville establishment. At first, Nashville branded him a rebel and an outlaw. But many of today's country music stars got in the door only because of the trailblazing efforts of Waylon. Willie Nelson, the subject of your September 1979 interview, and Waylon introduced such greats as Kris Kristofferson, Billy Joe Shaver, Guy Clark, and David Allan Coe. Waylon Jennings will go down in history for his accomplishment of broadening and popularizing country music all across the country.

Waylon is the country singer's singer. He is honest, private, and a true artist. Could a free man like Waylon come from any other state but the Lone Star State?—*Kenny Cantrell, Pauls Valley, Okla.*

Pet votes

I've been a *Penthouse* reader for four years, and I must say that your magazine is the most interesting as well as the most stimulating men's publication in existence. And I must tell you that your August 1981 issue was stupendous. In my opinion, the girls (Jennifer Patterson, Corinne Alphen, and Barbara Schaeffer) are the most beautiful girls I've ever seen to date. You've got my vote for all three to be candidates for Pet of the Year. In all honesty, if it were up to me, *Penthouse* would have

the first triple-crown Pet of the Year!—*C. A. Garcia, Downey, Calif.*

I'm writing in regard to your October 1981 issue. I must tell you that I just fell in love. With three of the most gorgeous ladies I have ever seen. Janet, Connie, and Sheila are fantastic-looking women.

I wish I were a millionaire; I'd hire Janet on the spot and give her double her present salary and any fringe benefits she would ask for. I would only insist on one thing—that she wear the chauffeur's uniform she wore in your pictures. In my presence only and as often as I wanted.

As for Connie, if I weren't a married man, I'd be on the next flight to Miami. Connie can wear any or all of the see-through clothes she wishes. Any time she wants. If you're taking votes for Pet of the Year, Connie has my vote hands down.

The main reason I'm writing, though, is to tell you what I think about Sheila Kennedy. She looks like a virgin princess waiting to be taken to the sacrificial altar. She is outstanding in white, but I bet she would look stunning in black. Like a black garter belt with black stockings. For all of this, my thanks.—*Andrew Sajnenkoff, Rome, N.Y.*

Favorites

I just got the September 1981 issue of *Penthouse*, and I think it is pretty damn good. The photographs of the Pet of the Month, Cynthia Peterson, are just great! I've been reading *Penthouse* for such a long time, and I think your magazine tops them all. Every year *Penthouse* gets better and better. Keep up the good work—and keep finding women like Cynthia.—*Name and address withheld*

Bo Derek may have been a "10," but your October cover girl, Sheila Kennedy, is a perfect "100." She is every dream of sensuality one could imagine.—*Danylo B. Dobrjanskyj, Flushing, N.Y.*

Your October cover model, Sheila Kennedy, must be one of the most beautiful women in the world. She is so soft, sensual, and, yes, feminine. She looks like the type of woman with whom I could make love, not just have sex.—*Sam Jasons, Worcester, Mass.*

Couples

Bravo! Finally we women get to see some cock in *Penthouse*—in "Kristen and Tommy" (September 1981). I realize that *Penthouse* is "the international magazine *for* men," but I wonder how many women read it as I do and wish to see a cock now and then. My husband and I were both delighted to find pictures of a couple.—*Name and address withheld*

Editor's Note

The Toshiba equipment on page 146 of the October 1981 issue was incorrectly captioned. What was pictured was the Toshiba VP-100 videodisc player. The suggested retail price is $525.

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XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

I never thought I would be writing in to your column. The only time I ever saw Penthouse, *as a matter of fact, is when my son, who now goes to college, used to leave them in his room. Something has happened to me lately that I thought you would like to share with all your readers, some of whom might be in the same boat I am in.*

I am forty-four years old, with both a twenty-year-old son and an eighteen-year-old daughter. Both kids are off in school and fulfilling their own lives as young adults. I work part-time in a hospital, which keeps me busy, although it doesn't pay well enough to handle two tuitions. The kids earn some of their own way, and Frank, my ex-husband, sees his way through to paying some of it, too.

I resented it like hell when Frank left me for a pretty little thing that looked like she had just popped out of a toothpaste commercial. I have a pretty good figure, with large breasts and wide hips, although I admit I've widened a bit in the middle since Frank and I got married twenty years ago. I had a very strong drive that Frank couldn't keep up with—I sometimes wonder if that's why he left, really. Anyway, he wasn't very good in the sack; no technique—he was your average in-and-out type. Well, how things can change in life! Here I was, a middle-aged woman with an empty nest, no husband, and no way to express my desires, and it all changed drastically.

I was working the third shift one night and as usual came home and slipped into my bathrobe. There was a knock on the door, and I answered it. I was surprised to see a young man in his twenties, with a good tan, broad shoulders and hairy chest, black hair, and gorgeous soft-brown eyes hidden by wire-rimmed glasses. He introduced himself as Adam and explained that he had just moved into the next-door apartment. His shower was broken and could he please use mine. Now, I am not usually in the habit of letting men into my apartment to use the shower, but seeing as he lived next door, I figured, why not? Besides, I thought, if there were any way I could get a better look at his body, this was it.

I showed him where the shower was, and he muttered a polite thanks. When I heard the water running, I had to laugh to myself, because I remembered that I had taken the towels out and had not put new ones in. So I decided to have a little fun and brought in a small towel, large enough for him to use to dry himself off but not large enough to cover anything. He had left his clothes outside (naturally), and I took them with me and waited in the bedroom.

A few minutes later a voice sounded, calmly: "Lady, where are my clothes?" "Oh, in here," I said innocently. "I was afraid they'd get wet, so I took them off the floor." I really was starting to get turned on by this little game! "Is this the biggest towel you have?" he asked. "Sorry," I said. "All the others are in the laundry." He came out sopping wet and held the towel with both hands in front of his cock. I could see his legs were as hairy as his arms and chest and he had incredibly large thigh muscles (the result, I found out later, of being a bicyclist). His ass was firm and muscular and slightly whiter than the rest of his six-foot frame. Those heart-melting eyes looked at me balefully, and he sat down next to me on the bed, still protecting his vital statistic, which, I noticed, was starting to grow. "I'm a nurse, I see bodies all the time—there's nothing to be ashamed of," I said. "What kind of work do you do?" he asked, struggling to control his erection and failing. "Mostly clerical, sometimes I'll rewrap patients or massage them." I couldn't help looking at him, I was so hungry for it, and he just smiled and

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said, "Massages? How would you like one?"

My heart was really pounding away as I lay face down on my pillow. I thought to myself, this is crazy, a kid the age of my son (I found out later I was twice his age!) just moves in, and within fifteen minutes of meeting he's massaging me! I'll tell you, Xaviera, I don't regret it, though. This kid was a master with his fingers (the result, I also found out, of being a flutist). He started by probing my neck and shoulders, so incredibly softly and yet with strength. Any tensions I had about the situation just evaporated. His smooth hands worked down towards the pit of my back, and every time he went towards one of my sides my nipples would ache. As he rubbed and stroked, he talked about the healthful effects of massaging and finally asked me to take off my robe because it was interfering with his work. It's a good thing he said that, because I was about to rip it off anyway. I was really getting hot to trot, as they used to say (and maybe still do).

He helped me slip it off and continued his fantastic journey. I closed my eyes and just felt the pleasure. It was so great after so long! (They say hunger is the best relish.) He kept working downward, and when he massaged my ass I thought I was going to orgasm just from his touch, but he may have sensed this and kept going, touching my thighs, the legs, calf muscles, and then back again. During all this he never said a word, but I guess I was moaning enough for both of us.

After what seemed like hours, he asked me (quietly but politely) to turn over and let him massage the front. I would have hesitated—the last man to see my tits and cunt was Frank, and that was two years ago—but he was so gentle that I just turned over like that. I noticed that the towel had slipped off and that his cock, fully erect, was only five inches. His nuts were sized to match, and let that be a lesson to your male readers! Good things come in small packages; he was giving me a going-over and hadn't even brought his main weapon into play!

He said, "Close your eyes," and I did, and he played a marvelous sonata on my body with an approving audience. His hands moved up and down my arms, then on my shoulders, then toward my breasts. He bypassed the nipples, which were beginning to feel really hard, and I thought I would explode, and he quite leisurely smoothed his hands over my abdomen. He had me coming virtually, and yet just as I thought I would erupt (I was already wet with juice), he would slow down or stop, let me slide back into anxiety, and then probe on down my legs and up, getting very close to my clit but never touching it, passing lightly over my inner thighs, and so on, giving me about a dozen tremors. The kid was incredible. Either his training as a flutist or his reflexes as a bicyclist gave him an amazing sense of timing; it seemed as though he could always feel me coming and then stop just before I reached the point of no return. He massaged my tits gently but firmly, the way they should be, and pressed the nipples with his thumbs. I knew a real explosion was coming and wanted to hold back, but I heard myself groaning anyway. I couldn't feel his hands anywhere on my body, and then suddenly I felt, very lightly, a finger pressed very gently against my clit, which was easy to find since it was so swollen.

I came in a series of orgasms the likes of which I've never had. My eyes had flashes and spots in front of them like an extreme case of vertigo. I thought I would faint. I gushed forth enough juice to give a reading on the Richter scale. After lying there, completely exhausted, for about a minute, I opened my eyes, and there meeting them were those lovely brown eyes of his, a caring smile, and I felt like crying and laughing at the same time. We kissed lightly and rested for a few minutes. My hands went around his shoulders and back, and I felt his warm, smooth ass. He was still wet from the shower so he got up and dried himself off. I was wet for another reason. Believe it or not, Xaviera, that massage was only the first movement!

He started on me with his tongue, which was almost as practiced as his hands. He didn't waste any time and went right to my nipples. He would lap around and around with his warm, wet tongue and go from tit to tit until I was hard again. Massaging my tits gently with his hands, he drew his tongue down to my cunt and started the same circular motion, probing and never getting too close to the bull's-eye. I started moaning again and locked onto his head tightly with my thighs, like a cracker around a walnut, so tightly that I was afraid I might crack him in half. When he knew he had me on the precipice, he darted his tongue in and out of my cunt like a piston, and I came again right into his face, and as he licked the juice off slowly I came again! My back was arched, and I emitted a loud groan this time—I just couldn't believe I had so much inside of me! When I was finished, he looked finished, too, as my legs slowly relaxed. We just lay there for minutes, both exhausted.

The more I see of Adam, the more he amazes me. Such incredible maturity in a twenty-two-year-old boy! Sometimes just thinking of the massages he gives me makes me orgasm! Is that unusual? Not only is he a bicyclist and a flutist, I also found out he is a graduate student at the local university (with top grades), knows kung fu, and follows the Tao (he explained to me that this is how he can maintain perfect concentration and timing, with which I can only agree). He studies political science and physics and designs computer simulations! I can't imagine a more perfect companion. He cooks, cleans, and washes, will talk when I want to talk and fuck when I want to fuck, has a great sense of humor, and, to top it all off, was raised a

"Okay! Okay! You get to put the star on top!"

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky. © 1981 The Paddington Corp., NY

feminist! He often says that in every person there is man and woman and that he enjoys each part of himself. Maybe this is why he seems to know my moods and desires better than I do.

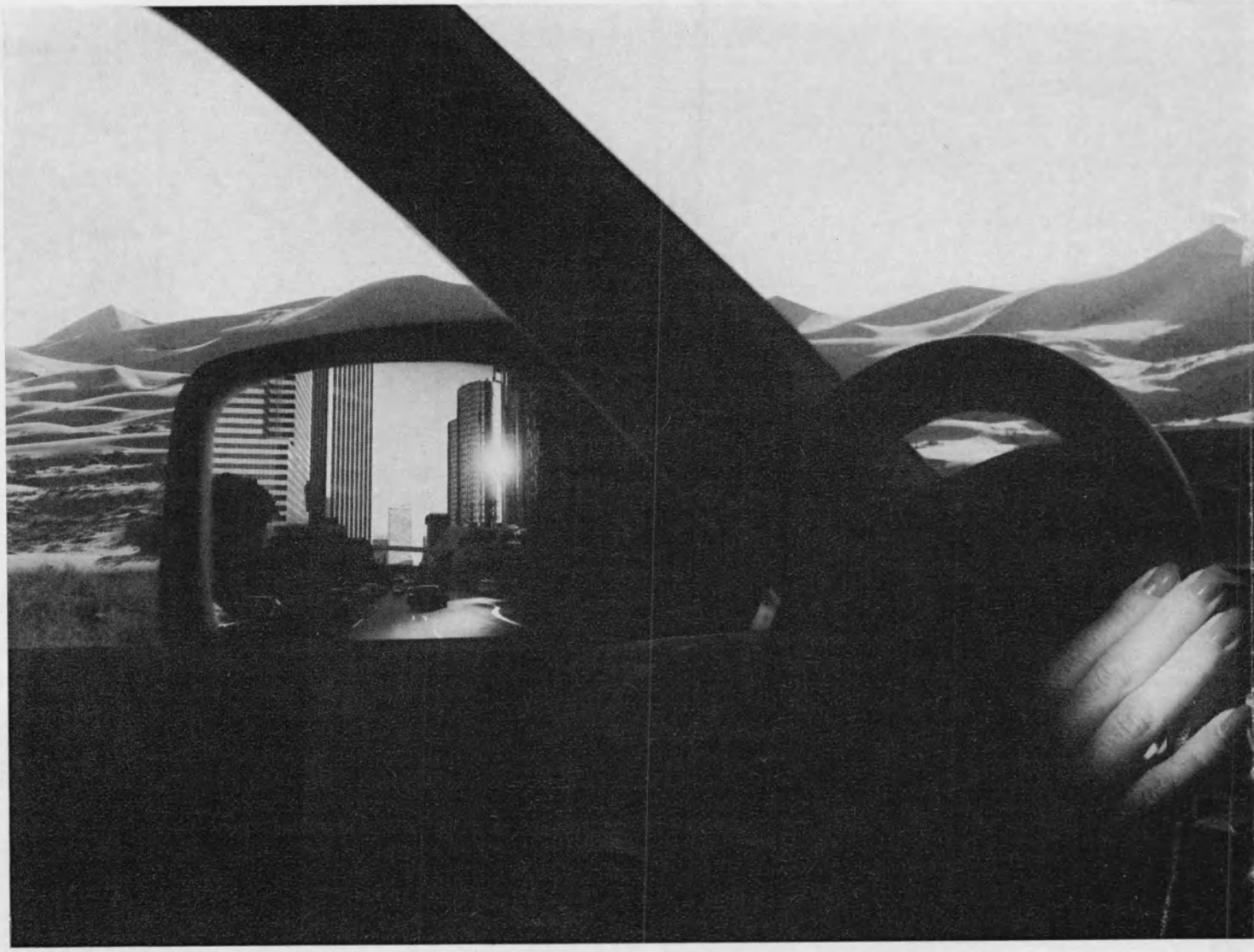
My problem is twofold. Despite the fact that he is a precious jewel to me, I almost—not quite—lost him. He is deeply angered by my jealousy, and since I am, after all, a next-door neighbor, I have to notice the women he brings home. They are all over thirty-five, I would guess. I can't very well accuse him of a mother fixation, can I, since I have a son about his age? But I do occasionally get jealous, and then he gets silent, replying with his eyes: "I don't stop you from going out with younger men, do I?" I have tried to control my natural feelings of affection for him, and this has helped, but I sometimes miss him in bed and the walls are too damned thin.

Really, the major problem is he's too independent. He's got no weaknesses I can shore up—I don't think he needs anybody, in short. I need him, though. When I talk about this (the so-called direct confrontation you often espouse), he replies, "Why crush a great friendship with love?" I think maybe he had some bad past relationships, but if so, he won't talk about it. As he puts it, "Who does not contend, cannot be contended with." Any suggestions, Xaviera? I look for your reply in a future issue.—P.C.

There's an old saying: You can't have everything. Yes, I've had a few young lovers myself. In fact, about three of them within the past two years. All of them were under twenty-five—and over eighteen, for those of you who might think I'm a cradle robber. Young is young, but let's not get carried away.

Independence is a trait of youth. After your disastrous marriage, can you blame this young man for not wanting to settle down? He is, after all, only twenty-two. Give him time. Enjoy what you've got. As an experienced woman, you know that no situation is perfect, and, on the asset side, you've done pretty well with this guy.

I must say I'm a little amused at your attitude toward his dating only older women. So what? I say. Of course he likes older women. He's fucking you, isn't he? Some men like blonds. Some men like tall women. Some men like women of a different race. Some men like men. (The same is true of women.) We each have different types who turn us on. When it comes to a first and quick fuck—and your first time with Adam certainly was that—what else is there to go on but a certain physical type? In time we may come to know the person and even love him or her. But our physical attraction to a certain type does not change. This, however, does not diminish our love or attraction.



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P.S. I really liked the part about Adam having only a five-incher. You see, not all my letter writers are into size.

BLOND AND BORED

I am in quite a predicament sexually. I am an attractive young blond with an incredibly delicious pussy—so I'm told. I love to make love! Until lately, it was rather a habit. I'm living with a very attractive, very well-hung stud. I just couldn't stay away from his cock. We would fuck all day and night—anywhere. I just couldn't get enough, so I decided to take on a lover and then many lovers. To this day I keep them all satisfied.

Recently sex with my roommate has been under par, which I realize is my fault. The problem is that I can't come. I never have come, and I wish I knew what I've been missing. I am sure this is frustrating for my partners. Lately they have been more insistent that I come. We've tried just about everything to "get me there," but to no avail. I've never been able to climax by masturbation. It bores me; there's no thrill.

During a recent weekend threesome my lovers were making bets on me: "Seventy-five bucks says you can't come," and "One hundred says you can't make her climax." It was so humiliating. I feel responsible for detracting from everyone's fun. I must say, just lately I can feel myself starting up the peak, but I'm just not getting far enough, which is all the more frustrating. What can I do? How can I learn to come?

I'm beginning to hate sex. I feel totally inadequate. I have a hard time turning on anymore because I know how frustrated I'll be in the end. I feel I'm not doing justice to my partners anymore; I feel like I'm just going through the motions. Would you believe I even get bored halfway through a fuck? I am, or was, renowned for my blowjobs, and I loved to suck cock, but now I get bored with that, too. Well, what now? Do I go through my entire life without knowing the ecstasy of climax? Do I become celibate?—N.C.

As long as you have this anxiety about having an orgasm, as if it were a test that you had to pass, you are not going to have one. My first advice to you is to change lovers. If they are so insensitive that they bet you won't come, their lovemaking must leave a lot to be desired. (You could have shut them up by faking it a few times.)

If you are going to fuck, do it because you really want to and not just to prove something to yourself. Don't think about whether you are going to come or not; just enjoy doing it. You may have that orgasm when you don't expect it.

LEARNING TO LOVE

I wonder if my early sex life was unusual or

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if other men just don't talk about the older women they've had. Sex in my early years was simply the innocent you-show-me-yours-and-I'll-show-you-mine kind. Then, a few days after I turned eighteen, things started to happen.

A forty-year-old lady living next door caught me peeking in her window. I had seen her naked before because she often left her shade open an inch or two. On this particular night, as I peered intently through the sliver of light and prepared myself for a good jerk-off while I waited to watch her undress, somebody tapped me on the shoulder from behind. I had visions of this neighbor reporting me to my parents. When she suggested that we go inside her house and talk about it, I meekly followed. She steered me straight into the bedroom. Her husband was a construction engineer for the highway department and was away.

Once we were inside the bedroom, she was tender, comforting, sympathetic, and seductive. She stretched out on the bed and instructed me to undress. I did so obediently. She complimented me profusely on my youthful yet manly body. She expressed no disappointment when I was triggered off after she had pushed no more than the head of my cock inside her. Instead, she made me feel like a young Don Juan. She told me how much she appreciated it and that she thought I was great. She made me promise to come back again, and I did, many more times.

She was not the only older woman I had before college. I was once hired to do garden work. This lady would work with me in her husband's shirts, which were too big and often only partly buttoned. I often saw her breasts when she bent over or worked on her hands and knees beside me. Her husband was a factory worker, and her days were her own. She often invited me in for lunch, but I always took a sack lunch and shyly refused. One day she brought out a picnic lunch and instructed me to follow her to a grove of trees to eat with her. When she sensed my appetite for her breasts, she offered them to me and we went from there. There were at least four or five more times in the grove of trees.

Another woman was the mother of my younger sister's friend. I had once grabbed a handful of her young titties as the girl passed me. She reported it to her mother. One day, as I passed their house, her mother called me inside. She proceeded to rebuke me for feeling up her daughter and said, "If you want pussy, pick on me but leave my daughter alone." With that she ordered me into her bedroom, where she casually undressed and ordered me to do the same. Again, I had been saved from the terror of a report to my parents.

I never had a girl my own age until I went away to college. The three older women had given me the sum total of my sexual experience. It was great, and I savored every minute of it. I firmly believe every boy should have at least one older woman in his life to help him through those urgent and clumsy years. I'm now forty-five, but I haven't forgotten.

"I think you're pretty neat. . . . What would you like for Christmas?"

As you say yourself, those first few years of sexual activity are clumsy and awkward. So, while many men may have similar experiences, they are reluctant to talk about it for just that reason. That your first sexual encounters were with older women is also not unusual. When you were growing up, it was not entirely proper for a girl of your age to have sex. Turning to an older, more experienced, lover who is understanding as well as passionate can make for a terrific introduction to the world of sex. I'm sure other men have similar memories but keep them well hidden behind tales of sexual bravado.

MYSTERY LOVER

Last month my husband, Jim, and I went to our college homecoming football game and stayed with friends from college in a rented hunting lodge. It was thirty miles back in the mountains and very rustic.

We had a fabulous dinner and then returned to drinking and celebrating the team's victory. Jim and I love champagne, and soon we were feeling no pain as we sat by the fireplace. Jim began to get amorous, and I soon felt his hands caressing my breasts and finally under my skirt. I was getting excited and suggested that we pick up a bottle of champagne and go to our room.

We undressed and drank champagne and then began a long session of foreplay. I was really getting excited and was ready for a night of sex when the bottle was empty. I tried to persuade Jim to forget the champagne, but he said we would want some more as the night progressed. He got dressed and left to find another bottle.

I slowly massaged my clitoris to keep me ready for his return. After a long time Jim came back. I said, "Hurry and get your clothes off. I'm so hot I can screw all night." He sat on the bed, and his hands caressed my body, squeezed my tits, and finally, his fingers slid in and out of my sopping cunt. He slid out of his clothes, got on top of me, and we began a violent session of fucking.

Jim reached a climax, and as we always do, I immediately went down on him and began sucking his cock to bring him back to another hard-on. It then became apparent that this cock was not circumcised and therefore was not Jim's. In my stupor I asked, "Who are you? Where is Jim? How did you get in here?" He never answered. He moved toward me, and I felt his cock was hard again. I knew I shouldn't be doing this, and my better senses told me to fight him off. But I couldn't, and I allowed him to penetrate me again. His second hard-on was unbelievable, and we fucked for what seemed like hours. In sheer exhaustion I lay motionless while he finally

withdrew his now limp cock out of my dripping cunt. He dressed and departed, and I fell into a sound sleep.

The next morning I discovered that Jim had come downstairs, gotten sick, and fallen asleep in the kitchen. I was obsessed with finding out who it was that I had fucked all night. So I put my arm around each man and looked him straight in the eye and told him what a wonderful time I'd had and how I enjoyed every minute of it. I watched closely for some reaction that might be a giveaway as to who the stud was, but there was no such indication. I went home not knowing who had given me the best fucking of my life.

I have never thought of being unfaithful or having an affair, but I am desperate for some prolonged fucking sessions. Last week a repairman came to check our furnace, and I was so aroused that I went to the bedroom and put on a see-through black negligee. His eyes nearly popped out of his head, but he made no move. When I leaned over to sign the work order, the top parted and both my tits were exposed. He still made no moves. I followed him to the door, and in total desperation I dropped my negligee to the floor and stood in front of him completely naked except for a pair of red high heels. He said he was a married man and couldn't get involved. I reached out and grabbed his cock through his pants and told him that I needed sex. He pushed me aside and ran from the house.

What does a sex-starved housewife do when she can't get it from her husband? I honestly have tried to get Jim to perform, but our system of fucking until he comes, then a good blowjob, and then a second fuck until he comes, just leaves me hanging.

I don't want to ruin my marriage, but I won't be satisfied unless I can occasionally participate in a sexual marathon. I would have continued the rest of my life with one-orgasm lovemaking sessions if it had not been for that wonderful man, whoever he was, in the lodge last month.—S.H.

Your mystery lover gave you a good fuck and left without a word, and that is the experience you wish to repeat. It is clear that you are looking for a purely physical sensation, not some meeting of the minds. Why don't you buy yourself a good strong vibrator, which you can switch on whenever the mood takes you? If your husband disapproves, give him a bottle of champagne; it seems to have a soothing effect on him.

STUDY HABITS

I am eighteen years of age. My mother and father were divorced when I was six, and I was raised by my Victorian grandmother since then. Sex was considered dirty, something for married couples for the sole purpose of having children. So much for my background.

I was attending summer school in a small town along the South Carolina coast

CONTINUED ON PAGE 175

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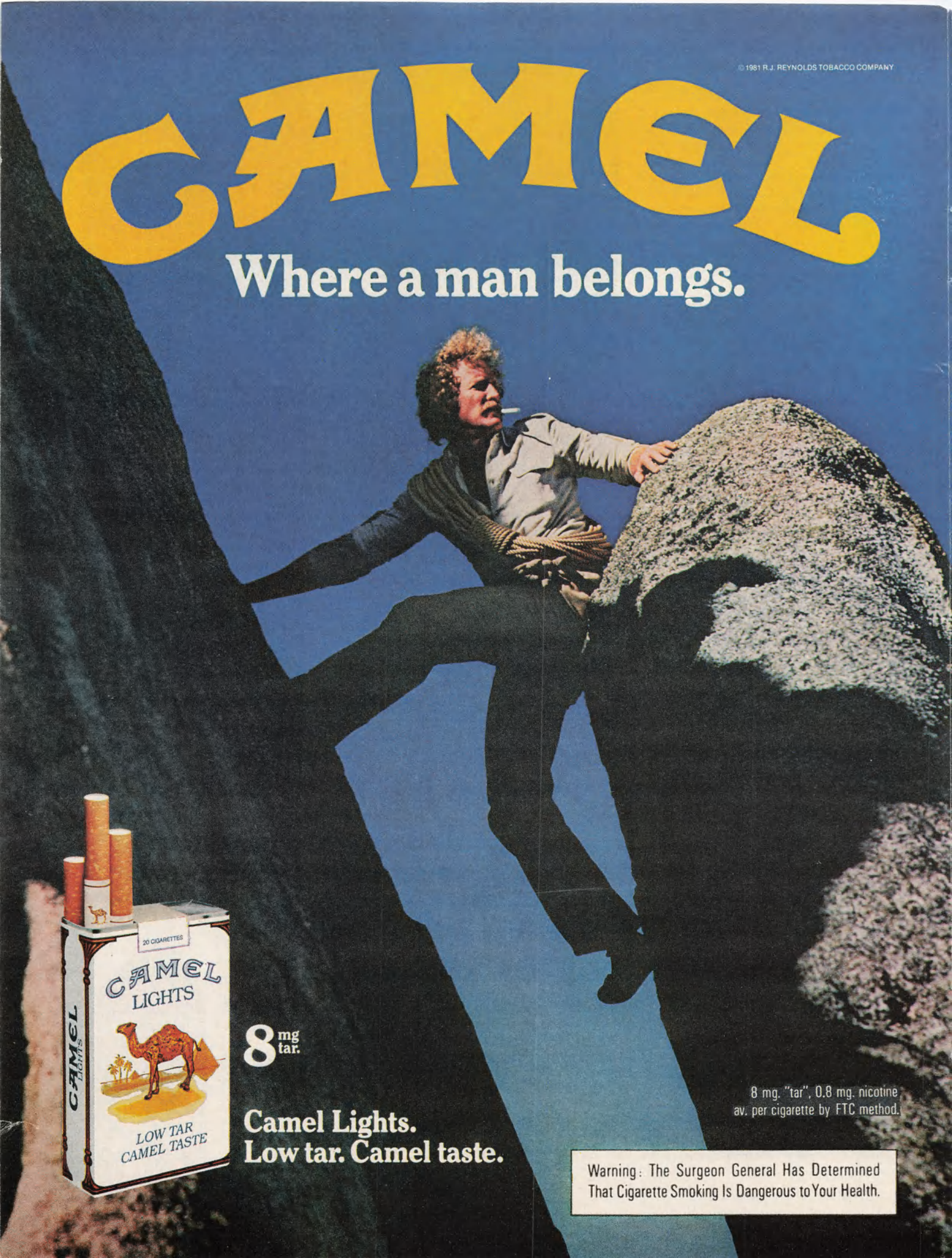

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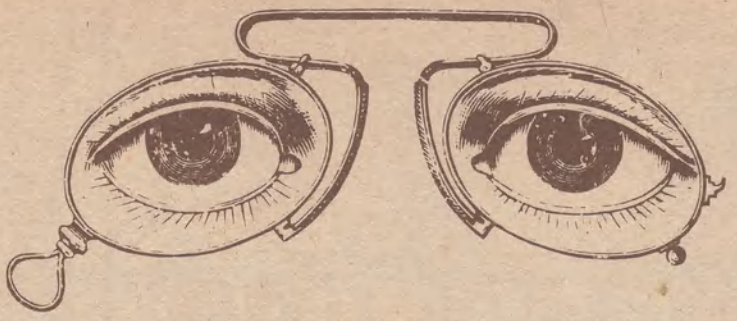


VIEW FROM THE TOP

SACRED COWS, RAGING BULLS

BY MARILYN STASIO

Katharine Hepburn bores me stiff" . . . "Samuel Beckett is a hack" . . . "The Muppets are creepy" . . .

I don't care *how* crude, clever, or iconoclastic your crowd is, try dropping one of those conversational bombs at your next picnic, and I guarantee the barbecue pit will freeze over. As objects of criticism—as a harmless little joke, even—certain artists, performers, and public figures are simply off limits. The untouchables, let's call them.

Now, I'm not talking about ordinary culture heroes or the private household gods of special-interest groups. Anybody can knock them. There's sure to be some guy at the bar who will give you an argument on Jane Fonda, Anwar Sadat, or Bucky Dent. But try finding someone on your bowling team to say a nasty word about Walter Cronkite.

The usual rationale for sacred cows is that they're just so damned terrific at what they do that they're beyond criticism. But that can't be the whole story. What has that walking clothes tree Diana Vreeland ever done for humanity that she can say things like "Where there's money, there's life," and cause knees to genuflect as if she had said, "I am the Resurrection and the Life"?

Talent and skill could very well have something to do with our mysterious adoration of certain public figures, but don't count on it. There must be at least 2 million people in this country who can sing, dance, and act better than Lauren Bacall, only they're not living legends. She is. So what gives?

The fact is, we create untouchables not because of what they do, or even because of who they are, but because of what they represent to us. Never mind that Walter Cronkite is an ordinary newscaster with an agreeable broadcast manner. Some mysterious something in his personable delivery of the news he doesn't even make touches us subconsciously. "Good evening, this is your good daddy," he seems to be saying. "This is the voice of authority that never lies, the father figure that never raises your taxes or throws you into war, the human deity who is firm, fair, and totally unthreatening."

Anita Kunz

Untouchables come in many styles. Besides the elusive daddy, they represent fantasy mothers, children, and various pieces of our own selves. Some we create to admire, as images of the selves we would like to be. Others are projections of our ids, the symbols of secret urges we wouldn't dare try in real life. Whatever the fantasy, there's an untouchable to play it out.

While nobody can pin down exactly all the factors of character, talent, charisma, and chemistry that make some people natural untouchables, certain qualifications seem to make their selection almost inevitable. To wit:

The Intimidation Factor. Found usually in untouchables who represent the ideal Older Brother figure. Connotes talent and accomplishment, with the key ingredients of mystery and snobbery. (Just what the hell does he *do* when he goes off with the family car?)

Artists, writers, and foreigners are very big in this category. Working in an obscure, sufficiently solemn idiom can usually keep the populace cowed, as Samuel Beckett, Harold Pinter, John Cage, Merce Cunningham, and Sam Shepard might testify. But simply taking yourself very, *very* seriously works, too (Arthur Miller, Lillian Hellman, and John McPhee), as does a low and enigmatic profile (Stephen Sondheim, John Cheever, J. D. Salinger, and Georgia O'Keefe).

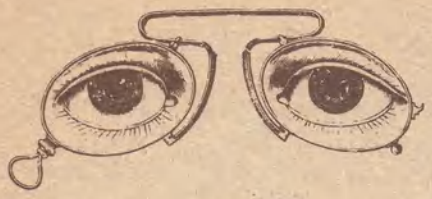
Almost all dancers from the Soviet Union have the added advantage of their Russianness and of their often unintelligible accents—provided they don't overexpose themselves on talk shows.

The Humility Factor. At the other end of the pole. The ideal Younger Brother. As in jolly Luciano Pavarotti. What, me, the greatest living tenor in the world? Ho, ho, ho. I just sing with the voice that the dear Lord blessed me with. Ho, ho, ho. *Grazie!*

The Exotic Factor. Very sensual and feminine, no matter what the untouchable's sex. Also very tough to pull off without looking ridiculous. Louise Nevelson and Willie Nelson do it nicely, though, and Diane Von Furstenberg really has it down with her new Bali-beachboy obsession. But no matter what Nancy Kissinger and Jerzy Kosinski might say, the Oscar de la Rentas simply do not have it anymore. "Directing" and "casting" spectacular dinner parties, as dear Françoise puts it, pushes exotic allure over the edge into pure vulgarity.

The Guilt Factor. Never underestimate the power of naked sentimentality in creating untouchables who can represent the superego side of our characters. There are probably many missionaries like Mother Teresa out in the bush, but do they have her beatific expression of infinite compassion? That superego smile? Curiously, some of our most beloved female untouchables in this category were once declared "fallen women" by society. What if Ingrid Bergman, Elizabeth Taylor, Sophia Loren, and Jean Seberg had never been reviled in the press for their, ummmm . . . . . *avant garde* domestic affairs? Would we still be treated to weekly revivals of *Breathless?*

The Death Factor. Hard to figure.



In the case of legends like "Duke" Wayne, John Lennon, and Alice Roosevelt, death merely enhanced their status, while Jean Seberg found it necessary to die to make people aware that she had been alive.

The Survival Factor. More to the point. Just let some fading star make one last career gasp before toddling off into his dotage, and we get this irresistible itch to declare him a "survivor." Honestly, every time some nurse wheels out another gaga survivor for the annual Oscar telecast, doesn't it make you shudder?

The Chameleon Factor. When in doubt, a genuine untouchable can just change jobs. Don't think George Burns came out of oblivion just by being cute; he made a lot of spectacularly bad movies after losing his grip on television. Laurence Olivier and John Houseman went from stage to screen. Mickey Rooney and costar Ann Miller went from screen to stage. Bill Russell switched to sportscasting, Joe Namath became a song-and-dance man, Joe DiMaggio went into banking, and a lot of the astronauts embraced insurance. No fool he, Orson Wells took up wine.

The Frank Sinatra Factor. Just behind the sacred cows are the raging bulls, people so passionately loathed that their very unpopularity makes them beloved. Some of these eminently untouchable creations of our naughty ids—Howard Cosell, David Merrick, Rupert Murdoch, Bowie Kuhn, and George Steinbrenner come to mind—were never among the holy of holies to begin with. But does anybody remember the days when we actually *liked* Sammy Davis, Norman Mailer, Edward Albee, Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, Engelbert Humperdinck, Milton Berle, and Petula Clark?

Curiously, of all the bulls we love to hate, and of all the cows we love to love, only Frank Sinatra falls squarely into both categories. Adored by as many people as despise him, he is a genuine nonpareil. He's safe on all sides.

So safe, in fact, that you can mail all your angry letters protesting this piece straight to him.

SCENES

HOURGLASSES, ANYONE?

There are so many different kinds of calendars for sale nowadays that it's ridiculous. Calendar design is definitely a new art. If you studied every calendar put out this year, you could probably get a degree in art history, literature, women's studies—you name it, they've got it. There are very few calendars on the market that let you plan your month or day without guidance: a word of advice, an exotic birthday, a piece of trivia for the evening's cocktail hour. Instead of a guru, get a calendar. You can still have indiscriminate sex and eat vegetarian, and you won't have to give up your worldly possessions.

Why feminist stuff always seems to be so dour, depresso, and butch, I don't know. But I certainly couldn't spend a year with **The Strength of Women** (Crossing Press Feminist Series, Trumansburg, N.Y. 14886, $5.95). There is one nice photo of a woman hugging her grandmother and one of a gal milking a goat, but the two muscular, short-haired women holding hands and jogging is where I draw the line. Features advice on how women work (a lesson by every picture), a female quote for every month, and the phases of the moon.

The Virginia Woolf Diary (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $7.95) is a must for any Bloomsbury freak, but best, of course, for female English majors in their early twenties. Beautifully printed, with shots of Virginia as a child, her homes and haunts, her special dates remembered, and for every week a quote from her work that reminds you of her suicide. For romantics and manic-depressives only.

The **James Dean** calendar (Pomegranate Artbooks, Corte Madera, Calif., $6.95) reminds us once again that Jimmy was adorable and intense. Photos by Sanford Roth show him with a hangman's noose, with a cat, and sculpting and washing the white Porsche Spyder he was killed in. Pretty morbid, but if you're a Dean fan, you'll love it.

In the area of art, there are a billion, trillion calendars to choose from. The **Norman Rockwell** calendar and engagement book (Abbeville Press, $6.95) is archetypical and could be a great retrospective of his work were it not for the dreadful, washed-out color in the reproductions of his prints. It's a shame, especially since the engagement book contains paintings rarely seen anymore, such as *Traffic Conditions* (1949), in which a bulldog refuses to move out of the way of a truck in a congested, rundown urban neighborhood; or *The Final Curtain* (1937), which shows a dance team sitting sadly on their trunk during the demise of vaudeville. Curse the color separation!

The Bettmann Archive, Inc.

Dean: dead from a Spyder.

Twos (Museum of Modern Art, $9) is, however, high-quality and, as the title points out, all about twos. Two people, two objects, doubles, couples—any painting, photograph, or art construction studying two things at once is included. Black and white and color. And your kids can play with the cover and learn the meaning of trompe l'oeil. Also from MOMA, the **Eugene Atget** wall calendar, ($10). If you love Atget, you'll be a bit disappointed by this effort: not the most exciting photos they might have picked and an awful lot of white space around them. A nice touch, though, is the notation of the actual date of a national holiday as well as the date at which it is now observed.

The **Country Music History** calendar (Country Music Foundation Press, Nashville, Tenn., $2.25), with eight-by-tens of your favorite stars, has enough trivia to choke a horse at a Willie Nelson concert. The **Sports Quiz** calendar (Saben Enterprises, Mercer Island, Wash., $6.95) has blurry shots of sports stars, but if you can learn the answers to such daily questions as "Who was 'the Alabama antelope'?" you can win a T-shirt. At the end of each month you send in the answers to your best trivia questions, and if you win, you get ten dollars and your name in the 1983 calendar. Encourages sports fans to get up in the morning at the very least.

And what about humor? Well, there's the **Successful Business Guide** calendar (Price/Stern/Sloan Publishers, Inc., Los Angeles, Calif., $4.95): early nineteenth- and twentieth-century drawings on Day-Glo-colored papers with modern advice like "Don't let the coffee

The Bettmann Archive, Inc.

Woolf: manic-depressives only.

break get out of hand." You can imagine. Or, there's the all-new '82 **Word-of-the-Month** calendar (Recycled Paper Products, Chicago, Ill., $5). April's Word is *Lay:* "If the chickens don't deliver, the Easter Bunny can't." Worse than you can imagine. Or, from the same publisher, the **Survival Calendar for the Chocolate-Obsessed Individual** ($5). Cartoons of rhino shmoes with chocolate and advice: *"November.* Staying Warm: Keep an adequate supply of hot chocolate on hand." You can't imagine.

There's even a calendar for gays: the **Gay Engagement Calendar** (Main Street Press, Pittstown, N.J., $5.95). Of George Santayana, it says, "He spent his life in love with an unresponsive heterosexual who couldn't even remember his name." Well! Of Rainer Maria Rilke, "Harold Nicolson thought him gay." Yes, but did he see him in bed with a boy? Really now. But let's be fair: under August 4, it states definitely that there is not one shred of evidence that Percy Bysshe Shelley was homosexual. Okay.

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La Pig as a movie greaser.

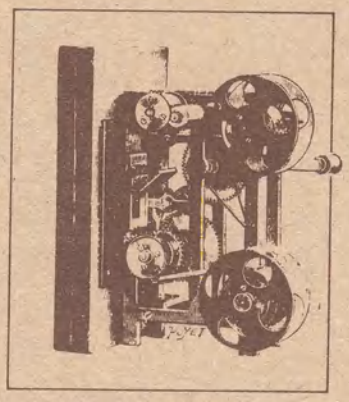
How many cat calendars were printed this year? Zillions. Pretty ones like the **Natural Cat** calendar (Harbor Publishing, $7.95), with cat paintings by Lowell Herrero and health tips and treats from Anitra Frazier and Norma Eckroate, authors of the book *The Natural Cat: A Holistic Guide for Finicky Owners,* and borders designed by Laura Ashley. If you feed your cat garlic, fleas will avoid it; so will you. The water a Christmas tree stands in is toxic to cats. So is Skip Morrow, creator of the **Official I Hate Cats** calendar (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $4.95). I liked the cat tied to a chair while the human scratches his fingernails on the blackboard. That's September. But why anyone likes Garfield, I have no idea. The **Garfield** calendar (Ballantine Books, $4.95) is more of the same heavy-handed drawings with no perceptiveness about cats. Really dumb. Avoid at all costs. Rip-off.

My local stationery store predicts that this year's favorite, best-selling calendar will be the **Teddy Bear** calendar (Workman, $5.95). A gorgeous, tasteful collection of teddy bears! Pictures are a bit blurry, but the bears are divine. Makes you long for the toys of yesteryear. And you can enter your own bear for next year! Win a free trip to New York and get your teddy in next year's calendar. Super for children or your girl friend or anyone who once loved a bear.

Enough of bears. La Pig is back again in scenes from your favorite movies. Miss Piggy dressed like Diane Keaton and starring with Kermit, dressed like Woody, in "Posteriors" is pretty funny. The **Miss Piggy Great Lovers of the Silver Screen** calendar (Muppet Press/Alfred A. Knopf, $6.95) is another wildly campy, beautifully produced affair. But perhaps pigs are out? God forbid.

The without-question best calendar I have seen this year, most interesting, most moving, most funny, clearest photos, is the **1982 Lab** calendar (Ralston Purina Company, available only by request). Brought to you by Purina Lab Chow, including Purina Rodent Chow, Primate Chow, and Monkey Chow. January is a cute white rat, July's a rhesus monkey, and October's rabbits. But the greatest is December's Yoda-look-alike fetal mice. Three weird pink creatures closeup and uncertain of their futures. Darling. The slogan is "Control is the main ingredient." Couldn't agree more. Cute as a rat's ass.—*Emily Prager*

FILMS



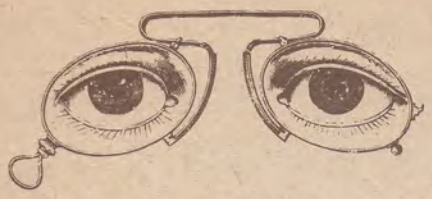
LIFE AT THE MOVIES

How to get a life *into* the movies has always been a puzzle. Not "vitality" or "liveliness." They come when somebody knows how to ask them, and of course we can never see them enough. But a real life, biography, especially of the great and famous—that the movies often tackle, and the results keep us noticing what a tricky medium film actually is.

One example: halfway through George Kaczender's sumptuously inept ***Chanel Solitaire*** (the life and loves of perfumer-couturier Coco Chanel), on the eve of World War I, we see Coco's coal-magnate boyfriend descending the front steps of a Paris government building deep in conversation with a portly old man. The distinguished bearing, the mop of gray hair, the walrus mustache—anyone who's been exposed to the most often reproduced group portrait of the period will immediately recognize an actor gotten up as the French premier Clemenceau. And so we don't need the coal merchant mumbling, wholly for our benefit, something like, "Never fear, sir, the world will hear again from Georges Clemenceau!" to convince us that in one image we've been told the same thing too often and much too directly. As an embarrassment, the scene is only one of many in *Chanel Solitaire*—from which only Marie-France Pisier, as Coco, successfully emerges, partly by managing to burlesque her role. But as an example it points everywhere: to the fact that movies never are as real as they look, to their terrible penchant for restating the obvious—and to a pair of very good film biographies that in different ways escape the traps that are set by our remembrance of too close, too solid a reality.

Fifty years after his death, the English novelist D. H. Lawrence mat-

Marie-France Pisier as Coco Chanel: success through burlesque.



ters more for us than Coco Chanel ever could. A celebrated outsider, still controversial, he was central to the literary life of his times. And so Christopher Miles's ***Priest of Love***—a movie about Lawrence and his wife, Frieda, his American benefactor Mabel Dodge Luhan, his friends Huxley, Murray, and Dorothy Brett, even about the censor Herbet Muskett, who tried to protect Great Britain from contamination by his books and paintings—is a veritable gallery of well-known figures and reputations. Add to that a penchant for visually accurate casting and for genuine locations, right down to the shop in Florence where *Lady Chatterley's Lover* actually was printed, and you'd seem to have the makings of a dismally authentic bore. What counts in Lawrence, the stories, novels, essays, letters, waits on the shelf. The well-known life story has material enough for a movie, but a movie that might run by like the mileage markers on a too often traveled road.

In fact, it runs like magic. Everything, even to the Florentine printing shop (for a brief, affectionate aside on small-scale book publishing), works with a precision and delicacy that suggests absolute assurance about when to leave just-enough alone. The books do figure, rather prominently, as they're written, printed, published, banned. But the life is the substance of the movie. And that emerges less a crusade, as Lawrence might have wanted it, than a kind of social comedy: compassionate, sharply perceptive, and quite without derision. Even the befuddled censor Muskett (another great cameo by Sir John Gielgud) receives his share of amused goodwill as he bustles about burning books and locking up suggestive paintings.

The film begins in the 1920s, with the Lawrences' departure for the New Mexico ranch of Mrs. Luhan (Ava Gardner), and it ends early in the 1930s, after Lawrence's death in Italy, as Frieda (the superb Janet Suzman) almost forgets his ashes at the railroad station while returning them to New Mexico. In between there are enough flashbacks to give us much of the early life, the elopement with the already married Frieda, the difficult war years. But mainly we are with Lawrence near his end, with his greatest fame, his friends, his followers, his artistic scandals, and the extended pain of his death. It is the stuff of legend, some of it self-promoted. But the magnificent Ian McKellen plays Lawrence more for fact, for imperfect humanity, and for a sly-eyed complexity of motive that is always a joy to follow.

There's nothing earth-shattering about *Priest of Love*. It succeeds through care, intelligence, sophistication, tact, technical competence—proof that if you set out to make a good movie, and you add a superlative cast and credits, a good movie may be what you make. This, rather than the highly publicized *Chariots of Fire* or *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, is the best British film in years.

Perhaps the secret of *Priest of Love* lies in its understanding of evasions, in its subject being never nailed down but rather seen and accepted in passing. Frank Perry's ***Mommie Dearest*** deals in direct confrontation, often of hysterical intensity, but it also knows better than to capture its subject. By the end we've had a lot of Joan Crawford revealed and nothing about her really explained. Those film critics who complained that it didn't help them understand Joan Crawford, that it was less a character study than a cartoon, put their fingers right on what I like best about the film.

By now you'll either know what goes on in this adaptation of Christina Crawford's memoir about life with Mother or won't care. As to why you should care, *Mommie Dearest* indeed tells you precious little. One of Crawford's major movies, *Mildred Pierce*, and one minor one, *Ice Follies of 1939*, figure slightly. But of a forty-five-year career (which also included *Grand Hotel*, *A Woman's Face*, *The Women*, and *Johnny Guitar*) you won't learn much except that Joan Crawford worked like crazy, fought like hell, got fired by L. B. Mayer, and came home that night to make her little adopted daughter help her chop down all the bushes in the rose garden. In fact, her greatest achievements came after leaving Mayer. *Mommie Dearest* doesn't make that point. The scouring powders on the bathroom shelf loom larger than the history of the movies. This is truly a Crawford film: domestic drama with a vengeance.

Mommie Dearest divides into a succession of separate scenes: the L. B. Mayer scene (a five-minute masterpiece, by the way, with Howard Da Silva as Mayer), the rose bush scene, the "*No wire hangers!*" scene, and so on to the Crawford-in-her-coffin scene and the reading-of-the-will scene with which the whole thing brilliantly and inconclusively ends. Of course, all movies do this. But *Mommie Dearest* does it so rigorously and with such studied formality that you begin to gather rather early that it is part of what the film is all about. Most settings, especially in Crawford's Hollywood mansion, seem designed for theater, and the cartoon quality the critics complained of is more accurately a stylization in the visu-

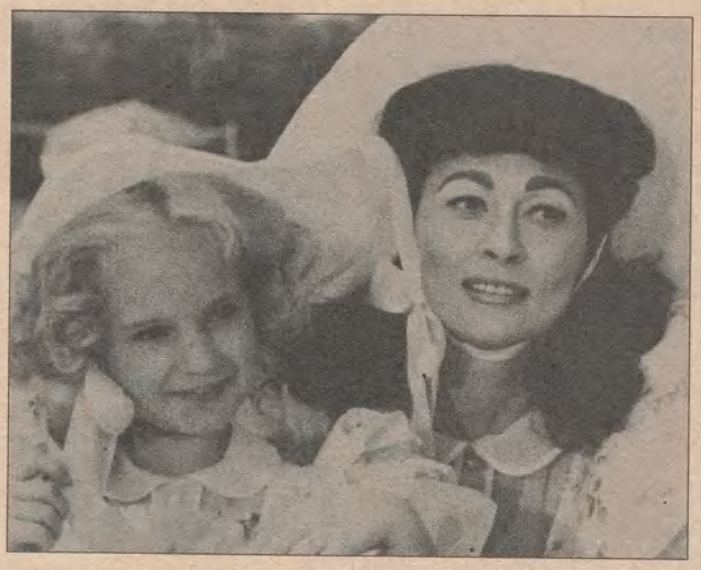
Celebrated outsiders: Suzman and McKellen in Priest of Love.

Ava Gardner as Mrs. Luhan.

Diane Scarwid as Christina.

al presentation and the performance of each scene. I wish I had counted how many times the camera approaches the actors full-front, head on; I do think that it never sees a face without sensing a mask.

Mommie Dearest is Frank Perry's best work since *Diary of a Mad Housewife* and yet another demonstration of his feeling for theatrical decor. In this connection I suspect that Faye Dunaway's marvelous performance as Crawford is less wildly bravura than it looks, and that in fact it has been meticulously tailored to oppose young Diane Scarwid's downcast



Mara Hobel and Faye Dunaway: daughter darling, mommie dearest.

glances as the sullen-sweet adult Christina and Mara Hobel's supernatural hopefulness as Christina when a little girl.

A friend asked if I really thought anyone would be willing to sit through the nonstop conversations that make up Eric Rohmer's ***The Aviator's Wife*** if the talk were in English rather than in French. I meant to answer, "Of course, you idiot." I didn't. Just as well, because French—the language, the people—is of the essence for each Rohmer movie, from the elegant films of the six-moral-tales cycle a few years back to this moving, almost eventless vignette about a twenty-five-year-old office worker, the twenty-year-dent who loves her, and the fifteen-year-old he meets while pursuing his love by a pool in the park. No comparable Americans could talk about so little in such full sentences, so well and so long. If they did, they would have built around themselves the Paris of Eric Rohmer.

I'll skip the story (there is one) except to note that the aviator's wife never appears, though her husband does, briefly, as the boy's imagined rival for the woman, who would rather not give a twenty-year-old the time of day. Eventually she changes her mind a little—his dogged perseverance—and then he changes his mind a little—the recollection of the high-school girl. But nothing is settled except that near the end the woman is brought to tears. She cries, perhaps for the aviator lost, for all the mismatchings of her life, and for the realization that in the face of such postadolescent male ardor, time, at her age, is no longer on her side.

Like some other Eric Rohmer films, *The Aviator's Wife* deals largely in conversation as a bulwark against loneliness and despair. Unlike some of the others he has directed the despair is as present and palpable as the conversation. That gives it a special, privileged place in this unique filmmaker's career.—*Roger Greenspun*

WORDS

ALTERING STATES

What if we woke up one morning and found that science fiction had disappeared? On my personal scale of potential catastrophes, this one ranks in seriousness somewhere between the breakup of the Rolling Stones and the decriminalization of strip mining. What prompts these lugubrious thoughts is my recent reading of ***Alien Encounters: An Anatomy of Science Fiction*** (Harvard University Press), by Mark Rose, a professor of English at the University of California, Santa Barbara. Professor Rose, whose seriousness is never in doubt, examines science fiction from both a historical and a structural point of view.

He argues that science fiction—like most other literary genres, from Elizabethan tragedy to the modern suspense novel—is best defined by talking about what it *isn't*. For example, a science fiction story—say, *Dune*, by Frank Herbert—is not fantasy, because the author goes out of his way to imply that the events described could conceivably happen in some future variant of our world. At the same time, the SF story is not mainstream realistic fiction, because unlike, say, *The Day of the Jackal* or *The World according to Garp*, the SF story insists that the events described have not happened yet.

What makes Professor Rose's argument so tricky is that fantasy and realistic fiction are *also* defined negatively, in terms of each other and of science fiction, so that if one genre changes, all must change. And genres are *always* changing. Broadway playwrights don't write Elizabethan tragedies anymore. The time is coming when realism, SF, and fantasy will have shifted their boundaries so much that none will be recognizable in current terms. In case you haven't noticed, the work of people like Donald Barthelme, John Irving, and Doris Lessing is getting harder and harder to classify as "realistic fiction." And a lot of what is being sold as science fiction today would have been dismissed as fantasy by hardcore SF fans a decade ago. Professor Rose does not try to predict the precise shape of genres to come. Nor does he suggest exactly when the term "science fiction" will acquire the same antiquarian ring as "pastoral romance" or "mock epic." But in predicting radical change of some sort, he is applying the method of science fiction to the state of the genre itself. Because, as he points out, whatever else science fiction is or isn't, its underlying theme is always change—and in this sense it represents a necessarily subversive element in the world of letters.

A sample of recent novels published as "science fiction" indicates that the breakdown of hard-and-fast genre boundaries may have gone further than even Professor Rose suspects. In ***The Wolves of Memory*** (Putnam), by George Alec Effinger, a computer-run future Earth has no place for misfits; so it ships them (via instantaneous matter-transmission) to an empty planet somewhere else in the universe. Like the original convict-colonists of Australia, they can do what they wish on their new world, but they are barred from returning to Earth, except in coffins. Unfortunately, their pioneer paradise is hideously flawed; an unidentified microbe destroys human nervous systems within a couple of years. Before the final dissolution, the victim goes through a stage of ambulatory amnesia; his memory fades in and out like a distant radio station. When Effinger's story opens, Sandor Courane has reached this stage. He is dragging

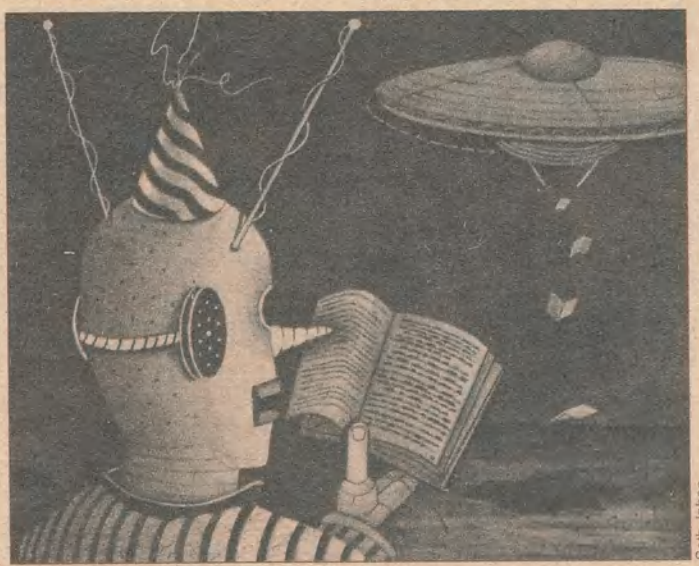
through a desert the body of a young woman; a note in his pocket assures him that he and the woman were once very much in love. He doesn't remember writing the note or loving the woman; even her name means nothing to him.

This is an inherently dramatic situation, rich in symbolic overtones. But Effinger fails to develop either the drama or the symbolism. Perhaps this is because the story is told from Courane's point of view and in a disjointed chronology that is internally justified but wearying to untangle. One can respect Effinger's refusal to play the situation for easy tears or easy moralizing. But in holding back on the old SF formulas, he has drained all the juice from the characters as well. Courane and his friends come across as bloodless puppets; even the exotic flora and fauna of the new planet remain vague and unrealized, like picture-book cutouts that the author has forgotten to color in. Can this be the future of SF? Fiction that is neither fantastic nor realistic?

Don't bet on it. James Morrow's ***The Wine of Violence*** (Holt, Rinehart, & Winston) is an anthropological fable that, for all its cool intelligence, bustles with life. In a distant solar system, two planets have been colonized by refugees from Earth. Neither is aware of the other's existence. One planet, New Earth or "Nearth," sounds very much like our own. The other world is divided between the totally pacifistic, supercivilized Quetzalians and the truly horrific, brain-eating savages known as neurovores. We learn about these two antagonistic cultures through the eyes of a group of Nearth scientists who have crash-landed a spaceship near the massive wall and mysterious "river of hate" that separate Quetzalians from neurovores. Any resemblances between the tale Morrow tells and such classic ruminations on the perfectibility of man as H. G. Wells's *The Time Machine* and Ursula Le Guin's *The Dispossessed* are clearly intentional. Morrow writes a breezy blend of philosophical fiction and blood-stirring adventure. One of his scientist-explorers makes Indiana Jones look like a wimp. What ties it all together is a vivid sense of place. Morrow's imaginary setting has an unfakable solidity; here is his description of a beast called the chitzal: "a mammalian furball on reptilian feet, with two ordinary eyes plus a third that evolution, in a moment of frivolity, had located on a stalk atop the chitzal's head, an all-seeing lollipop."

Morrow purposely limits his scope to achieve a kind of fantastic verisimilitude. Philip José Farmer accepts no limits at all. In ***The Unreasoning Mask*** (Putnam), a slightly mad but infinitely resourceful spaceship captain named Ramstan finds himself, more or less by accident, on the trail of answers to such questions as: What is the Universe? Is there a God? What is the Meaning of Life? The answers come not through contemplation but through action. To say that the plot defies synopsis is an understatement; while reading it, I had the impression that the author had no more idea of what was going to happen next than I did. That is a major part of the book's charm. You keep waiting for the hero to trip over the author's loose ends; when he doesn't, you end up cheering. With such an unpredictable story line, it would seem impossible to create a surprise ending. Yet Farmer manages to achieve that, too. Without giving it away, I can say that the surprise comes from a violation of an old pulp fiction convention about the fate of heroes. Whatever else Farmer may be doing, it is not the old-fashioned science fiction I grew up on. More power to him.

Voyagers (Doubleday), by Ben Bova, appears at first sight to be traditional SF. An alien spacecraft is discovered near Jupiter. The discovery triggers conflicts on earth—international, personal, philosophical. A dedicated scientist finally gets his way, and an attempt is made to contact the alien intruder—with unexpected results. That summary might describe a hundred SF novels of the last half-century. Yet Bova's book has a distinctive flavor. For one thing, it is written in the flat, knowing prose of the mainstream suspense novel. The infighting among power-wise bureaucrats in Washington and Moscow is described with as much care as the workings of a radiotelescope. Sexual motives are at least as important as intellectual fixations. In short, this is science fiction for people who are more accustomed to reading mainstream best-sellers. Yet the ending evokes that feeling of awe at the grandeur of the universe that SF fans call "sense of wonder," always one of the chief rewards of the genre. If a judicious infusion of science-fictional concerns into conventional best-sellerdom produces this kind of hybrid vigor, I'm all for it.—*Gerald Jonas*



Seth Jaben

John Muth

Ben Bova: suspense in space.

HORROR STORY

If Stephani Cook's descent into hell, described vividly and unforgettably in ***Second Life*** (Simon & Schuster), were simply a Gothic medical horror story, it would still be necessary reading to learn what happens behind the forbidding facade of modern "advanced" medicine. Cook, at twenty-seven, a former cover-girl model and a mother of two children, one day began feeling excruciating pain. After she was told emphatically by a great variety of doctors that she was just a nut, her illness was finally acknowledged as having a physical cause.

Stephani Cook then was subjected to a battery of diagnostic tests performed by medical practitioners who would seem to be more at home practicing their art in the damp basement of a provincial Gestapo headquarters. ("I think it would be safe to say," one doctor drooled when she asked him how much a certain procedure would hurt, "it will be anywhere in the neighborhood of . . . ," he paused dramatically, "*excruciating.* Satisfied?" And he was as good as his word.)

Moreover, after all this, her sickness was actually misdiagnosed. Her heart and her womb were both ripped open in futile searches for the culprit illness. Finally they discovered that she had cancer . . . a relatively benign form of cancer if it had been discovered earlier by a simple urinalysis.

Is she cured? Well, yes . . . at the

end her cancer seems to be gone, her hair has grown back, and simply by looking at the picture on the book jacket you can see that she is beautiful. But the real horror of Stephani's "second life" is that she learns a dreadful lesson that most of us are spared: "Surviving death does not necessarily equip one to survive life." Although *Second Life* is, naturally enough, a woman's book, and since none of the men in the story end up looking like heroes, it might be tempting to describe it as a feminist tract, although the writing clearly sets it apart from that genre. But in reality, Stephani's most unsympathetic and unsparing portrait is of herself. She acknowledges from the beginning that "I was rotting from the inside out. . . . I loathed myself." She realizes that "capitulation is the most basic affirmation of female identity."

Finally, this book is not really a story of how doctors misunderstand and mistreat their patients—or even of how men misunderstand women. It is about how very difficult it is for any of us to begin to know one another. Coping with the missed opportunities and deliberate pain that infest our lives makes dealing with the doctors' blind, chauvinistic blundering almost like child's play. You won't feel better when you finish reading *Second Life,* but you will feel differently about most of the important things.—*Peter Bloch*

Sigrid Estrada

Cook: life after near-death.

SOUNDS

THE KINKS KONTINUE

Ten years ago, **Kinks** tours were anarchic brawls, and nobody brawled more than Ray Davies, the long-lived English band's singer-songwriter, and his brother Dave, the lead guitarist. There was the night in New York when Ray, reeling from what he says was a dosed drink, tottered backwards into a bank of amplifiers. Instead of catching him before he crashed into the amps and toppled them, Dave politely stepped aside. Ray was carried backstage unconscious while the band played on. "What's that *awful noise?*" he wanted to know when he came to. "The Kinks," someone replied. He bounded up and back to the stage.

But Kinks fans are a loyal lot, and the Kinks are one of the most resilient rock bands. These days the group is bigger than ever. On their most recent American tour, they played mostly large arenas for the first time in a distinguished career that began in the early sixties. Halfway through the tour, they performed in a 10,000-seat hall on an Ohio college campus, and their audience was overwhelmingly youthful—youthful enough to think of "Lola," the group's 1970 hit, and "Celluloid Heroes," from 1972, as ancient history.

On the afternoon before the concert, the band delved into history that was considerably more ancient. The hall was practically empty, but the Kinks had an audience—their Texas-born road crew. "This is for you road-hawgs," Ray Davies shouted over the PA system before he led the band through a set of fifties rock 'n' roll—Buddy Holly, Elvis, Chuck Berry—that was spur-of-the-moment and sloppy but utterly inspired. "Let's do another one, let's do another one!" he shouted out with boyish excitement between songs. After the set there was a lot of good-natured shouting and laughter. "People don't realize how hard a road crew works," Ray remarked. "And these guys are the best. I do get tired of the constant round of writing, making an album, and touring, always in that order, but that's what the Kinks do. We're a dance band."

Linda Matlow/Retna Ltd.

Ray Davies: "When I heard Chuck Berry . . . it changed my life completely."

The Kinks have been a dance band since 1962–63, when they organized as the Ravens and consisted of Ray, Dave, drummer Mick Avory (who is still with the band), and bassist Peter Quaife (whose place has been filled by Jim Rodford, with Ian Gibbons added on keyboards). "I'll tell you *my* story," Ray Davies said as he sat in a corner of his dressing room with his lanky legs curled up under him. "I had a kind of confused childhood. I used to walk around the streets of North London, saying, 'There's no hope for me. They're gonna put me in a factory.' Academically, I was not very bright; I was good at art and creative writing, but there was no future. This was at the beginning of the sixties. We had a thing called the Youth Employment Office; you'd go to this guy who'd talk to you for about five minutes and decide whether you were going to work at the factory down the road or you were going to be a baker. I decided I was going to have to fight my way out. I went to art college during the day and soccer training in the evenings, and after that I learned how to play guitar by playing in a rhythm-and-blues

Simon Fowler/Retna Ltd.

The Kinks: the good-time dance band that plays thinking man's rock.

group. When I heard Chuck Berry play on Radio Luxembourg, it changed my life completely. I left art college and said, 'Music: that's it.' I was hungry, but there was no way I was going to end up in a factory."

The Kinks' early sound was as hard and bruising as life in working-class North London. The group's early hits were built on monolithic, chunka-chunk guitar figures, from "You Really Got Me" through "All Day and All of the Night" and "Till the End of the Day." Ray's singing was reedy, with a cutting edge; the drumming was heavy and deep; and during breaks in the singing Dave Davies would unleash speed-demon guitar solos of dizzying ferocity. Many rock critics have called the Kinks the inventors of heavy metal, the popular, bone-crushing rock style whose current perpetrators include groups like Black Sabbath and Van Halen. But the Kinks were more than an unsubtle, metallic rock-'n'-roll steamroller; they were more than a dance band. Ray Davies was brooding.

By the mid-sixties, the band's music had begun to change. Ray's songs became little short stories with an utterly British perspective and an uncommonly broad range of subjects, from the foibles of trendies ("Dedicated Follower of Fashion") to the anomie of the rich ("Sunny Afternoon") to the suffering of the poor ("Get Back in Line"). He wrote gloriously lyrical ballads ("Waterloo Sunset," "Days," "End of the Season") and attacked some controversial subjects, especially in "Lola," apparently the tale of a sexual encounter with a transvestite. These songs, and there were many more, established Ray Davies as one of the very best songwriters in rock.

In order to do justice to the new songs, the Kinks developed a richer, more subtle style, with varying mixtures of acoustic and electric guitars and some of the most luminous harmony singing to be heard anywhere. Most of the rock that was popular in the late sixties and early seventies has lost its charm, but the Kinks' albums from this period, especially *Sunny Afternoon, Something Else by the Kinks,* and *Lola Versus Powerman and the Moneygoround,* still sound utterly contemporary. That's partly because so many younger musicians have borrowed from various aspects of the Kinks legacy. Van Halen has recast the group's early, proto-metal style, while new-wavers like Nick Lowe and the Pretenders have drawn on later Kinks material for inspiration. Each of the Pretenders' best-selling albums has included a Ray Davies song. "They've turned 'Stop Your Sobbing' into a classic," says Ray. "I think it was a very mediocre song to begin with."

If that sounds like the comment of an artist who is somewhat lacking in self-esteem, it's no accident. During the early seventies Ray Davies was beset by doubts and self-destructive urges, his drinking reached legendary proportions, and the Kinks' always uneven stage shows often became sheer shambles. Dave Davies became so disgusted with his brother's antics during this period that he once kicked him all the way down a flight of stairs. "Who was that?" a roadie asked as the commotion subsided and Dave came trudging back up the stairs. "My *brother*," he snarled.

But Ray weathered these storms, and three years ago the Kinks got a new lease on life by hiring their present bassist and keyboard player. "They're really great players," Ray enthuses. "They've made us a *much* better band, a new band, really." Recent albums, like *Low Budget*, have won the Kinks a new, young audience, and recent songs, most notably "(Wish I Could Fly Like) Superman," have been hits and gone on to become FM radio staples. On the latest Kinks album, *Give the People What They Want* (Arista), Ray is in peak form as a songwriter. "Destroyer" takes an unflinching look at his self-destructive urges, using quotes from "You Really Got Me" and throwing in a reference to Lola to make it clear that those urges have also been at the heart of his creativity. "Art Lover" is another plunge into what Ray calls "dodgy subjects," a comparison between weekend parents and child molesters. "Give the People What They Want" and "Killer's Eyes" link the media's star-making clout to the advent of the murderer-as-superstar—Oswald, Chapman. "A Little Bit of Abuse" looks at wife-beating from two perspectives, the wife's and the husband's.

On record, the Kinks have always been a thinking man's rock band. On stage, they are still an uninhibited, good-time dance band, but they have learned to put on a show that is coherent as well as exciting. Ray dances and mugs, Dave steps forward to the lip of the stage to deliver his barbed-wire guitar solos, and the rhythm section nudges and kicks the band along. Ray knows his audience. At the Ohio college concert, he asked if the crowd wanted to hear "the old songs," and when they roared an affirmative, he did "Lola." But the band also played songs that are old to them, including encores of "Louie Louie" and "Twist and Shout." "This is an American song," Ray said when he introduced "Twist and Shout." "You should be proud of it." Ray Davies should be proud of the Kinks.—*Robert Palmer*

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A born-again Christian banker's firsthand account of an outrageous con game engineered by one of Jerry Falwell's board of directors

PRAISE THE LORD AND PASS THE CONTRIBUTIONS

BY ARTHUR WEIDEL WITH L. J. DAVIS

The way evangelist Lester Roloff kept explaining it to me, there wasn't a thing to worry about. He'd already made a $500,000 down payment to a member of the Reverend Jerry Falwell's board of directors, and he was going to get a beautiful piece of Texas property, complete with jetport, private homes, and a college.

But I knew better. I knew that the man who was trying to sell the property didn't even own it. And I knew that Lester Roloff had no hope of ever getting his $500,000 back.

I knew better because I'd spent the past few years with something that began very simply, as an attempt to straighten out the financial affairs of a small Baptist church in New Jersey. Before I was done, I found myself involved with a confidence artist who doubled as a member of Falwell's board of directors, a missing million dollars, church bondholders literally scammed out of their money, dubious loans, and a very large question in my mind about whether some of the men of God I've encountered in all this have much to do with God at all.

I should mention at the outset that I was especially disturbed because I am a born-again Christian. It is a conviction that I take very seriously, which is why I was all the

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAT HILL

more disturbed by my experiences with supposedly God-fearing men who use the name of God to exploit those around them. I have come to learn the wisdom of the Bible's teaching, especially those passages where Christ warns again and again about those who would use His name to cause division and gain worldly possessions.

My experience began seven years ago, when, working as a banker, I was asked by a member of the small Saddle Brook Baptist Church in Saddle Brook, N.J., to help straighten out "some complicated financial problems" in connection with the church. It was a very considerable understatement.

At the time the pastor of Saddle Brook Baptist was the Reverend Paul Gelatt, Jr., who had founded the church in 1959. Pastor Gelatt gave every appearance of being a God-loving man who cared about evangelizing the community and bringing comfort to those in need of it. He praised the Lord, spoke softly, and told me how he had surrendered his life to Christ. He also advised his congregation that if he hadn't become a pastor, he would have been a millionaire. He claimed that his church's current problems were due to the fact that he was being exploited by local businessmen.

In fact, when I first entered the picture, Gelatt was presiding over a financial disaster. And as I dug more deeply into the church's troubled affairs, I became aware that much of the problem was due to the activities of the church, approved by Pastor Gelatt himself.

The church had only about eighty adult members, but on this slender foundation Gelatt had attempted to build a financial cathedral. A grand total of $1,025,000 in bonds was floated, for the purpose of expanding the ministry. At the time the money was being raised, Gelatt rode around in a very handsome limousine, which was chauffeured by his assistant pastor. When some of the deacons asked how such a small church could possibly repay such a huge indebtedness, he replied that it wouldn't have to, because Christ would come again before the bills fell due.

Some of the proceeds from the bond issues were never used for their stated purpose. They were handled by Fidelity Plan, a Georgia bonding company, and its affiliate, Institution Finance. One of the officers of Fidelity Plan was Claude Locklan Downs, who later served briefly as chief executive officer of Falwell's "Old Time Gospel Hour," and I later learned that at least $85,000 of the Saddle Brook money was lent to Falwell's ministry.

Gelatt established a corporation called Go Ministries, which owned all the stock in something called Windcrest Manor Sanitorium, a planned $3,810,000 nursing home that was then under construction with the assistance of the Federal Housing Administration. With 240 beds, Windcrest Manor planned on an estimated $246,468 profit after only two years of operation, and with that kind of money-generating ability, it was looked on as the salvation for the church's creditors, who weren't getting paid. Unfortunately, the release of the federally guaranteed construction loans depended on certain specific conditions. Among other things, the architect was supposed to be paid in full, and he had filed papers to that effect. But the architect had not been paid in full. He was still owed $10,000, and when it seemed that he wasn't going to get his money, he went to the banks. Construction was halted, and the project was placed in default.

This was the situation when I entered the picture. The church's 200 bondholders, many of them elderly people who had committed their life savings, were not being paid. One of them, a diabetic, was forced to discontinue her treatments; she went blind and later died. Another had a heart attack and also died. In order to help the nursing home along, the church had been encumbered with $4 million in bank debts over and above the original mortgages that were supposed to have been paid off with the money originally received by Fidelity Plan. And $896,000 of FHA funds had been committed to the nursing home that was supposed to save the situation; it was 20 percent completed, and construction had been stopped.

> Falwell refused to return the "gift" to Saddle Brook. He said that it would be like throwing money "down a rat-hole." He felt no obligation whatever to the 200 bondholders.

Paul Gelatt seemed to me to be in a state of panic. An advisory committee was formed, consisting of one church member, another businessman, and myself. We began to understand the true nature of the situation. Gelatt decided that the church would have to seek protection under the bankruptcy statutes. I went with him to the lawyer's office. The bankruptcy attorney explained that the 200 bondholders were unsecured creditors, and that their claims would come after the claims of the banks that held the mortgages; in other words, he didn't have to worry about them. Gelatt smiled.

A couple of days later, a church member and I met Gelatt in a restaurant and tried to show him that his work had been discredited in the eyes of the community and that hundreds of people had been hurt. He told us that he would no longer speak to us. "God bless you, Pastor," I said. He raised his head and replied: "He does, and He will."

There was no way to work with the man. The situation seemed hopeless, and I withdrew. Then, about two years later, I received a telegram from the man Gelatt had brought in to replace him, Pastor Harry Vickery. Gelatt, taking Saddle Brook's records with him, had joined a church in Marietta, Ga.

Harry Vickery had previously had a church and school in Missouri. He then moved to the Webster Avenue Baptist Church in New York City, where his plans for expansion did not meet with the approval of the board of deacons, and he resigned to take the pulpit at Saddle Brook when Gelatt offered it to him. It seemed to me very odd that the Saddle Brook congregation didn't blame Gelatt for any of the church's financial problems. They couldn't believe that a man of God could do anything wrong.

I did feel that the situation could still be rescued if the nursing home could be built and the bondholders could get their money back. It was a full-time job, and I left the bank. I felt that the congregation needed to have its spirits raised, and I attended services frequently. By then, the church was operating under the protection of Chapter Eleven of the bankruptcy act, and I attended hearings and reported to the court. I met with the deacons, with the lienholders and their attorneys, with the community health people and the municipal people and the local state senators. At the end of four months, the court appointed me consultant to the nursing home. Nine months later I managed to get the project's certificate of need reinstated. (Gelatt had neglected to renew it, and the township had rezoned the site for a trailer park.)

A new phase began. With the reinstatement of the certificate, an extremely profitable nursing home suddenly became a very feasible proposition, and some of the lienholders moved aggressively to take the project away from the church. Outside investors, one of whom turned out to be Duke Westover, a friend of Vickery's, approached us to see whether they could buy in. Westover was a general contractor in Georgia. He flew up to New Jersey, looked over the site, and learned from me that the FHA was looking favorably on reinstating our financing. He returned later with an architect and then announced that he knew a very wealthy man who was a member of the board of Jerry Falwell's ministry, a "dynamic born-again Christian worth a hundred million dollars." His name was F. William Menge, and he said he was interested in our project.

I immediately contacted Falwell's church and spoke with George Rogers, the chief financial officer, who assured me that Menge was "very strong, financially." I also spoke with Falwell, who praised Menge highly. A few days later I got a call that said F. William Menge would meet us

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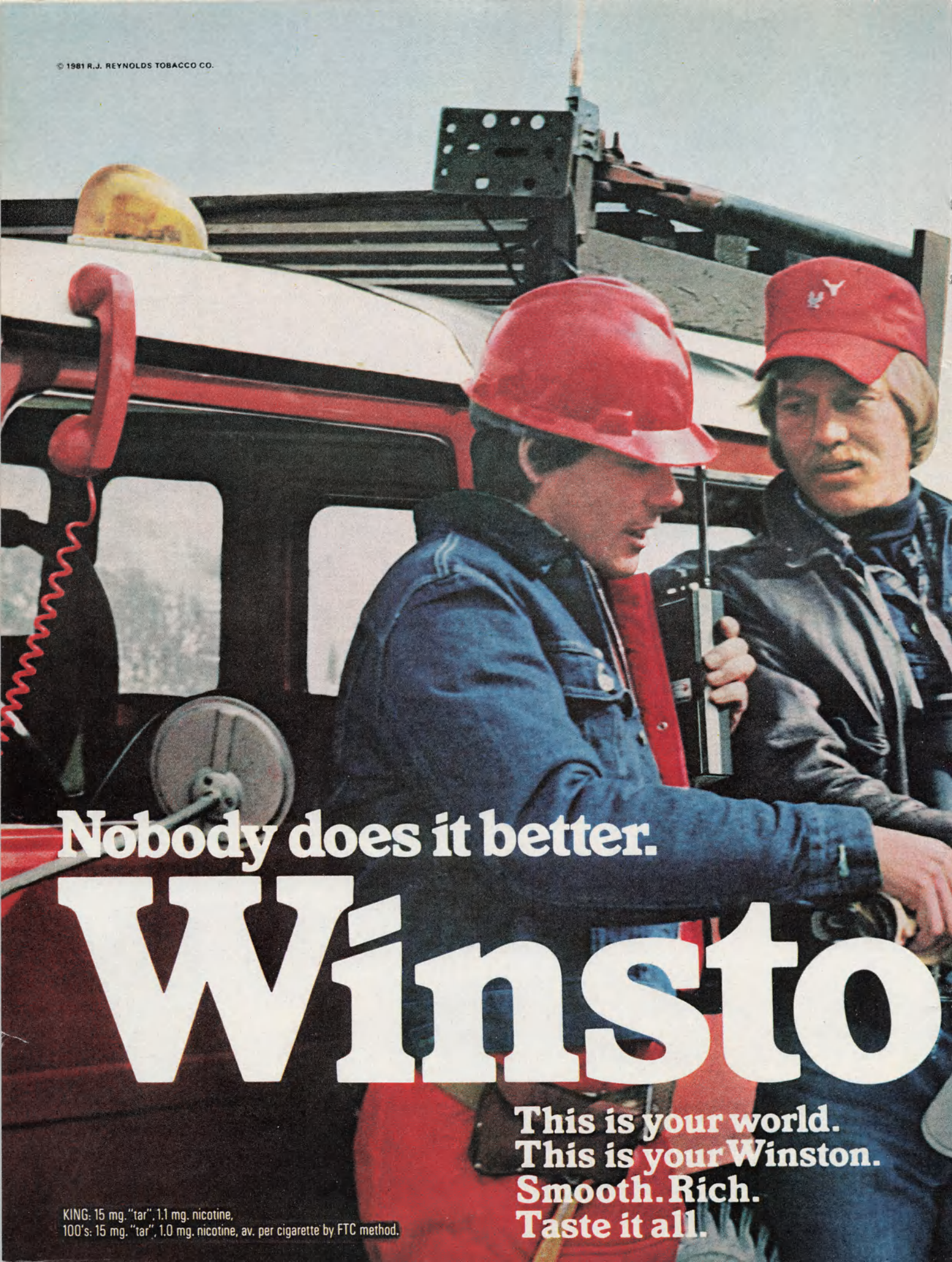

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that evening at a local motel in Saddle Brook. At the meeting everyone praised the Lord, Menge in particular. We also got to talking about the nursing home, but I noticed that he was very attentive to the elderly waitress serving us. Pretty soon his distraction mounted to the point where he had to take time out and assure himself that she was going to heaven. He took her hand and said, "If you die today, do you know where you'd go?" She replied, "No, I don't," and he told her, "Well, wouldn't you like to know that if you died right now, you'd go to heaven? You know, you could go to heaven today. All you have to do is what I tell you. Wouldn't you like that?"

I was impressed. He held that woman's hand, and he had her say that she was sorry for her sins and that she would like to invite Christ into her life. And, as tears trickled down her cheeks, Menge smiled broadly and told her that from this day on, she had her place in heaven. I thought that if he was really the big dynamo he was supposed to be, and if he could stop and concern himself about something like that . . . well, I was touched.

Then we got back to business. Menge told us that he was on Jerry Falwell's board, that he'd lent Jerry $500,000, and that he had projects going all over the United States. He claimed he had a company called the Genesis Project, devoted to filming the Bible from beginning to end, with offices in the Time-Life Building in New York. He told how Christian businessmen from all over the country were contributing to this great work, and someone in Texas had given $3 million. I thought it was remarkable that somebody could incorporate his Christian endeavor with heavy financial concerns. It was past 2:00 A.M. by then, but Menge was still full of an impressive amount of energy. He asked us up to his room to pray, and we did, and when we left, I thought, "This guy is something else again."

We met again the next day, and he told us that he was committed to the nursing home. He said that he'd pay the bondholders their million dollars and all the interest due them. He'd also pay the claims of the lienholders and their legal fees and interest, and he likewise proposed to pay back the $896,000 that the bank and the federal government had put into the project, also with interest. He said that he'd leave the church a 50 percent interest in the completed project.

But I began to feel that things weren't quite right. Nobody makes that kind of a commitment—it was too extensive. There was no way he could get his money back. He was talking about millions and millions of dollars just to settle the claims, and he'd still have to finish building the home. I probably ought to have said something, but I didn't. After all, he came highly recommended by Jerry Falwell himself. I thought that maybe Menge was such a special Christian that every once in a while he took a real flier like this and lost all kinds of money. Maybe he got it back in some other way, through tax write-offs and that sort of thing. There was no way of knowing; I hadn't seen his financial statement.

The next day he showed us the Genesis Project. It really did have offices in the Time-Life Building, although the filming was done in Israel. I noticed something, a small matter, but it bothered me. The receptionist was smoking. As I said, it was a small thing, but Menge was supposed to be a born-again Christian, and born-again Baptists don't smoke. I assumed that anybody connected with the holy project of filming the entire Bible would reflect the sentiments of the people backing the project, but the receptionist was smoking. So were other people in the office. Then we saw some of the film footage. It was no better than anything I'd seen on television. It had no depth, and I wondered who in the world would have time to sit down and watch a film of the Bible from beginning to end. I mean, it would take weeks. But I still didn't say anything.

Menge left the city, but Westover met with some of the principal lienholders and announced that Menge would put up a $300,000 letter of credit as a sign of his good intent. The lienholders were delighted. Then Menge flew back into town in one of the Falwell ministry's airplanes; its fuselage was covered with Liberty Baptist College decals. We went to the office of the cogeneral contractor, a reputable builder who found himself stuck with an uncompleted project into which he'd sunk a good deal of money. Menge began to evange-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 164

"Hey, they don't taste bad, and it sure beats sending them to college."

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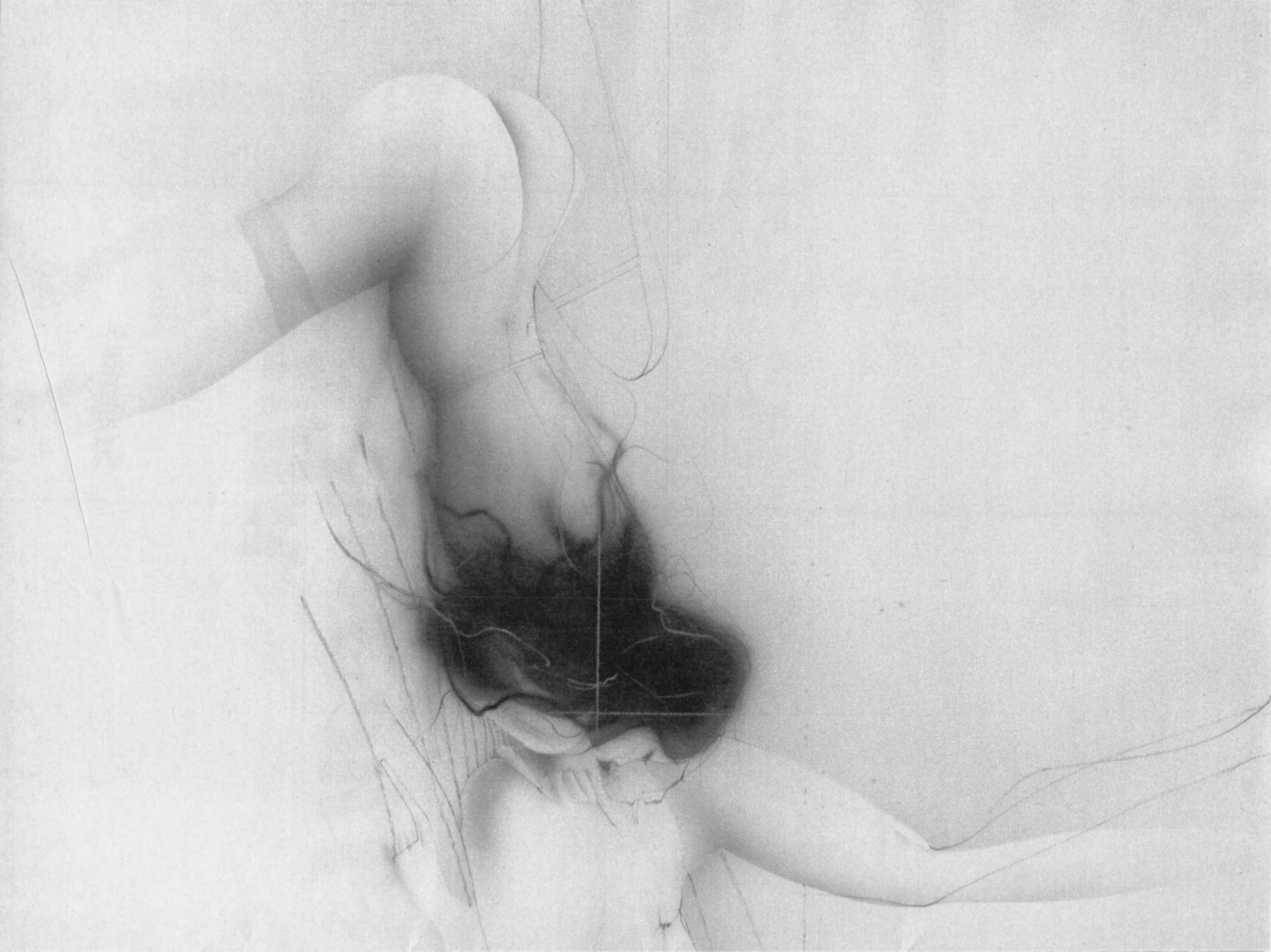
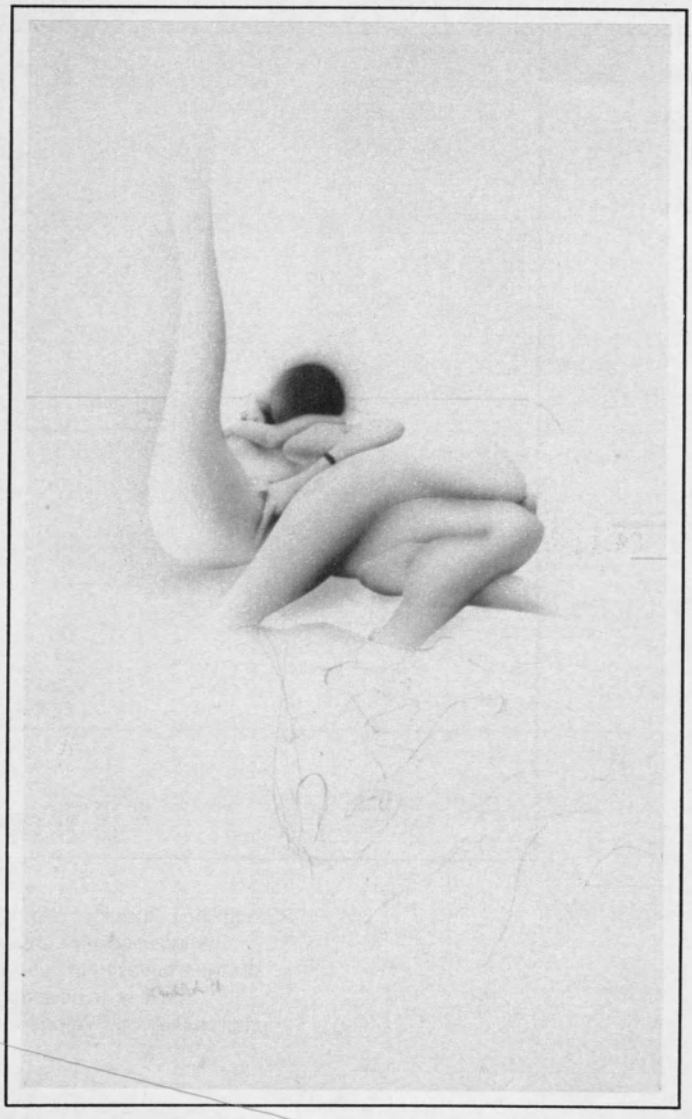


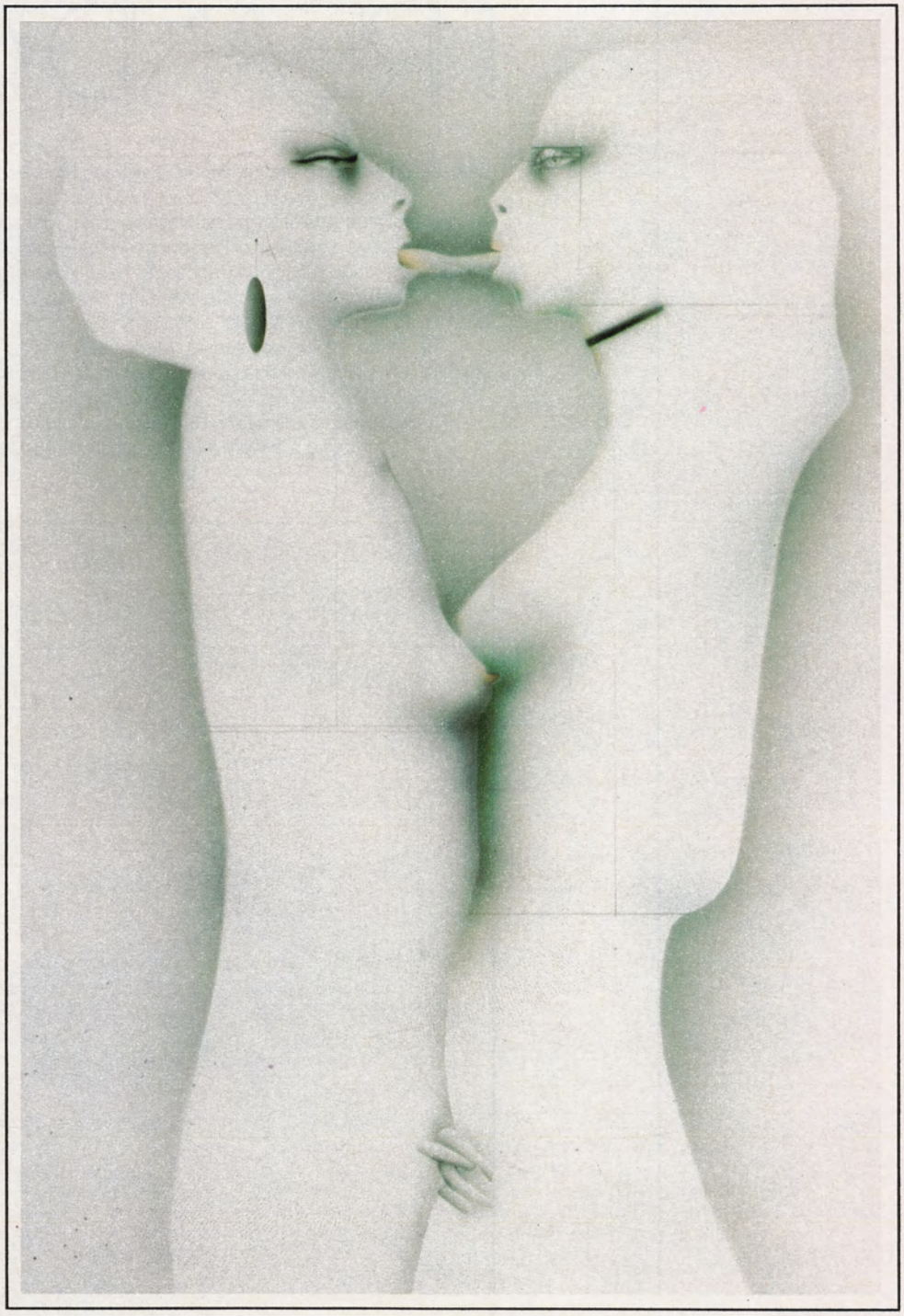
The voluptuous elegance of
Paul Wunderlich's women underlines
the precarious nature of
youth, beauty, and even life itself.

FIRE AND ICE

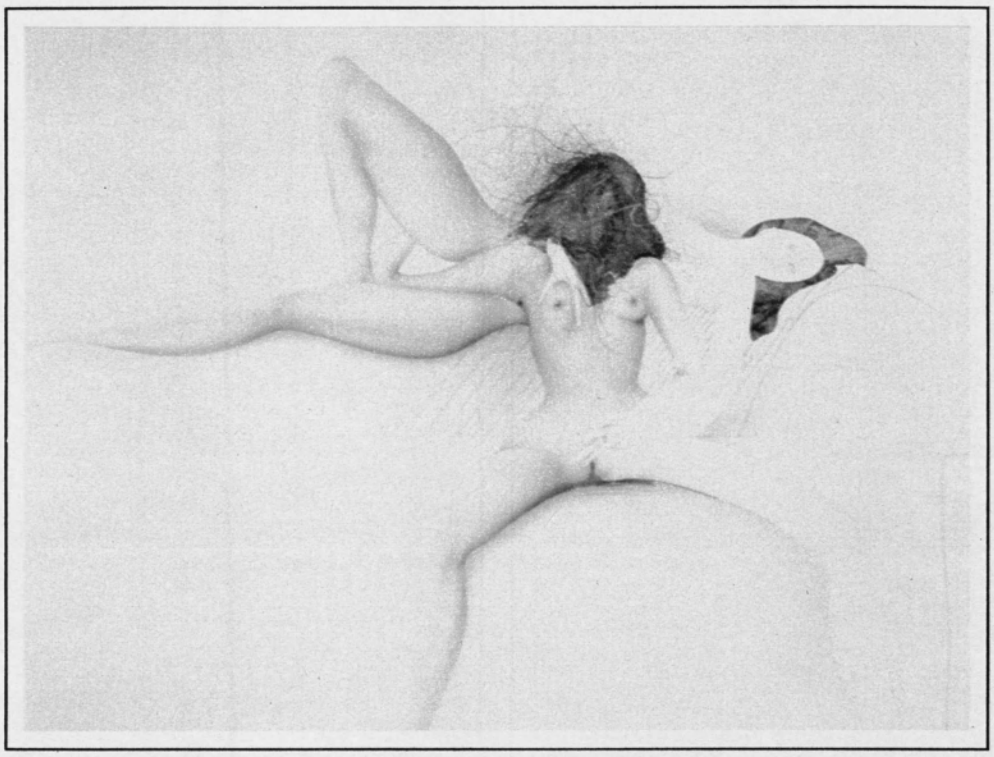
Obsessed with the grand themes of Death and Eros, Paul Wunderlich charges into modern art, having committed a series of premeditated acts of invention. Not a surrealist who speaks in the metaphysical tongue of the subconscious, Wunderlich has created a strange yet uniquely accessible landscape of violent desire. This fifty-four-year-old German artist regards women as symbolizing the central theme of all life, and his highly personalized sense of erotica reflects the intense, sisterly passion of the second sex. Difficult to label and impossible to contain, the rambling and offbeat genius of Paul Wunderlich flows from oil painting to lithography to sculpture: "Ultimately, I am trying to capture my Truth. That's a big word, and the quest is arduous."



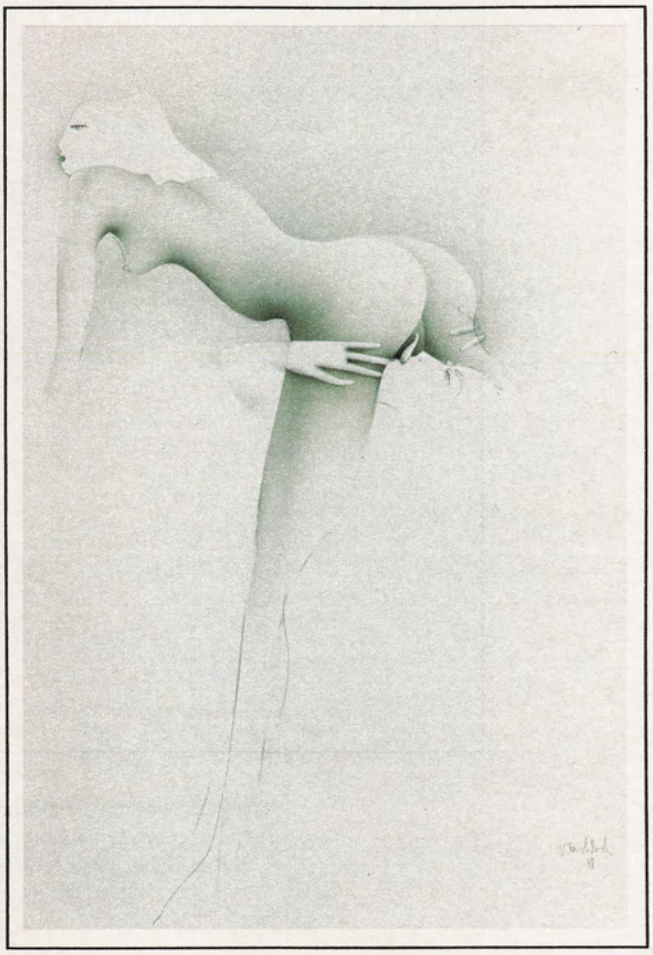
Wunderlich's art is courtesy of the Negru Gallery, Paris.



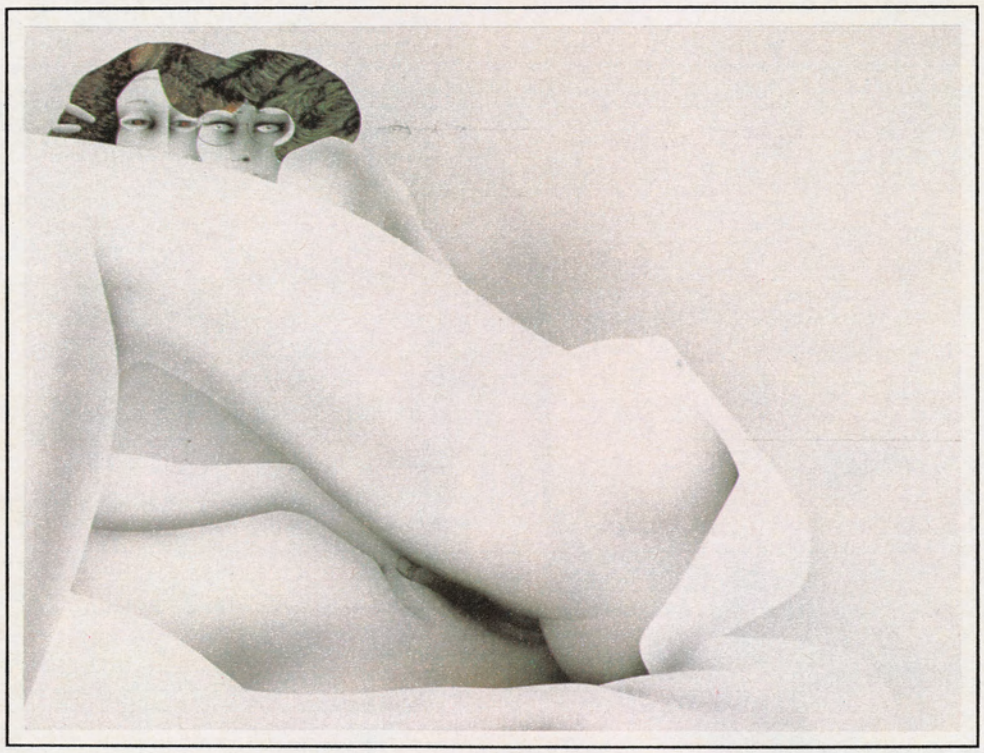
Although he purposely leaves little to the imagination,
Wunderlich often enters the domain
of sexual fantasy. His evocation of this special
terrain is so powerful that critics
unanimously say, "Wunderlich is always erotic."



A youth in the time of Hitler but not a Hitler youth, Wunderlich grew up in a world dominated by women– mother, sister, aunts, and female cousins. For him, Eros is historically and emotionally female.



He prefers to work without live models in his studio outside Hamburg. Instead he relies on the renowned nude photography of his wife–Karin Szekessy–and calls this collaboration a "successful symbiosis."



Goya, Leonardo, and Dürer are his masters. "Leonardo seduced me by his intelligence and also by the cold eroticism that emanates from the *Mona Lisa*." Even so, Wunderlich's icy women burn.

Billy Milligan possessed twenty-four separate and distinct personalities. He became notorious nationwide as a rapist and a thief; yet he lived a nightmare far more terrifying than anything his victims ever knew.

THE MINDS OF BILLY MILLIGAN

BY DANIEL KEYES

William Stanley Milligan is the first person in U.S. history to be found not guilty by reason of insanity of major crimes because he possessed multiple personalities.

Unlike other multiple personalities in psychiatric and popular literature who were kept anonymous at the outset by the use of fictional names, Milligan became a controversial public figure from the moment he was arrested and indicted in 1977.

I first met the twenty-three-year-old man at the Athens Mental Health Center in Athens, Ohio, shortly after he had been sent there by the courts. When he asked me to write his story, I told him it would depend on whether or not there was more to it than had been reported extensively in the media. He assured me that the deeper secrets of his inner people had never been revealed to anyone, including his attorneys and the psychiatrists who had examined him. Now he wanted the world to understand his mental illness. I was skeptical but interested.

When I talked with him alone during visiting hours in his room at the mental hospital, I discovered that Billy, as he came to be called, was very different from the poised young man I'd first met. He now spoke hesitantly, his knees jiggling nervously. His memory was poor, with long periods blanked out by amnesia. He could generalize about those portions of his past that he vaguely recalled, his voice often quavering at painful memories, but he could not provide many details. After trying, vainly, to draw out his experiences, I was ready to give it up.

Then one day something startling happened.

From the book *The Minds of Billy Milligan* by Daniel Keyes. Copyright © 1981 by Daniel Keyes and William S. Milligan. Reprinted by permission of Random House, Inc.

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© John Morrison

Daniel Keyes/Painting courtesy of Dr. David Caul

William Stanley Milligan and one of his portraits, painted by "Allen."

THE PEOPLE INSIDE:

William Stanley Milligan ("Billy"), twenty-six. The original, or core, personality. High-school dropout.

Arthur, twenty-two. The Englishman. Rational, emotionless, he speaks with a British accent. Self-taught in physics and chemistry, he studies medical books. Reads and writes Arabic. Though he is conservative and considers himself a capitalist, he is an avowed atheist. The first to discover the existence of all the others, he dominates in safe places, deciding who will come out and hold the consciousness, or "the spot."

Ragen Vadascovinich, twenty-three. The keeper of hate. His name is derived from "rage again." Yugoslavian, he speaks English with a Slavic accent and speaks Serbo-Croatian. A weapons authority as well as a karate expert, he displays extraordinary strength, stemming from the ability to control his adrenaline flow. He is a Communist and an atheist. His charge is to be the protector of the family and of women and children. He dominates the consciousness in dangerous places. Has associated with criminals and drug addicts and admits to criminal, sometimes violent, behavior.

Allen, eighteen. The con man. A manipulator, he is the one who most often deals with outsiders. He is an agnostic. He plays the drums and paints portraits. Has a close relationship with Billy's mother.

Tommy, sixteen. The escape artist. Often mistaken for Allen, he is generally belligerent and antisocial. Plays the saxophone and is an electronics specialist and a painter of landscapes.

Danny, fourteen. The frightened one. Afraid of people, especially men. As a small child, he was forced to dig his own grave and was then buried alive. Thus he paints only still lifes.

David, eight. The keeper of pain, or the "empath." Absorbs all the hurt and suffering of the others. Highly sensitive and perceptive but has a short attention span. Confused most of the time.

Christene, three. The corner child, so called because she was the one to stand in the corner in school. A bright English girl, she can read but has dyslexia. Draws flowers and butterflies.

Adalana, nineteen. The lesbian. Shy, lonely, and introverted, she writes poetry, cooks, and keeps house for the others. Since her eyes drift from side to side with nystagmus, she is said to have "dancing eyes."

Philip, twenty. The thug. New Yorker, has a strong Brooklyn accent, uses vulgar language. References to "Phil" gave police and media the clue that there were more personalities than the ten known ones. Philip, a drug addict, has committed minor crimes.

Kevin, twenty. The planner. A small-time criminal. Likes to write.

The Teacher, twenty-six. The sum of all alter egos fused into one. Taught the others everything they've learned. Brilliant, sensitive, with a fine sense of humor. He says, "I am Billy all in one piece," and refers to the others as "the androids I made." The Teacher has almost total recall.

Besides these twelve, another twelve personalities inhabited the mind of Billy Milligan.

Billy Milligan fused completely for the first time, revealing a new individual, an amalgam of all his personalities. The fused Milligan had a clear, almost total recall of all the personalities from their creation—all their thoughts, actions, relationships, tragic experiences, and comic adventures.

Of those who have met, worked with, or been victimized by Billy Milligan, most have come to accept the diagnosis of his having multiple personalities. Many of these people remember the thing Milligan said or did that made them finally admit, "He just can't be faking this." Others still feel he is a fraud, a brilliant con man using the plea of not guilty by reason of insanity to avoid prison.

I, too, maintained an attitude of skepticism. Hardly a day went by when I wasn't pulled one way and then the other. But during the two years I worked with Milligan, the doubt I felt when his recalled acts and experiences seemed incredible turned to belief when my investigation showed them to be accurate.

THE SPOT

"I didn't even know I was coming on the spot. Somebody got hurt in the jail, and I came to take the pain."

"Would you explain that?"

"Arthur says I'm the keeper of the pain. When there's hurt, I'm the one who takes the spot and feels it."

"That must be awful."

"It's not fair."

"What's 'the spot,' David?"

"That's what Arthur calls it. He explained to us how it works when one of the people has to come out. It's a big white spotlight. Everybody stands around it, watching or sleeping in their beds. And whoever steps on the spot is out in the world. Arthur says, 'Whoever is on the spot holds the consciousness.' "

"Who are the *other* people?"

"There are a lot. I don't know them all. I know some of them now, but not everyone. Oh, wow."

"What's the matter?"

"I told you Arthur's name. Now for sure I'll get in trouble for telling the secret."

THE CRIMES

October 1977

Ragen jogged eleven miles across the city of Columbus and, at seven-thirty Friday morning, reached the Ohio State University East Belmont parking lot. He had no plan; his only thought was to find someone to rob. From the curb between the College of Medicine and the lot, he saw a young woman park a gold Toyota. As she got out of the car, he saw she wore a maroon pants suit under an open buckskin coat. He turned to look for someone else; he had no intention of robbing a woman. . .

But *Adalana,* who had been watching, knew why Ragen was here. She knew he was tired from the cross-city run and that the amphetamines and vodka were getting to him. She wished him off the spot . . .

CONTINUED ON PAGE 186

THE NEW FRONTIER

Three years ago OMNI magazine pioneered a revolution in science publishing, travelling to and beyond the known horizons of our world, returning with fascinating and fantastic stories, in language we could all understand. OMNI looked inside the atom and across the breadth of the universe, discussed black holes, dissected the human mind, searched for UFO's soberly and described genetic engineering simply. And OMNI continues to journey the new frontier—that space and moment straddling our incredible todays and our even more exciting tomorrows.

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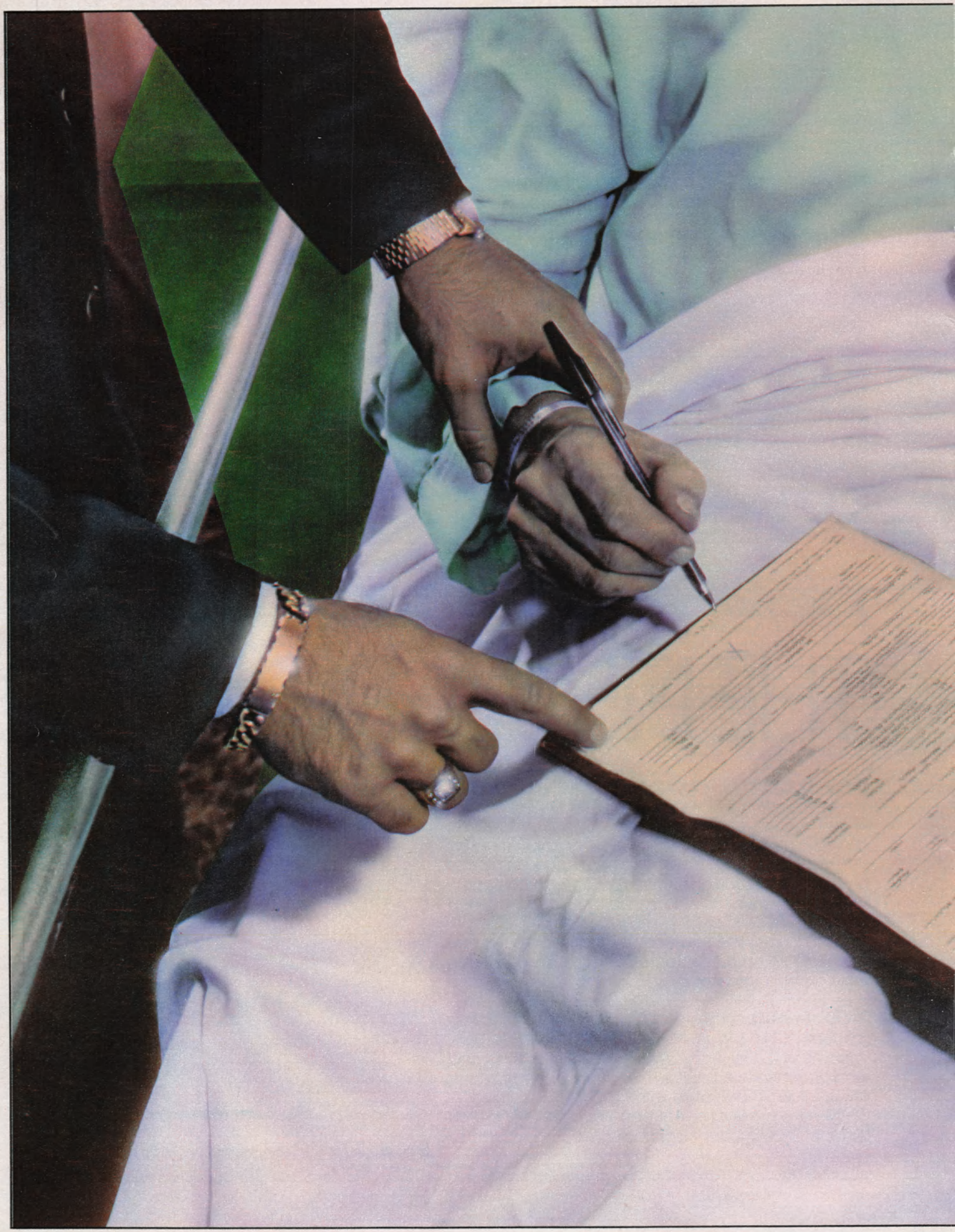

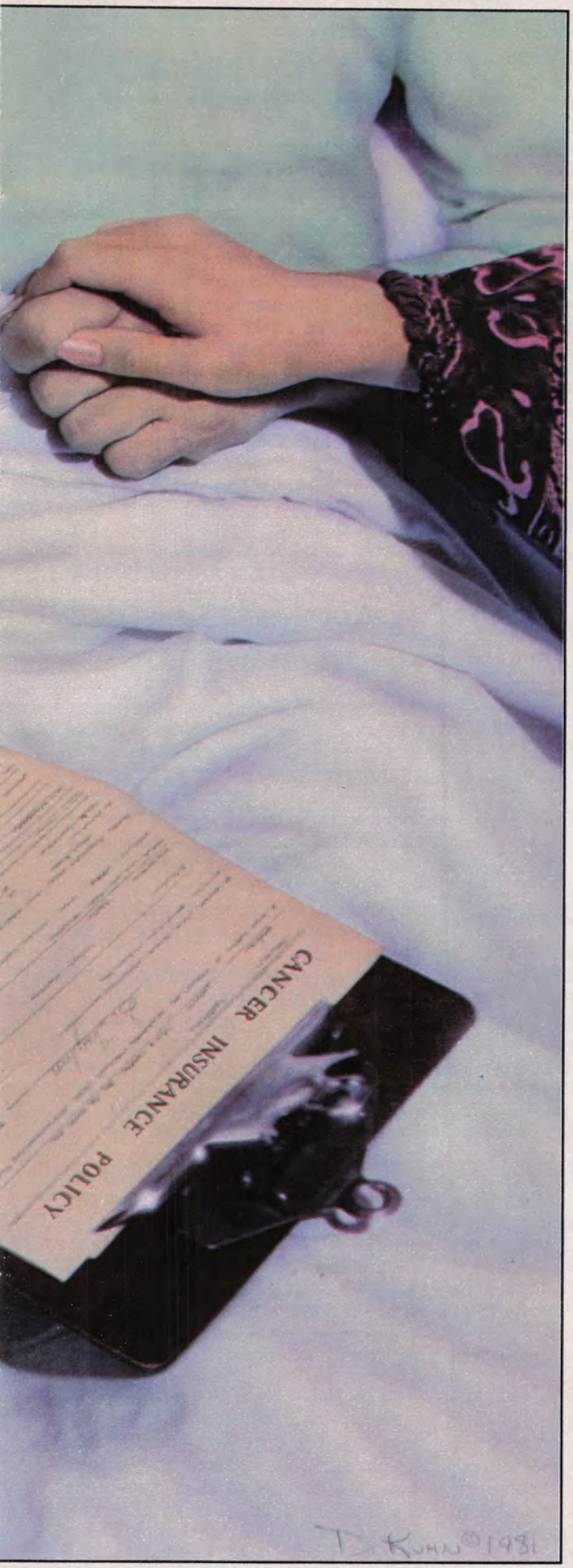

THE POLITICS OF CANCER

PART NINE

The exclusive findings of a suppressed government report on the hundreds of companies whose "cancer only" policies are sold to millions of gullible Americans

THE CANCER INSURANCE SCAM

As medical costs continue to skyrocket, millions of Americans try to protect themselves against overwhelming expenses by buying additional insurance—"speciality" policies, "dread disease" policies. Cancer insurance, the most popular, is the fastest-growing type of "dread disease" insurance sold today. Sales have doubled every two years since 1958. It is estimated that 20 million cancer-only policies are in effect nationwide.

Cancer insurance policies are marketed by several hundred companies, but the big daddy of them all is American Family Life Assurance (A.F.L.A.), the originator of cancer insurance, and its awesome success is the goal its competitors shoot for. A.F.L.A. sells 4,000 new policies every day. In one recent year A.F.L.A. sold 1,250,000 policies, covering 3,000,000 people. A.F.L.A. tends to sell to a comparatively low-risk (and therefore highly profitable) group of people—younger, employed, middle-income individuals. Other companies harvest other fields. The Liberty National Life Insurance Company, for example, concentrates on women who are over fifty-five, poor, rural, and unsophisticated.

With the tremendous growth of the market came disturbing reports. It was said that some companies were hooking customers with high-powered promotional literature, filled with misleading statistics, that exploited people's fear of cancer;

BY ROBERT SHERRILL

ILLUSTRATION BY DEBBIE KUHN

that some of the advertising materials highlighted certain benefits that the purchaser had almost no chance of collecting; that some cancer insurance policies used complex and obscure phraseology to disguise unfavorable provisions. There were reports that some companies paid out a shockingly small amount of the money they were raking in. Were cancer insurers deliberately targeting consumers who were gullible and/or uneducated? Some observers thought so. One study showed that most people who take out cancer policies haven't the slightest idea how much or how little protection they are getting—that only one in eight policyholders had even a general idea of what their policies covered. There were also reports that credit unions were teaming up with the insurance companies to push the cancer policies—a questionable practice, seeing as how the credit unions often get a cut of the premiums.

These rumors and reports began to come in so thick and fast that Democratic Rep. Frank Annunzio of Illinois, chairman of the House Banking Subcommittee on Consumer Affairs, was troubled. He called for the Federal Trade Commission, supposedly the federal watchdog for consumers, to launch an investigation immediately.

For a few months the investigation continued without interference. Then something happened. Under intense pressure from those who stood to lose a fortune if tough industry-wide restrictions were imposed, Congress ordered the FTC not to investigate *any* insurance company—the prohibition applied to *all* insurance companies, not just the cancer insurers—and not to release the results of staff investigations that had already been completed. Never before had a particular industry received such favored protection.

For a while it looked as if the FTC staff's report on its cancer insurance investigation would never see the light of day.

But with the help of friends in Congress, *Penthouse* obtained a copy. As one of the congressmen who slipped it to us observed, "The report documents that mainly vulnerable Americans are spending billions for a service that simply isn't cost-effective and which doesn't insulate them against the expenses they may face as victims of cancer. The report—as complete and thoroughly documented as it is—would seem to be an appropriate vehicle for reform. Yet it has been suppressed by an act of Congress. Why is the U.S. Congress suppressing this vital information?"

Why, indeed. *Penthouse* takes pride in presenting the key points of the report here. For the sake of readability, the information is offered in question-and-answer form, and some of the material has been paraphrased for clarity. But most of what follows comes directly from the FTC's investigators. As consumer guidance, we believe it can save our readers a great deal of money.

Q. Is there a need for cancer insurance?

A. Cancer insurance is about as useful as insuring the bumper of a car. Studies show that cancer accounts for only about 5 percent of the direct medical costs an individual is likely to run up against. Even if you exclude everyday medical expenses and look only at "catastrophic" expenses, cancer accounts for no more than 20 to 30 percent of a person's medical expenses on the average. A person with a good major-medical plan will usually be protected against cancer costs, while a person without good primary coverage takes an unlikely gamble in purchasing cancer-only coverage that leaves him unprotected, or only partially protected, against 95 percent of his expected medical expenses.

Q. But what if a person is hit by cancer? Isn't a cancer-only insurance policy useful then?

A. Cancer insurance would still be of limited benefit. Although policies promise to cover a long list of expenses, they generally cover each one so meagerly that a typical policy will pay only $700 to $800 per claim, or $2,800 over a two-year period. By contrast, cancer insurers often say that the two-year cost of cancer averages $19,000 and can reach $50,000. That's to scare you into buying a policy. But they can't have it both ways. If those are realistic estimates of cancer costs, how come their policies cover so little?

> For most of us cancer is a curse. But for many insurance companies and for the medical-research bureaucracy, the fear of cancer keeps the money coming in.

Q. But cancer policies are pretty cheap, aren't they?

A. Cancer policies cost about fifty dollars to seventy-five dollars a year for an individual. That does sound cheap, but cancer policies are in fact about twice as costly per unit of protection as conventional group-health insurance.

Q. Do cancer insurance companies exploit fear?

A. Are you kidding? Fear is the chief marketing device of all insurance companies, but especially for cancer insurance companies. Though heart disease, not cancer, is the leading cause of death in the United States, people are much more frightened of cancer—terrified by the likelihood not only of getting the disease but also of being wiped out by the cost of long-term hospital treatment.

Cancer insurers make it seem that cancer death is lurking just over your shoulder. The Washington National Insurance Company warns: "Cancer is increasing . . . a new case of cancer is diagnosed and treated every minute of the day . . . year in and year out." The American Income Life Insurance Company has used a sales brochure in which one page is covered with the names of famous individuals who died of cancer, printed on a black background, and the company's agents' verbal presentation tolls the approach of doom: "Cancer doesn't care whether you are rich or famous, strong or weak, or what, it strikes anyone. If Vince Lombardi, Babe Ruth, Nat ('King') Cole, and all of those other famous, even wealthy, people couldn't protect themselves from cancer, how can you and I? The truth, John, is that you can't. Neither can Mary."

Cancer insurers love to keep all those statistical balls in the air. They are especially fond of the American Cancer Society's lifetime aggregate estimate that "cancer strikes one out of every four Americans and two out of every three families." A Union Fidelity brochure trumpets: "55 MILLION AMERICANS WILL GET CANCER . . . One out of every 4 people. It will strike 2 out of 3 families." A direct-mail letter adds, "If there are 75 families [living on your street], 50 of you will have cancer touch your lives." American Family's sales presentation by its agents uses similar statistics: "Did you know that cancer will strike within a lifetime 1 out of every 4 Americans and 2 out of every 3 families? Among children, cancer is the leading killing disease. Cancer is the leading killer of women between 30 and 54 . . . 54 percent of all cancer deaths are males."

Q. Are these statistics accurate, or are they misleading?

A. You can answer that for yourself. The statistics do not account for individual variations in cancer rates. They are not broken down by age, sex, type of cancer, or by year. Though it's true that some forms of cancer are increasing, many are decreasing. A recent report from the Department of Health and Human Services confirms this:

"While the number of cancer victims has increased dramatically in the last forty years, much of this increase is due to the population growth. When changes in the size and age composition of the American public are taken into consideration, overall cancer death rates have increased *only slightly for men since 1937 and have actually decreased slightly for women* [emphasis added]."

Before becoming too frightened by the industry's favorite one-out-of-four-will-get-cancer figure, remember that they are talking about aggregate lifetime figures. Since most policies are issued for the term of a year, and since less than 50 percent of the cancer policies are kept for more than five years, a policy should be judged by its short-term usefulness—not by its

CONTINUED ON PAGE 145

MALCOLM McDOWELL
AS

CALIGULA

"WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE IF YOU HAD BEEN GIVEN
ABSOLUTE POWER OF LIFE AND DEATH
OVER EVERYBODY ELSE IN THE WHOLE WORLD?"

BOB GUCCIONE AND PENTHOUSE
PRESENT
MALCOLM McDOWELL
TERESA ANN SAVOY
HELEN MIRREN
AND
PETER O'TOOLE
IN
CALIGULA
WITH
JOHN STEINER, GUIDO MANNARI,
PAOLO BONACELLI, LEOPOLDO TRIESTE,
GIANCARLO BADESSI, MIRELLA DANGELO
FEATURING
ADRIANA ASTI
WITH JOHN GIELGUD AS NERVA
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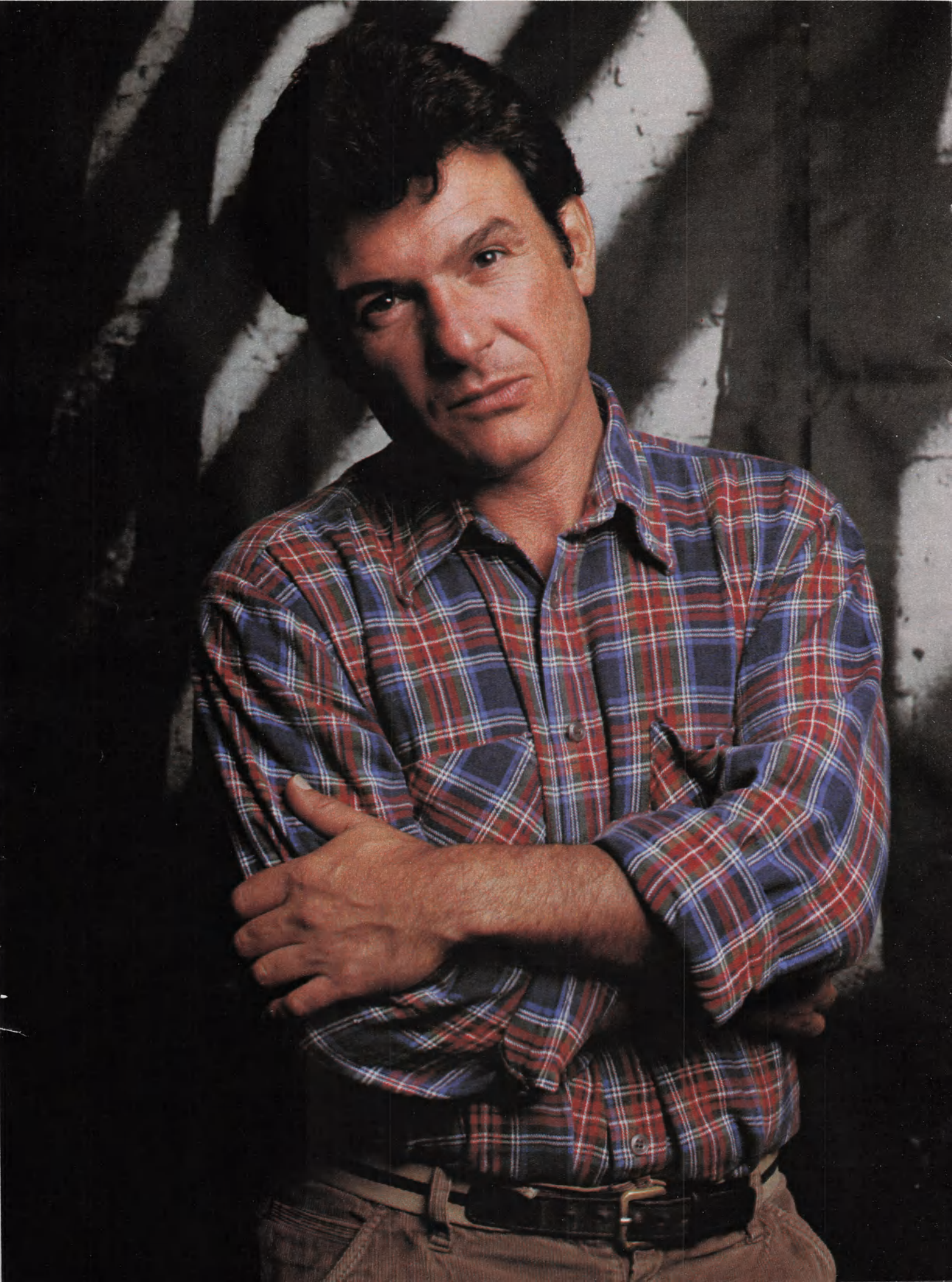

Photograph by Barbra Walz/Sygma

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

ROBERT LEUCI

"Whatever cops do wrong is insignificant compared to the wrongdoings of the entire system. . . . Our law enforcement agencies have been restrained to the point where now every city in this country is Dodge City."

As a New York City police officer in 1971, Robert Leuci was a member of the Special Investigating Unit of the Narcotics Division. These officers were called "Princes of the City," not only because of the virtually unsupervised and unrestricted freedom they had in patrolling and investigating drug sales and drug-related crimes throughout the city, but also because they carried themselves and dressed like the royalty of the police force.

In the late sixties and early seventies, Leuci and the SIU detectives were held in awe by their fellow cops and by lawyers, judges, and reporters. During this period, when a heroin epidemic raged in New York, the SIU didn't waste time busting nickel-bag drug dealers and street junkies. They went after the big-time operators who were selling heroin in pound and kilo quantities.

But while the SIU detectives upheld the law—making arrests and confiscating drugs and illegally earned cash—many also broke it by keeping some of the drugs and the cash for themselves. They locked up the bad guys, but some also became corrupt cops.

In 1971, soon after the Knapp Commission began to probe corruption in the New York City Police Department, Bob Leuci had a secret meeting with prosecutor Nicholas Scoppetta, although neither he nor his partners were under formal investigation. For motives that remain unclear even to himself, Leuci agreed to become an informant in an investigation that he thought would cover the entire criminal-justice system, not just the police.

As Leuci describes his role, he was not like Frank Serpico, an "anti-cop cop," who never committed any corrupt acts and acted out of his sense of outrage at the misdeeds committed by his colleagues. He was also not like Bill Phillips, Leuci says, the star witness of the Knapp Commission's 1971 televised hearings, who decided to cooperate with prosecutors only after he had been caught in criminal conduct.

Leuci came forward on his own and confessed to three major acts of corruption, although, in reality, he had committed many more. He agreed to assist an in-

PHOTOGRAPH BY BARBRA WALZ

vestigation under one absolute condition—that he would never collect evidence or testify against his friends and partners. Leuci wanted to expose the crooked lawyers, judges, and bail-bondsmen.

But Leuci was naive about his ability to control the probe. And by the time his role in the inquest had ended, the Princes of the City were spectacularly dethroned. Of the seventy detectives in the unit, fifty-two were indicted, two committed suicide, and one went insane. For three years Robert Leuci lived under a federal witness-protection program—"not all that different from jail," he says. Twice his family had to be moved by federal officials to different parts of the country. "My son grew up surrounded by men with guns," Leuci remembers. Once the investigation had gone public, Leuci never returned to the detective work he loved so much. In the many trials before which he was called to testify, he committed countless acts of perjury in trying to protect his partners. Last summer, after twenty years on the police force, the last few spent as an instructor in the Police Academy and with the Civilian Complaint Review Board, he retired with a full pension.

In the beginning there was no reason to think that Robert Leuci's police career would turn sour. He grew up in a mixed Italian and Jewish community in Queens, New York. His father was a semiprofessional baseball player and factory worker; his mother worked in a sewing-machine plant. From his early teens, he says, "All I ever wanted was to be a cop." The first member of his family to complete high school, he attended one year of college in Kansas and then returned to New York and entered the Police Academy in 1971.

Following a relatively quiet tour as a uniformed officer in Queens, Leuci earned a transfer to the Tactical Patrol Force, one of the department's special units. Italian, short, and young-looking on a force dominated by bulky, mature Irishmen, Leuci was the perfect plainclothes policeman—he definitely didn't look like a cop. He was aggressive, he developed good sources and informants, and he exceeded his quota of arrests. This period of "running over rooftops" and arresting dealers and other felons, he says, was his happiest time on the police force.

In 1964 Leuci was rewarded with a Gold Shield, the detective's badge, and then in 1967, with promotion to the SIU. Although one of the youngest members of his groups, Leuci was a team leader. He developed a new network of informants and contacts. He knew how to set wiretaps, authorized *or* illegal.

Since the SIU detectives were so successful, scoring major arrests and huge caches of drugs, no one suspected corruption in the unit. But some of its members thought that the extraordinary success required special measures, including those that bent the law. They regularly gave heroin to junkie informants, a crime equivalent to selling dope. SIU detectives often set illegal wiretaps. They committed perjury in court to get around search-and-seizure laws. A big case in which a dealer was arrested and jailed would cover up another SIU bust where detectives would seize the drugs and cash and leave the suspect with enough money to get out of the country. "We did what no court of law would do," Leuci says of his behavior then. "We took away their dope, gave those guys a heavy fine, and deported them." The SIU cops justified their vigilantism and had contempt for those considered above them in the criminal justice system pecking order: "We're all that stands between you and the jungle," Leuci told his interrogators more than once.

The SIU detectives celebrated their successes; they consumed lavish meals, bought expensive clothes, and kept money to pay for investigations. Leuci, an Italian Catholic full of guilt, felt something gnawing inside and saw his exterior becoming a reflection of those he was supposed to be arresting.

So when the Knapp Commission opportunity presented itself, Leuci decided to do his mea culpas. His exploits as an SIU detective have since been documented in Robert Daley's book *Prince of the City* and in Sidney Lumet's hit movie of the same name. Although parts of the story have been changed for dramatic effect, the movie with Treat Williams as Danny Ciello, the Leuci character, is true to Leuci's experiences.

Now forty-one years old, and perhaps lucky to be alive, Leuci has retired from the police force. He lives in Connecticut with his wife, Gina, and their two children, Anthony, fifteen, and Santina, twelve. He has made some money from the movie, but it has not made him rich. He is looking at new careers, including investigative journalism. Ironically, he is in demand as a lecturer on police corruption and drug-enforcement problems.

Penthouse sent writer Andrew Gilman to talk to Leuci for this exclusive interview. Gilman, who is also an attorney, reports: "Leuci is still profoundly ambivalent about what he has done. He talks about a need to put the last ten years behind him and a desire to regain his integrity. The book and the movie have helped. The New York City Police Department is far less corrupt for his efforts. But the people he really wants approval from—the fallen Princes of the City—are the ones who will never give it to him. And the final irony is, of course, that even if they did, they never renounced their roles as corrupt cops."

Penthouse: The one thing that no one seems to understand—even after reading *Prince of the City* and seeing the film—is what first made you decide to become an undercover informant?

Leuci: It's very difficult to describe. I was feeling for a long time that there was an erosion taking place—in me, in all the guys I worked with. It affected all of us differently. A lot of guys were able to turn a valve in their heads and turn it off. But I was just never able to seal the valve. I could close it, but then there would always be some little trickle coming through. I couldn't even identify it, really. There was just something wrong with what we were all doing, who we had become. I wanted a way out.

I began to wake up in the morning and look at myself in the mirror and see my reflection—and I didn't like what I saw; I really didn't like it. I didn't like the way I was dressing. I remember being in a barbershop: me, my father, a few of my partners. And my partners were getting their *nails* done. I said, "You guys kidding or what?" One of them answered me, "Well, don't get yours polished; just get them buffed." Outrageous. We all started wearing pinkie rings. I *hated* them, but I found myself wearing one. I found myself going out and spending a lot of money on shoes, which was okay—but then I didn't want to get them *dirty!*

It seemed like I was becoming like the people I was *after*. The people I was arresting all day long. I started looking like Mafia guys. You look at those guys—they talk out of the sides of their mouths—they talk like there's a big criminal conspiracy going on, even if they're only talking to their kids. They're never up front. They live a life of whispers. So then I found myself talking to my father in the same way. We'd go off to a corner to talk. We'd go into the bathroom to talk. If we were in a restaurant, we'd look under the booth to see if anyone's feet were sticking out. We all had this tremendous camaraderie and loyalty and brotherhood—police bonding, I call it—and it was great and legitimate, but it was also a bonding that was criminal. We protected each other when, perhaps, we shouldn't have.

Penthouse: Do you think this bonding relationship is unique to police?

Leuci: Not really. It's a kind of male bonding that takes place in any contact sport. Police work is very much a contact sport, where, like in football or hockey, you have to rely on the guy next to you to take care of you physically. A certain bond develops because of that—and because of the closeness of the work atmosphere. You might sit with your partner for hours, watching a suspect or something. There is just so much to talk about, and before you know it, you are sharing very personal things. You're constantly accepting each other's fallibilities and supporting one another. So you can see, on one hand, it's a wonderful thing.

On the other hand, I think that there's a bonding that's developed in a conspiratorial way that is really a reflection of things that are criminal. It's the code of silence picked up from organized crime—that "I'm protecting you so that you won't give *me* up, God forbid."

Penthouse: Your loyalties were basically selfish, then?

Leuci: Oh, no. It was a dichotomy; there was the conspiratorial kind of loyalty, but there was also the kind where we would

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lay our lives down for one another.

I remember one of my first experiences of this great kind of loyalty. I was in Brooklyn—right out of the Police Academy—and my partner, Frank, and I got information that a murderer who cops were looking all over the city for, a real vicious, bad guy, was holed up in a certain rooming house. So Frank and I went up to the house to get him. We thought we'd wait until the middle of the night so we could take him when he was sleeping. So at three, four in the morning we found his room. We stood in the hallway, looking at the door to the room; I couldn't believe this guy was behind this flimsy door. It was just an old plywood door. Nothing to it. It had a two-by-four frame with a plywood panel. So I told Frank I'd take care of the door—no big deal. I kicked the door but missed the two-by-four, kicking the panel instead. The panel went out, and I found myself sitting on the two-by-four frame, smack in the middle of the doorway. I realized I was *dead*, thinking that this killer was sitting there with a gun with no idea who was kicking his door in. We hadn't yelled out "Police!" They only do that in the movies when they're breaking down doors. Frank, however, literally dove in to put himself between me and the room. If the guy had been shooting, Frank would absolutely have taken the bullet. He was screaming *"Police! Police! Stay where you are! Don't move!"* He was so panicked, and I was holding onto him, and I could see his face, and he was just so afraid that I was going to get hurt.

Turned out that the guy was sound asleep. We could have driven a truck through that room and never woken the guy. When we put the light on, the guy was still unconscious. But still . . . This kind of thing happened regularly. You'd go through a door, and your partner would push you out of the way of danger.

When you heard a cop was shot and needed blood, there was no question of convenience or anything; you just went and gave it. I could call my partners at any time of the day or night for anything, and there would be no question that they'd be there. If you'd called a brother, cousin, uncle, neighbor, you'd get a "Jesus Christ!" on the other end. But with a partner it was always "Where are you? I'll be right there."

Penthouse: So how did you ever get to the point of cooperating in an investigation of cops?

Leuci: I never thought all the attention would be focused on the police department. I never thought it would hurt my friends. I lost control of the situation. I think it's easy to understand that. It happens in our personal lives all the time. We all think we're superstrong and in control of our lives; then all of a sudden you wake up one morning and say, "What happened? What am I doing here? I didn't expect this to happen!" How many married guys meet a woman someplace and have a one-time shot and find themselves in family court six months later? They moan, "How did I get here? I didn't mean to do it!" How many times does someone get drunk and get into an accident and maim a person for life? They wonder, "How did I do that? I couldn't do that; I'm not that kind of person!" With me—I got involved in an investigation. That's all. I had been involved in many investigations, and almost always *I* had directed the investigation. I knew exactly who we were going after; I knew exactly where it would all end up! I was sometimes surprised, but I was never shocked by it. But this investigation left me with a sword pointing at my heart—and then it swung around and pointed to the hearts of the people I cared most about. It was absolutely incredible. I would never have imagined that that could happen.

Penthouse: How did you think you could testify against people while admitting to only three crimes of your own?

Leuci: Well, the fact is, I never believed I would testify. I never thought for a minute that any of these guys would go to trial. Every case I made was so strong—if you listen to my recordings, you can actually hear people counting money on the tape; you hear things that are so *implicating* that there's no way you would have thought there'd be a trial. My experience up to that point had been that when you made a strong case, there was plea bargaining and they'd get short sentences but never go to trial. But I was naive. I really didn't think these people would go to trial.

> Perjury to a policeman—and to a lawyer, by the way—is not a big deal. Whether they are giving out speeding tickets or parking tickets, they are almost always lying.

Penthouse: What had you intended the investigations to focus on?

Leuci: The entire criminal-justice system. I thought real changes could be made. I thought we could focus on judges and lawyers—how judges became judges, how lawyers became DAs . . . I was very naive. I couldn't believe that these investigators would point at the cops and say, "Hey, *these* are the ones responsible." I thought they must be kidding! Whatever cops do wrong is insignificant compared to the wrongdoings of the entire system. The cops would never have done what they did unless they knew that they could get away with it within the framework of the system. There's no way that the police department, the SIU, could have functioned without local DAs knowing that they were using illegal wiretaps or using perjured affidavits or using perjured warrants or knowing that those warrants came with money. How much money? No one asked that question of a guy in the SIU.

Penthouse: It sounds like all New York's great cops had the skills to commit perjury, install illegal wiretaps, obtain drugs for informants—

Leuci: Cops are almost taught how to commit perjury when they are in the Police Academy. Perjury to a policeman—and to a lawyer, by the way—is not a big deal. Whether they are giving out speeding tickets or parking tickets, they're almost always lying. But very few cops lie about the actual facts of a case. They may stretch an incident or whatever to fit it into the framework of the law based on what they consider a silly law of the Supreme Court.

Penthouse: What about illegal wiretaps?

Leuci: Well, let me tell you how it happens. This is the story of my first wiretap. I remember going to the DA's office and telling an assistant DA where I wanted to place a wiretap. He showed me a memorandum that his office had just received from the federal government. They were all very interested in the success rates of wiretaps. Okay? And it turned out that their success rate for the previous year had been limited. So he said that he didn't want to see any wiretaps installed unless they were going to be "productive." Which meant that the legal wiretaps had to provide enough information to lead to an arrest and a conviction.

So this assistant DA asked me, "Do you know if this wiretap is going to be productive?" I asked him, "How will I know that until I put the wiretap in?" He said, "You should know that before you come here." So I walked out, and I explained the whole thing to my partner. My partner said, "Well, he wants us to put a wiretap in." I said, "Well, I'm not going to do that." So I went back to the assistant DA and said, "What are you telling me here? Spit it out! Pretend I'm seven years old. I don't understand!" He ends up telling me to put a "tingle" on the phone. *"A tingle?"* "A tingle." I said, "Okay." I left and told my partner that, obviously, this guy wants us to listen to the telephone without a wiretap order to make sure it's going to be productive. So we'll listen for a little while, and we'll come back and get the affidavit.

So we put the wiretap in, and it's no big deal. So my partner and I are sitting there listening to this tap, and it was productive immediately; so we said, "What are we going to do now? Do we go back and go through all the paperwork necessary to get a legal wiretap and then keep all the calls logged in the book properly—or do we just continue listening?" We didn't get a wiretap order, but we had the wiretap, and we made the arrest.

A couple of weeks later, I went back to the DA now for a search warrant for a certain location. He said, "Where did you get

CONTINUED ON PAGE 160

JULIA

"Men prize a woman who's great in the kitchen even more than one who's wonderful in bed. After all, food is the staff of life; sex is simply a delectable aperitif."

BED AND BOARD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PATRICK MEGAUD

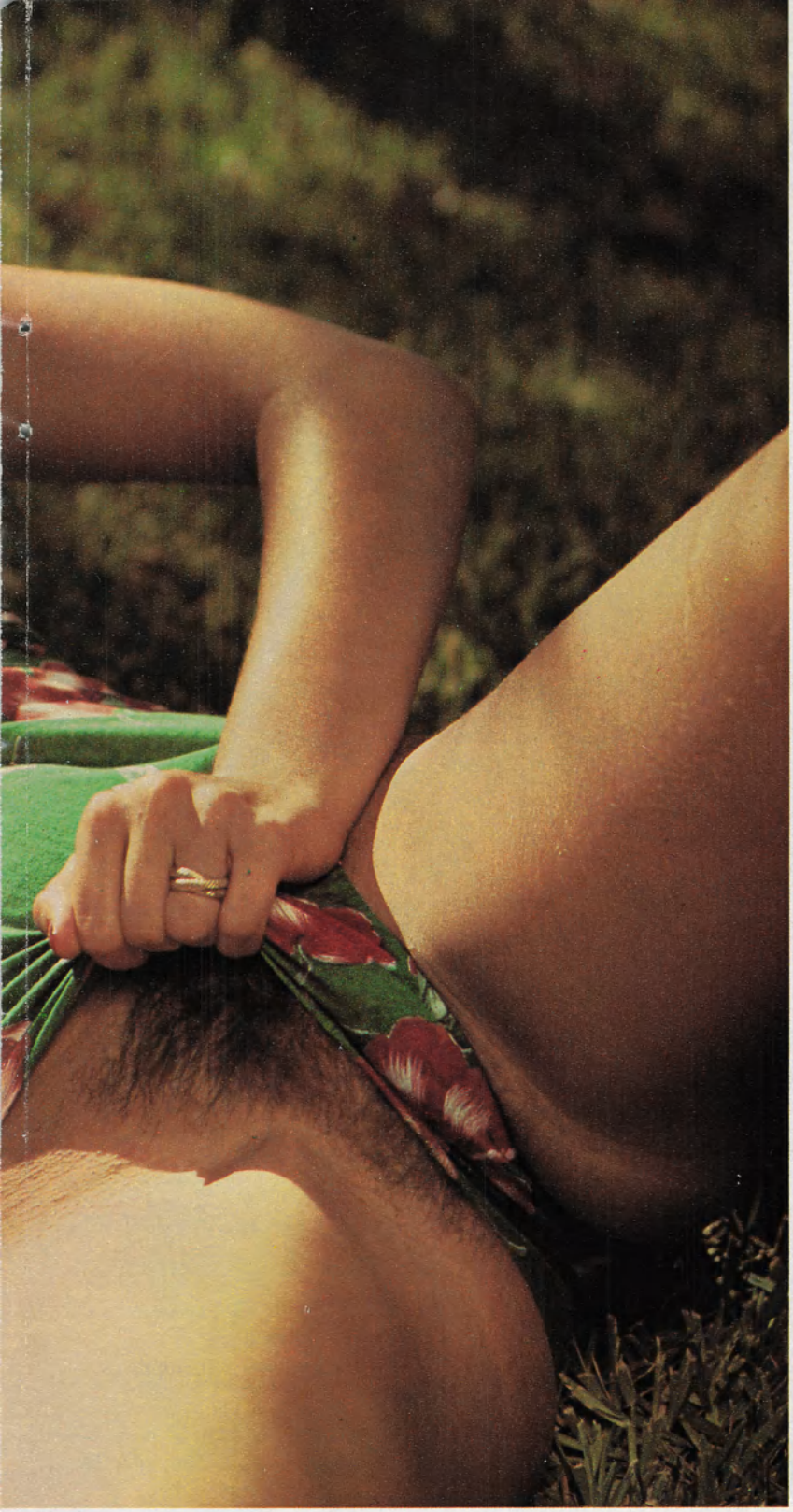
Until meeting up with Julia Perrein, we always thought that concierges were stout old ladies wearing pristine aprons and disapproving scowls. But our dusky-haired, French-born-and-bred January Pet of the Month happens to run a small and charming country inn on the outskirts of Paris. Welcome sight for many a weary traveler. The inn is owned by her parents, but Julia—the eldest daughter—mostly runs it herself. Seems her parents are progressive types: told her all about sex at twelve, all about money at fourteen.

The rest she assumes she will have to learn for herself. But that doesn't worry Julia. At the age of twenty-five our softly curved, sultry young Pet has plenty of time to further her education.

She has one admirer, she admits, who is teaching her all about international affairs: an American in Paris. But this romance is fairly new–no way to predict the direction the relationship will eventually take. He's foreign and intriguing . . . enough for a girl to get going on.

Unlike most Parisians, Julia actually likes Americans. Finds the girls freshly pretty, the men–*magnifique!* Sex symbols like Belmondo are okay, but Robert Redford is better–and he doesn't smoke a "smelly cigar"! Julia hates smoking–"stunts a person's growth," she says.

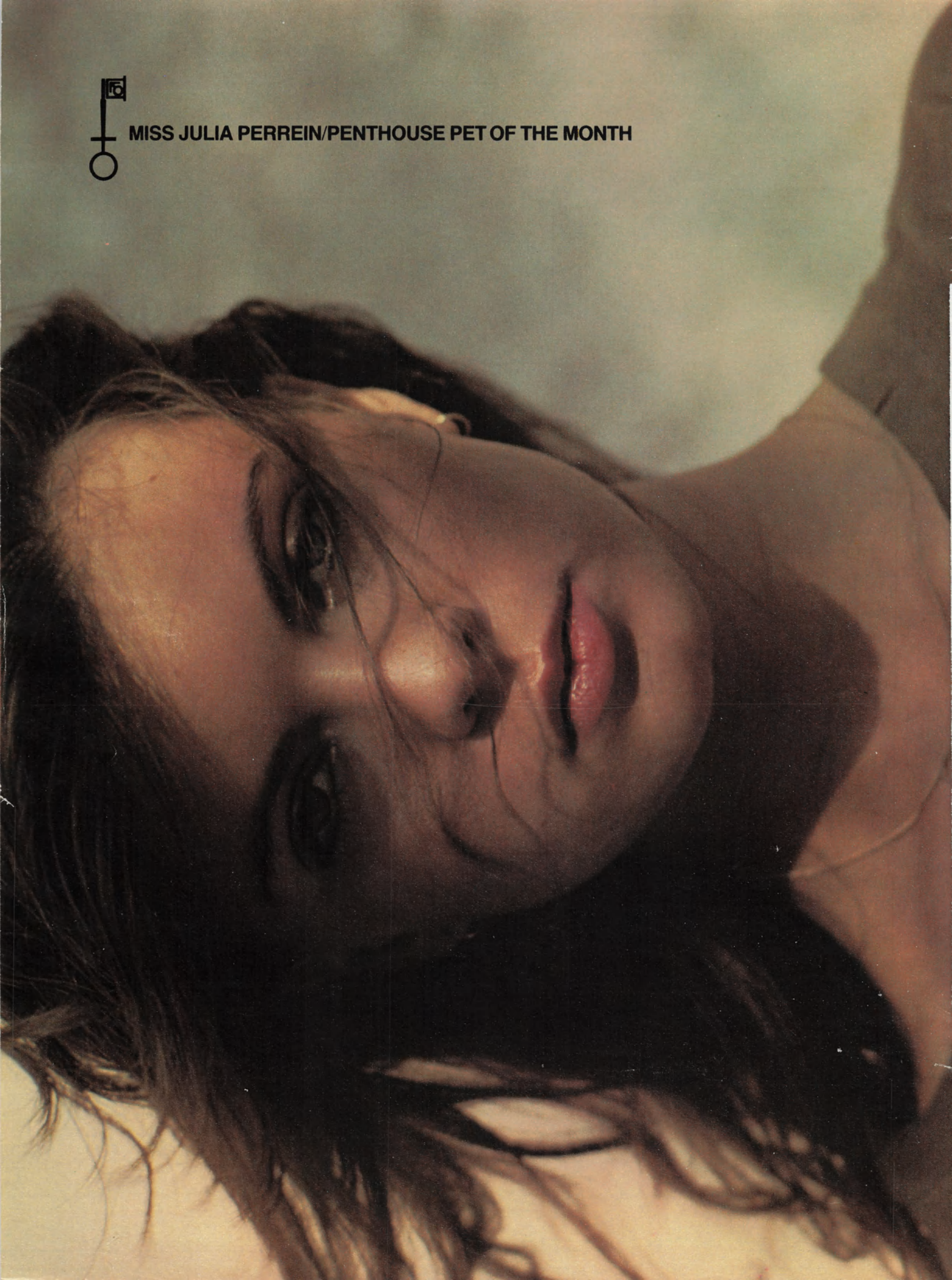
Judging from Julia's awesome 37-24-36-inch assets, this must mean she's never touched the stuff! Being discovered in a Parisian supermarket and getting to appear in these pages, our Pet admits, is a marvelous, unexpected thrill. She hopes that it brings her fame and fortune.



Also, that her debut helps improve current Franco-American relations, now that the New Left is in power. But socialist policies suit our young businesswoman just fine. After all, "I'm a very sociable person!" she smiles, giving us an updated interpretation of splendor in the grass.

Julia's old-fashioned in one respect: she loves to cook and prepares the hearty soups and stews served at the inn. What feminists can't admit, she thinks, is that men prize a woman who's great in the kitchen even more than one who's wonderful in bed.

After all, Julia reasons, food is the staff of life; sex is simply a delectable aperitif! Julia, we deeply admire your priorities, among other things. If we're ever inn need, we plan to pass your way!


MISS JULIA PERREIN/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

Surprise! Health and Human Services Secretary Richard S. Schweiker recently announced that "newly" discovered military records indicate that substantial numbers of servicemen on military bases in Vietnam were exposed to Agent Orange when planes on defoliation missions had to jettison their dangerous cargo. Schweiker, who heads the government-wide working group on Agent Orange, said, "When I got this job . . . I didn't think anyone quite foresaw that we would be dumping this stuff on our own people." Schweiker added that Pentagon records show ninety instances of airplanes' dumping their chemical cargoes in emergencies, including forty-one in which Agent Orange apparently was dumped "directly over or near U.S. air bases and other military installations." Schweiker's belated acknowledgment of these facts is long overdue, because this information is *not* "new." It has been known to the Pentagon and has been covered up as a part of a systematic effort to discredit the claims of more than 60,000 Vietnam veterans who have told the Veterans Administration they believe their health was impaired by contact with Agent Orange.

We have reason to believe, from congressional sources, that Schweiker's acknowledgment was triggered because the new Reagan administration feared the information was about to be leaked by persons in the Pentagon who had become fed up with the government's deception. In any case, the facts are such that the government can no longer treat the exposure of Vietnam veterans to Agent Orange as an "alleged" happening.

For years Vietnam veterans have been fobbed off by VA and other government spokesmen with one lie or another about Agent Orange. They were told, among other things, that "it only causes acne," "it wasn't used against U.S. forces," "any exposure to U.S. forces was minimal," "there are no scientific data which prove that Agent Orange is harmful to one's health," etc., ad nauseam. Now these lies have come home to roost. Every previous position or statement by the Veterans Administration on Agent Orange is suspect on the grounds that it was made for political purposes rather than for the purpose of helping Vietnam veterans who have been scandalously abused by their government.

Make no mistake: "dumping this stuff on our own people" is a national scandal. It reveals a reckless disregard for the well-being of U.S. forces in a combat environment. Although no one pretends that a battlefield is a benign environment, when those in charge allowed dumping of Agent Orange on U.S. troops, they committed an act of culpable criminal negligence. To wit: even if one grants a military necessity for the dumping of Agent Orange—because some defoliation missions sometimes ended under emergency conditions, when the planes were hit or their engines failed—there is no justification for those in charge to have avoided carrying out decontamination procedures to minimize the hazards of exposure to the toxic herbicides. This was not done. Soldiers and airmen who were exposed to the United States' version of "yellow rain" were not warned, nor were any actions taken to scrub off or otherwise counteract that which had been poured on their bodies.

These recent revelations raise the price of bureaucratic poker. The VA, for example, has opposed granting service-connected disability status to Vietnam veterans for exposure to the deleterious effects of Agent Orange. This now becomes an example of being penny-wise and pound-foolish, because, in amount, the disability pensions that might have been awarded pale in comparison with those that may now be awarded in jury judgments on individual and class-action lawsuits.

> For years Vietnam veterans have been fobbed off with one lie or another about Agent Orange. But now the government has been forced to acknowledge the truth.

In the face of these revelations and other evidence adduced to date by congressional committees, there is a need for Congress to demand that the Pentagon identify those servicemen who had Agent Orange dumped upon them. At present, there are only rough estimates of the numbers of servicemen so exposed. In the past the army has told Congress it couldn't determine where Sgt. John Doe was actually located within Vietnam or whether Doe's unit had been inadvertently exposed to Agent Orange. This in spite of the fact that tapes exist of the flight patterns of the U.S. Air Force's so-called Operation Ranchhand, which carried out the defoliation and crop destruction missions. Only the U.S. Marine Corps, which operated in the five northern provinces of Vietnam, has been able to match its units up with the tapes of the missions. Now, however, the "newly" discovered information provides the means for knowing which other units in the rest of South Vietnam were doused, for when the aircraft were jettisoning their deadly cargo, they noted that fact in the individual flight records. The identities of these units so affected and the dates on which the dumping occurred must be widely disseminated and an all-out effort made to reach those servicemen who were so exposed.

Failure on the part of the government to act promptly and effectively would be a tragedy. There are thousands of servicemen, albeit probably a minority of those who served in Vietnam, who must be found and given the best possible medical treatment for the invisible injury they suffered in Vietnam. To do otherwise is to denigrate the sacrifices of the thousands maimed or killed in Vietnam.—*William R. Corson*

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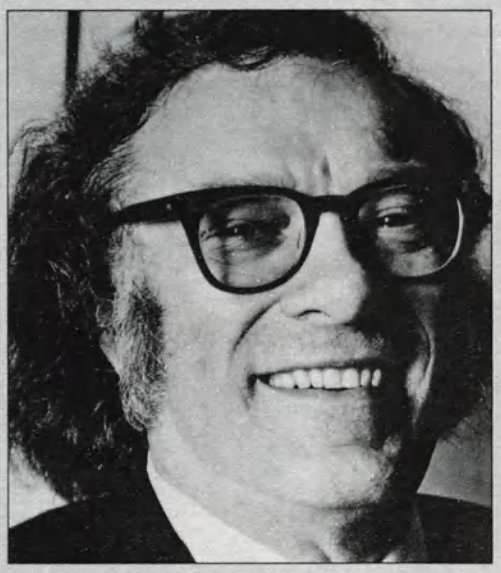
I'll be home for Chivas.



BY ISAAC ASIMOV

The author, a professor of biochemistry at the Boston University School of Medicine, has written 239 books to date. His latest, *The Sun Shines Bright*, a collection of essays, is published by Doubleday.

THE DANGEROUS MYTH OF CREATIONISM

There has been an outcry in recent years, by spokesmen of the radical right wing, demanding that something they call "creationism" be taught in tax-supported public schools. They want this interpretation presented on an equal basis with the concept of evolution as an explanation of the origin of the universe, of life, of human beings.

It *seems* fair. Why shouldn't both sides have the same chance? Why should the evolutionists oppose the teaching of creationism?

Yet equal time for both views is *not* fair. It is pernicious. The concepts of evolution and of creationism are *not* equal. The evolutionary view has been built up painstakingly over a period of two centuries on the basis of scientific study, and it has behind it an enormous body of evidence and reasoning. All biologists, of any reputation at all, accept the evidence that present-day species have developed slowly from simpler forms; that the unit of life, the cell, has developed from precellular scraps of life; and that these, in turn, have arisen from nonliving materials by changes that are in accord with the laws of nature over a vast stretch of several billions of years.

The exact mechanism of evolution, the fine details, remain under dispute, since the process of discovery and development is not yet done and may never be entirely done. Even the most argumentative of those who quarrel over the details do not, however, deny the evolutionary concept itself.

Creationists, on the other hand, present no evidence in favor of their view. They argue entirely from the negative. They maintain that if the concept of evolution is found wanting, then that alone is sufficient to force acceptance of creationism. They then insist that the concept of evolution is indeed found wanting. They point out insufficiencies, contradictions, and uncertainties in the evolutionary arguments and say, triumphantly, "Thus we establish creationism!"

And yet, in the first place, the insufficiencies they present are often advanced in distorted, simplistic, and downright erroneous ways. In the second place, some of those insufficiencies are matters over which biologists are indeed undecided, but which affect merely the details of mechanism and not the concept of evolution itself.

And in the third place, even if the concept of evolution were indeed insufficient, that would not of itself prove the validity of the concept of the independent production of each species by a "creator." Other alternatives may exist, and the choice among them would have to rest on positive evidence. Thus, if a close investigation were to show that our notions of reproductive physiology are not entirely right, that would not of itself prove that babies are brought by the stork. They might, indeed, have been found under cabbage leaves or been delivered in the doctor's little black bag.

In order to establish creationism as a rational concept, the creationists must advance scientifically valid evidence *for* their beliefs and not merely try to poke holes in other views. They

> "Creationists don't want equal time. They want all the time there is. . . . Their case is so weak that the only way they can feel sure of maintaining it is to make sure their victims never hear of anything else."

cannot simply question whether the universe is really 15 billion years old by casting doubt on current scientific figures on the expansion of the universe. They must present reasonable evidence that the universe *is*, in fact, 6,000 years old (or whatever figure they would like to maintain). Needless to say, this they have never done.

For these reasons, creationism has never established itself in the one place that really counts—in the marketplace of scientific ideas.

Science is a self-correcting process, and scientists *do* change their views, but they do so only on the basis of new evidence or a new and convincing presentation of a line of reasoning. Scientists refused to accept the notion of drifting continents on the basis of evidence advanced in 1913 and thereafter. New evidence was obtained in the 1960s, and a revised and improved version of the concept was then accepted with surprising speed.

It is possible that the day may come when evolution will indeed turn out to be insufficient and when new evidence in favor of creationism will force a change of view, but that day *has not yet come*. Nothing the creationists say bears promise that it will ever come, and since that is so, it is impossible, scientifically, to ask that creationism be taught in the schools today as a reasonable alternative to evolution.

The fact that some people earnestly believe in creationism is insufficient. The existence of that belief is a legitimate matter of interest in courses of history, sociology, and psychology, and in those courses creationism may well be discussed in detail, but it doesn't belong in science.

But suppose we *were* to teach creationism. What would be the content of the teaching? Merely that a creator formed the universe and all species of life ready-made? Is that it? Nothing more? No details?

American creationists seem to accept the biblical tale of creation, but is that the only pattern of creation possible? Millions of people the world over, who believe in a divine creator of some sort, do not accept the Bible as a holy book.

In fact, many people who read the Bible disagree on the manner of interpretation of its account of the creation. They may accept the account as poetry, as allegory, as symbolism; they may see in it deep ethical and moral meanings—but they don't accept it as a *literal* description of how the universe began.

What, then, do we teach if we teach creationism? Which of the views do we accept? Do we try to choose among them on the basis of scientific evidence? Do we just teach them all on an equal basis? If creationists simply want the literal words of the Bible taught, then that is manifestly unfair to all the competing creationist notions.

It might be possible to argue that if creationism is so empty of content and so transparently unscientific, there is certainly no harm in offering it as an alternative. Surely, no one would accept it. Some people even argue that if scientists object to "equal time," they must not really have a good case.

Ah, but it is not equal time the creationists want. That little slogan is merely the smile of the crocodile.

School is not the only place where the origins of life and the universe are dealt with. There are also those churches that have creationist views (not all churches, by any means, of course). In those churches *only* the creationist view is presented. There is no question of "equal time" there. Children are therefore exposed only to creationist views there, and in their homes, for many years before they hear of evolution in the schools. And they are threatened with hellfire if they doubt. Where is the "equal time"?

The teaching of evolution in the public schools is a very recent thing. It was not many decades ago that the teaching of evolution was forbidden in the strongholds of creationism. That was what the Scopes "monkey trial" was all about. Scopes had mentioned evolution in class, and that was a *crime*. Where was the "equal time" then?

Even now, the teaching of evolution in public schools can be a risky affair. In many areas of the nation, people of creationist views heckle school boards, school principals, and schoolteachers to the point where, if evolution is mentioned at all, it is done in an apologetic whisper. The creationists attempt to ride herd on the libraries, too, and do their best to pull out every book that doesn't suit them.

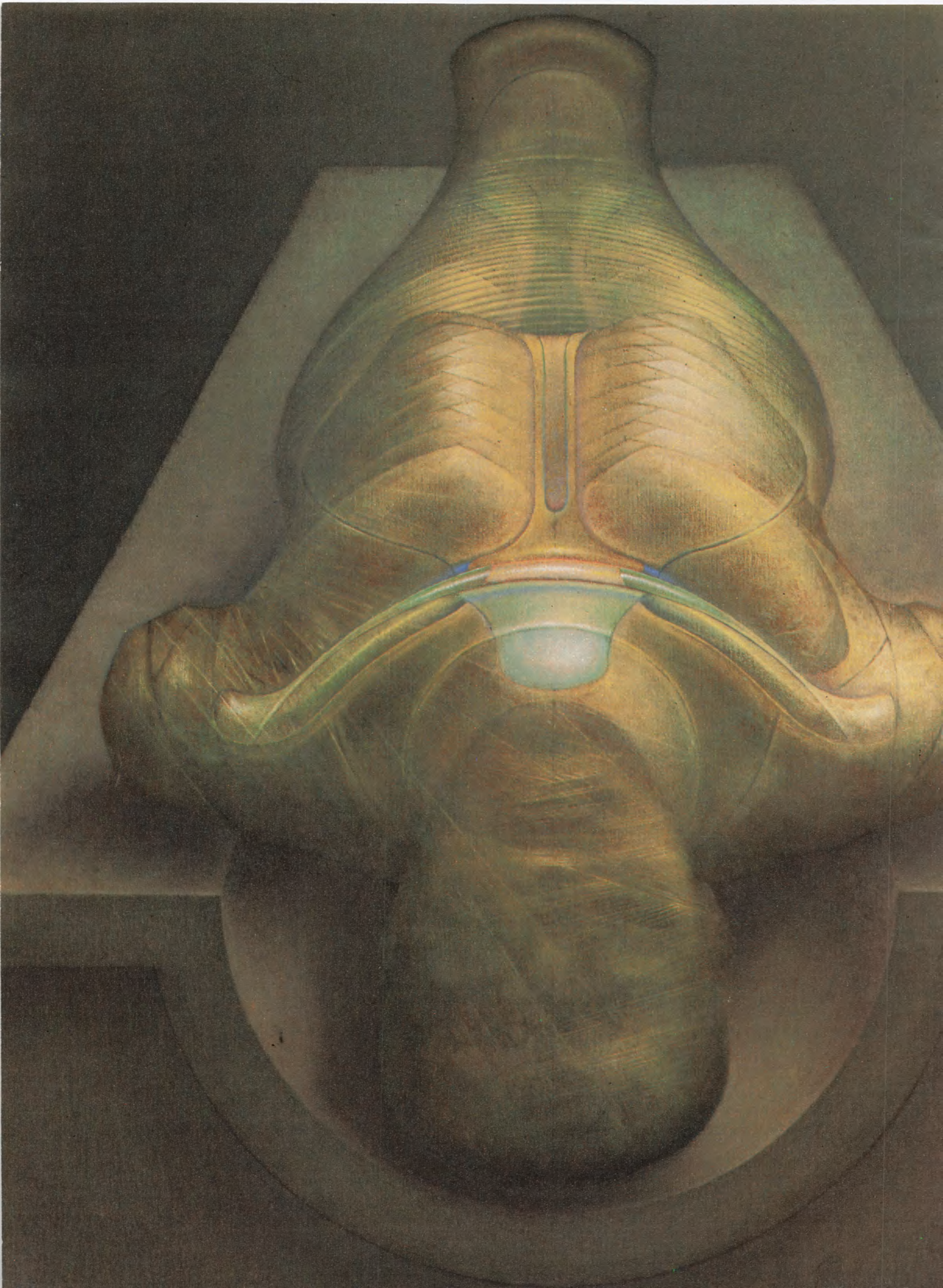
And they want "equal time"? Don't kid yourself. They want all the time there is. One can see why, too. Their case is so weak, so nonexistent, in fact, that the only way they can feel sure of maintaining it is to make sure their victims *never hear of anything else*.

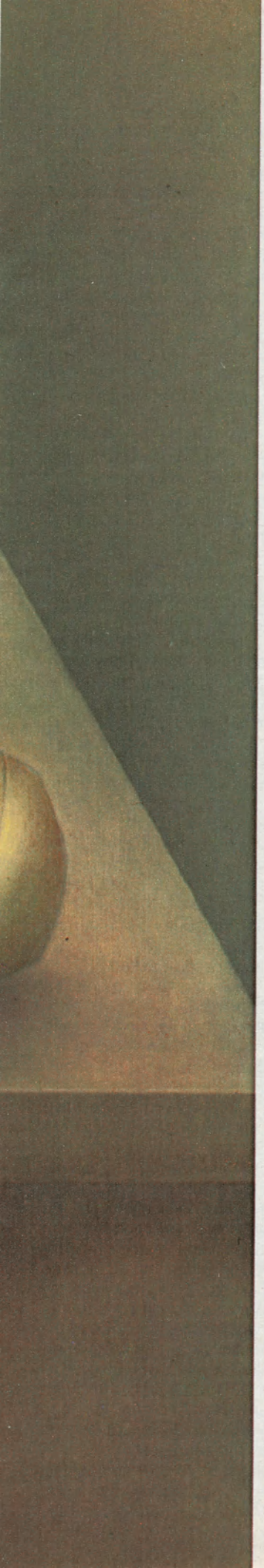
Yet none of what I have so far said reaches the real deadliness of the situation. Because creationism has been firmly rejected in the marketplace of scientific ideas, the creationists have turned to government to help them. They browbeat legislators and executives and insist on *laws* defining what is scientifically valid and dictating what is to be taught.

What a dangerous precedent this is! If the Supreme Court can be bullied into declaring such things constitutional, it would go a long way toward putting an end to pluralism in this country and to free thought. We would be on the road to an established church and an official orthodoxy.

All historical precedents show that the ability to censor and to enforce orthodoxy is a dictatorial delight that knows no limits. Today "equal time," tomorrow the world. Today it is your views on science, tomorrow the way you dress and speak and behave.

So it is not merely creationism that we must fight. Behind its advocates stand the old enemies, bigotry and ignorance, eager to plunge us all back into the Dark Ages. But we must not complain about this endless battle. The price of liberty, said Jefferson, is eternal vigilance.





Some six years ago—I had returned from a voyage and was already bored with leisure and the simple routine of domestic life, but not so bored as to plan a new expedition—late one evening I was interrupted in my diary writing by an unexpected visitor.

He was a red-haired fellow in the prime of life, with such a terrible squint that it was difficult to look him straight in the face; to make matters worse, one of his eyes was green and the other brown. His face, in its expression, appeared to combine two persons, one timid and nervous, the other—the dominant one—an arrogant and sharp-witted cynic. An amazing mixture, for sometimes he looked at me with the brown, motionless, surprised eye, and sometimes with the green, which was screwed up derisively.

"Mr. Tichy," he said as soon as he entered my study, "various tricksters, frauds, and madmen must intrude on you and try to swindle you or put something over on you. Isn't that so?"

"It does happen," I replied. "What can I do for you?"

"Among these many individuals," the stranger went on without giving his name or the reason for his visit, "from time to time there must be, if only one in a thousand, some unappreciated, truly brilliant mind. The infallible laws of statistics require this. I, Mr. Tichy, am that one in a thousand. My

The soul of Professor Decantor's wife lives forever inside a little box . . . What more could any man want?

FICTION BY STANISLAW LEM

THE MAN WHO INVENTED ETERNAL LIFE

PAINTING BY MICHEL HENRICOT

name is Decantor. I am a professor of comparative ontogenetics, a full professor. I hold no position at the moment because I do not have time for it. Teaching, anyway, is a futile occupation. No one can teach anyone anything. But enough of that. I came to tell you that I have solved a problem to which I have devoted forty-eight years of my life."

"I, too, have little time," I replied. I did not like this man. His manner was arrogant, not fanatic, and I prefer fanatics if I have to choose. Moreover, it was obvious he would ask for money, and I am tightfisted and not ashamed to admit it. This does not mean I will not back certain projects, but I do so reluctantly and, as it were, in spite of myself, for I do then what I know has to be done.

So I added: "Would you perhaps state your business? Naturally, I cannot promise you anything. There was one thing you said that struck me. You mentioned you had devoted forty-eight years to your problem. How old are you now, if I may ask?"

"Fifty-eight," he replied coldly.

He stood behind a chair as though waiting for me to ask him to sit down. I would have asked him, of course, because, even if a tightwad, I am still polite, but the obviousness of his waiting annoyed me. Besides, he was, as I have said, an extremely obnoxious character.

"I took up the problem," he resumed, "as a boy of ten. Because, Mr. Tichy, not only am I a brilliant man; I was also a brilliant child."

Accustomed though I was to such boasting, this brilliance business was a bit much. I grimaced.

"Go on," I said. If an icy tone of voice could lower the temperature, stalactites would have been hanging from the ceiling after this exchange.

"I have invented the soul," said Decantor, looking at me with his dark eye while the mocking one seemed fixed upon grotesque phantoms near the ceiling, phantoms visible to it alone. He said this the way one would say, "I have come up with a new eraser."

"Aha, I see, the soul," I said almost cordially, for this insolence suddenly began to amuse me. "The soul? You invented it, did you? That's interesting—I seem to have heard of it before. Perhaps from an acquaintance of yours?"

I broke off insultingly. He measured me with his terrible squint and said quietly:

"Mr. Tichy, let's make a deal. Refrain from scoffing for fifteen minutes. Then you can scoff to your heart's content. Agreed?"

"Agreed," I said, reverting to my former dry tone. "Continue."

He was not a braggart, I decided now. His tone was too categorical. Braggarts are not dogmatic. He was probably mad.

"Have a seat," I mumbled.

"The thing is elementary," said the man who called himself Professor Decantor. "People have believed in the soul for thousands of years. Philosophers, poets, the founders of religions, priests, and churches have repeated all possible arguments in favor of its existence. According to some beliefs, the soul is an immaterial substance separate from the body which preserves a person's identity after his death; according to others it is supposed to be—this is a view prevalent among Eastern thinkers—an entelechy devoid of individual personality. But the belief that man does not pass into nothingness at the time of death, that something in him survives death, has remained unshakable in minds for ages. We now know that there is no soul. There are only networks of nerve tissue in which certain life-related processes occur. What the possessor of such a network feels, what his consciousness perceives—that is the soul.

"Such was the situation until I appeared. Or, rather, until I told myself: There is no soul. The fact has been proved. But there is a need for an immortal soul, a desire for permanence, for infinite personal continuation in time, despite the passing and ultimate decay of all things. This intense longing, which mankind has felt since the dawn of its existence, is all too real. Why, I thought, shouldn't I be able to fulfill this age-old dream? I first considered making people physically immortal—but rejected that solution as being, basically, the prolongation of false and deceptive hopes, because immortal people can die, all the same, from accidents and disasters. Besides, it would have entailed a host of difficulties, such as overpopulation.

> Do you honestly believe you will find one person willing to let himself be killed so that his soul can suffer unimaginable torment for all eternity. . .?

"This and other considerations led me to invent the soul. Only the soul. Why—I asked myself—could it not be built as an airplane is built? After all, at one time flight was only a fantasy, and now look. By approaching the problem thus, I solved it. The rest was merely a matter of gathering information, acquiring the means, and exercising patience. Which I did—and therefore can tell you today that the soul exists, Mr. Tichy. Anyone can have one, an immortal one. Individually tailored, fully guaranteed. Is it eternal? The word really means nothing. But my soul—the soul I can produce—will survive the death of the Sun and the freezing of the Earth. I can bestow a soul, as I said, on any person, provided that the person is living. I cannot bestow souls on the dead; that does not lie within my power. But the living are another matter. They will receive an immortal soul from Professor Decantor. Not for free, of course. Being the product of modern technology, of a complex and time-consuming process, it will cost a great deal. With mass production the price should drop, but for the time being the soul is far more expensive than an airplane. However, considering that it is eternal, I think the price is relatively low. I have come to you because the construction of the first soul has completely exhausted my funds. I propose to you that we form a joint company with the name 'Immortality.' In return for financing the enterprise, you will receive a majority of the shares and forty-five percent of the new profit. The shares would be nominal, but on the board of directors I would reserve the . . ."

"Excuse me," I interrupted. "You have, I can see, an extremely detailed plan for this enterprise. But shouldn't you, first, tell me more about your invention?"

"Of course," he replied. "But until we sign a notarized contract, Mr. Tichy, I can only give you information of a general nature. I laid out so much money in the course of my experiments, there was not even enough left to pay for patenting."

"I understand your caution. But surely you realize that neither I nor any financier—not that I am a financier—in short, no one will take your word for it."

"Of course." He reached into his pocket and took out a package. Wrapped in white paper, it was as flat as a small cigar box.

"This contains the soul . . . of a certain person," he said.

"May I know whose?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied after a moment's hesitation. "My wife's."

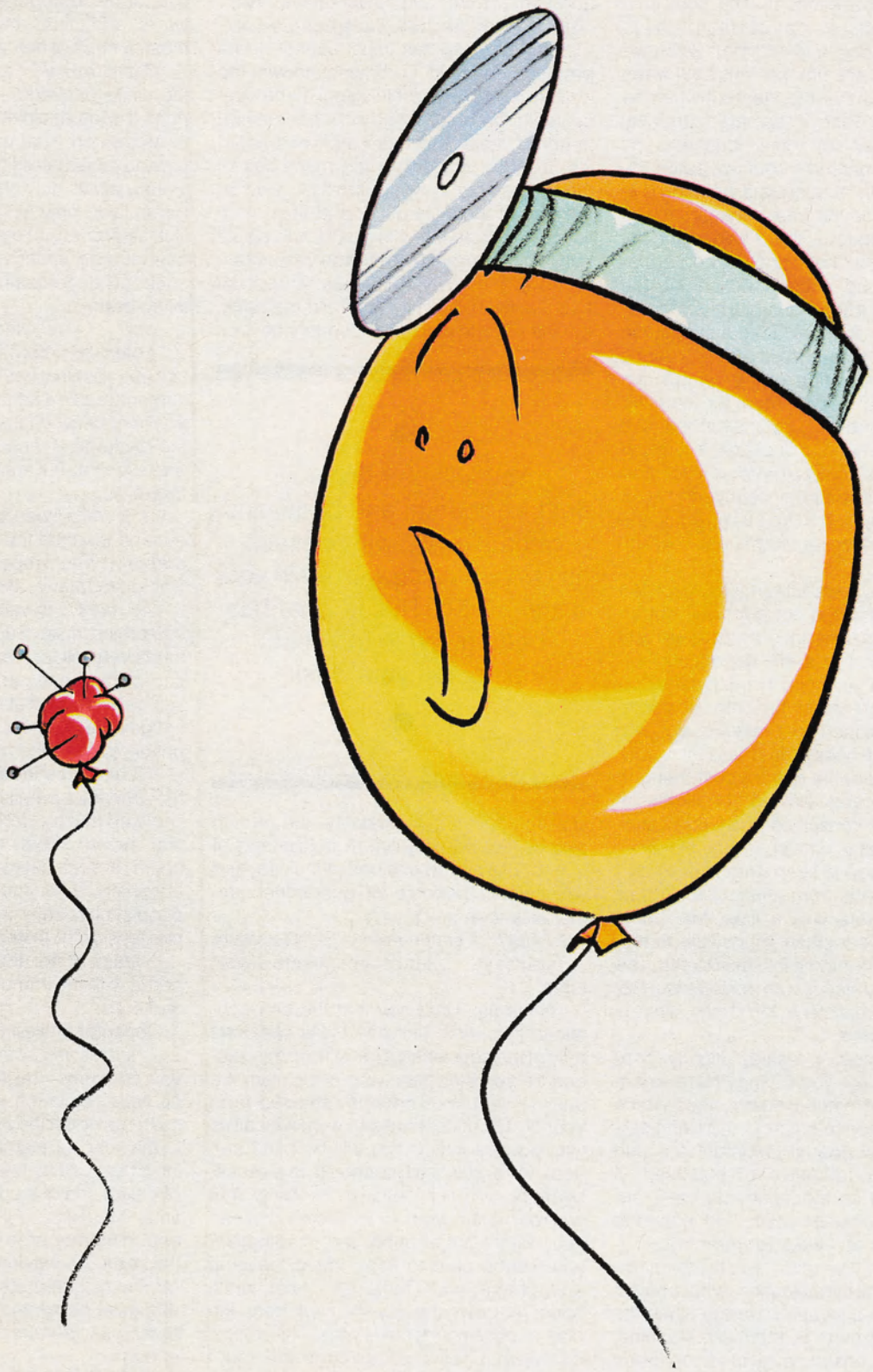
I looked at the tied and sealed box with great disbelief, and yet, because of his forceful, categorical manner, I felt something like a shudder.

"Aren't you going to open it?" I saw that he held the box in his hands without touching the seal.

"No. Not yet. My idea, Mr. Tichy, simplified almost to the point of distortion, is as follows. What is our consciousness? As you look at me at this very moment from your comfortable chair and smell the odor of your good cigar, which you did not see fit to offer me; as your eyes perceive my figure in the light of this exotic lamp; as you wonder whether to consider me a swindler, a lunatic, or a remarkable person; and, finally, as your eyes observe all the lights and shadows of your surroundings, and your nerves and muscles keep sending telegrams about their condition to your brain—all this represents your soul, to use the language of the theologians. You and I would say, rather, the active state of your mind. Yes, I admit I use the

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"Personally, I don't believe in voodoo. But I can understand how you might."

term 'soul' out of a certain perversity. The term, however, is simple and enjoys universal recognition: everyone thinks he knows what is meant when he hears it.

"Our materialist viewpoint, of course, reduces to fiction not only the immortal, incorporeal soul but also the soul as an invariable, timeless, and eternal thing. Such a soul, you will agree, has never existed: none of us possesses it. The soul of a young man and that of an old man, though there may be points in common when we speak of the same person—his soul when he is a child and at the moment when he lies at death's door—these are extremely different states of consciousness. In speaking of a person's soul, we automatically think of his mental state when he is in his prime and in the best of health. It was this state, therefore, that I chose for my purpose. My synthetic soul is the permanently recorded cross section of the awareness of a normal, vigorous individual. How do I do this? I take a substance well suited for the purpose and reproduce in it the configuration of the living brain with the utmost fidelity, atom for atom, vibration for vibration. The copy is reduced on a scale of fifteen to one. That is why the box you see is so small. With a little effort the soul could be further reduced in size, but I see no reason to do so; besides, the cost of production would become exorbitant.

"Now, then, the soul remains recorded in this material; it is not a model, not an immobile, inert network of nerves, as I first thought, when I was still conducting experiments on animals. Here I came up against the greatest, the only, obstacle. You see, I wished to preserve a living, alert consciousness in this material, a consciousness capable of the freest thought, of dreaming and waking, of flights of imagination, a consciousness ever changing, ever sensible of the passage of time—but I wished also to keep it ageless, to prevent the material from tiring, cracking, or crumbling. There was a time, Mr. Tichy, when this task seemed impossible to me, as it must seem impossible now to you. The one ace up my sleeve was persistence. Because I am persistent, Mr. Tichy. That is why I succeeded . . ."

"One moment," I said, slightly confused. "What are you saying? Here, in this box, there is a material object, yes? Which contains the consciousness of a living person? But how does it communicate with the outside world? And see? And hear?" I broke off, for an indescribable smile appeared on Decantor's face. He looked at me out of his screwed-up green eye.

"Mr. Tichy," he said, "you fail to understand. What communication, what contact can there be between partners when the lot of one of them is eternity? Mankind, after all, will cease to exist in fifteen billion years at the most. Whom, then, would that immortal soul hear? To whom would it speak? Did I not say that it was eternal? The time that will have elapsed when Earth freezes, when the youngest and most powerful of today's stars collapse, when the laws governing the universe change to such an extent that it will take on a form completely unimaginable to us—that time does not constitute even the tiniest fraction of this soul's duration, because this soul will last forever. Religions are quite right to ignore the body, for what use would a nose be, or legs, in eternity? What good, after Earth and flowers have disappeared, after the suns have burned out?

"But let's skip this trivial aspect of the problem. You said 'communicate with the outside world.' Even if this soul made contact with the outer world only once every hundred years, then after a billion centuries, in order to contain the memories of those contacts, it would have to grow to the size of a continent . . . and after a trillion years, even the volume of Earth would not suffice. But what is a trillion years compared with eternity? However, it was not that technical difficulty that held me back, but the psychological consequences. You see, the thinking personality, the human psyche, would dissolve in that ocean of memory as a drop of blood in the sea, and what would become of guaranteed immortality then . . . ?"

"You will be blind and deaf, of course, and paralyzed, because you will possess no body, but you will retain your inner vision. This is what has been given to the soul I place on your desk."

"What?" I stammered. "So you claim . . . you say . . . there's a complete severance . . ."

"Naturally. Did I say that the box contained the whole person? I was speaking only of the soul. Imagine that from this second on you stop receiving news from the outside, that your brain is removed from your body but continues to exist with all its vital powers intact. You will be blind and deaf, of course, and paralyzed, in a sense, because you will possess no body, but you will retain your inner vision, I mean your clearness of mind and imagination; you will be able to think freely, develop and shape your fantasies, experience hope, sorrow, the joy derived from the play of passing mental states. This is precisely what has been given to the soul I place on your desk."

"Horrible," I said. "To be blind, deaf, and paralyzed . . . for ages."

"For eternity," he corrected me. "I have said everything; there is only one thing to add. The medium is a crystal, a type of crystal that does not occur in nature, an independent substance that does not enter to any chemical or physical bonds. Its endlessly vibrating molecules contain the soul, which feels and thinks."

"Monster," I said quietly. "Do you realize what you have done? But wait—" I felt a sudden relief. "Human consciousness cannot be reproduced. If your wife lives, walks, and thinks, this crystal contains, at most, a copy of her, and is not the real—"

"Yes," replied Decantor, squinting at the white package, "you are completely right. It is impossible to create the soul of a living person. That would be nonsense, a paradoxical absurdity. He who exists obviously exists only once. Continuation can be realized only at the moment of death. But the process of determining the precise neurological pattern of the person whose soul I produce destroys, in any case, the living brain."

"You . . . you killed your wife?"

"I gave her eternal life." He drew himself up. "But that has nothing to do with the subject under discussion. It is a matter, if you like, between my wife"—he indicated the package—"and me, and the law. We are talking about something altogether different."

For a while I was speechless. I reached out and touched the package with my fingertips; it was wrapped in thick paper and was quite heavy, as if containing lead.

"All right," I said. "Let's talk about something else. Suppose I give you the funds you ask for. Do you honestly believe you will find one person willing to let himself be killed so that his soul can suffer unimaginable torment for all eternity, deprived even of the mercy of suicide?"

"Death does indeed present a difficulty," Decantor admitted after a brief pause. I noticed that his dark eye was more hazel than brown. "But, to start with, we can count on such categories of people as the terminally ill, or those weary of life, old people physically infirm but in complete possession of their faculties . . ."

"Death is not the worst option, compared with the immortality you propose," I muttered.

Decantor smiled again.

"I will tell you something that may strike you as funny," he said. The right side of his face remained serious. "I personally have never felt the need to possess a soul or the need for eternal existence. But mankind has lived by this dream for thousands of years. I have studied the subject a long time, Mr. Tichy. All religion is based on one thing: the promise of life everlasting, the hope of surviving the grave. I offer that, Mr. Tichy. I offer eternal life. The certainty of existence when the last particle of the body has crumbled into dust. Isn't that enough?"

"No," I replied, "it is not. You yourself said that it would be an immortality without the body, without the body's energies, pleasures, experiences . . ."

"You repeat yourself. I can show you

the sacred writings of all the religions, the works of philosophers, the songs of poets, summae theologicae, prayers, legends—I have found in them little concerning the eternal life of the body. They slight the body, scorn it, even. The soul—its infinite existence—that has been the goal and hope. The soul as the antithesis and antagonist of the body, as liberation from physical suffering, sudden danger, illness and decrepitude, from the struggle to satisfy the demands of the gradually disintegrating furnace called the organism as it smolders and burns out. No one has ever proclaimed the immortality of the body. The soul alone was to be saved. I, Decantor, have saved it for eternity. I have fulfilled the dream—not mine, but all humanity's . . ."

"I understand," I broke in. "Decantor, in a sense you are right. But right only in that your discovery has demonstrated—today to me, tomorrow perhaps to the world—that the soul is unnecessary, that the immortality treated in the sacred books, gospels, korans, Babylonian epics, vedas, and folk tales you cite is of no use to man. Anyone faced with the eternity you are ready to bestow on him will feel, I guarantee you, what I feel: the greatest aversion and fear. The thought that your promise could become my fate horrifies me. So, then, you have proved that humanity has been deluding itself for thousands of years. You have shattered that delusion."

"You mean, no one will need my soul?" he asked in a suddenly wooden voice.

"I am sure of it. How can you think otherwise? Decantor! Would you want it? After all, you are human, too!"

"I already told you. I never felt the need for immortality. I believed, however, that that was my particular aberration, that humanity was of a different opinion. I wanted to satisfy others, not myself. I sought a problem that would be among the most difficult, one worthy of my abilities. I found it and solved it. In this respect, it was a personal thing; from an intellectual point of view, the problem interested me solely as a specific task to be tackled using the proper technology and resources. I took literally what the greatest thinkers in history had written. Tichy—you must have read of it. The fear of cessation, of the end, of consciousness suffering destruction at the time of its greatest richness, when it is ready to bear its finest fruits . . . at the end of a long life . . . They all repeated this. Their dream was to commune—with eternity. I have created that communion. Tichy, perhaps they . . . ? Perhaps the most outstanding individuals? The geniuses . . . ?"

I shook my head. "You can try, but I doubt that even one . . . No, impossible."

"But why?" he asked, and for the first time his voice trembled. "You think it is not . . . worth anything to anyone? That no one will want it? How can that be?"

"That's how it is," I said.

"Let's not be hasty," he implored. "Tichy, everything is still in my hands. I

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can adapt, alter . . . I can endow the soul with artificial senses. Of course, that would bar it from eternity, but if the senses are so important to them . . . the ears, the eyes . . ."

"And what would those eyes see?" I asked.

He was silent.

"The freezing of Earth . . . the collapse of the galaxies . . . the death of the stars in black infinity, isn't that so?" I said slowly.

He was silent.

"People do not want immortality," I continued. "They simply do not want to die. They want to live, Decantor. They want to feel the ground beneath their feet, see the clouds overhead, love other people, to be with them, and think. Nothing more. Everything that has been said beyond that is a lie. An unconscious lie. I doubt that many would want to hear you out as patiently as I have. Don't even think of getting customers."

Decantor stood motionless for a moment, staring at the white package in front of him on the desk. Suddenly he picked it up, with a slight nod to me, headed for the door.

"Decantor!" I cried. He stopped at the threshold. "What are you going to do with that?"

"Nothing," he answered coldly.

"Please . . . come back. One moment more. We can't leave it like this."

Gentlemen, I do not know whether he was a great scientist, but a great scoundrel he definitely was. I will not describe the haggling that followed. I had to do it. I knew that if I let him go, even if I found out later that he had lied to me and everything he said had been a fiction from beginning to end, even so, at the bottom of my soul, my flesh-and-blood soul, would burn the thought that somewhere, in some junk-filled desk, in a drawer stuffed with papers, a human mind might be resting, the living consciousness of the unfortunate woman he had killed. And, as if killing her were not enough, he had bestowed upon her the most terrible thing, the most terrible, I repeat, for nothing can compare with the horror of being condemned to solitude for all eternity. The word, of course, is beyond our comprehension. When you return home, try lying down in a dark room, so that no sound or ray of light reaches you, and close your eyes and imagine that you will go on like that, in utter silence, without any, without even the slightest change, for a day and night, and then for another day; imagine that weeks, months, years, even centuries will go by. Imagine, furthermore, that your brain has been subjected to a treatment that makes escape into madness impossible. The thought of a person condemned to such torment, in comparison with which all the images of hell are a trifle, spurred me during our grim bargaining.

I intended to destroy the box, of course. The sum he asked—gentlemen, let's skip the details. I will say this much; all my life I have considered myself a skinflint. If I doubt that today, it is because . . . but enough. In short: it was not a payment; it was everything I had at the time. Money . . . yes. We counted it. Then he told me to turn out the light. In the darkness there was first a tearing of paper; suddenly, on a square white background (the cotton lining of the box) there appeared, like a lambent jewel, a faint glow. As I grew accustomed to the darkness, it seemed to shine with a stronger, blue light. Then, feeling his uneven, heavy breathing on my neck, I leaned over, grasped the hammer I had ready, and with a single blow—

Gentlemen, I believe he was telling the truth. Because as I struck my hand failed me, and I only glanced the oval crystal slightly . . . but even so it went out. In a split second something occurred like a microscopic, noiseless explosion; a myriad of violet dust motes whirled as if in panic and disappeared. The room became pitch-dark. Decantor said in a hollow voice.

"You needn't hit it again, Mr. Tichy . . . The deed is done."

He took it from my hands, and I believed him then, for I had visible proof. Besides, I knew. How, I could not say. I turned on the light, and we looked at each other, blinded, like two criminals. He stuffed both pockets of his overcoat with the bank notes and left without a word.

I never saw him again and do not know what became of him—of the inventor of the immortal soul that I killed.

"Season's greetings, Miss Bancroft. Your Christmas bonus is under the tree."

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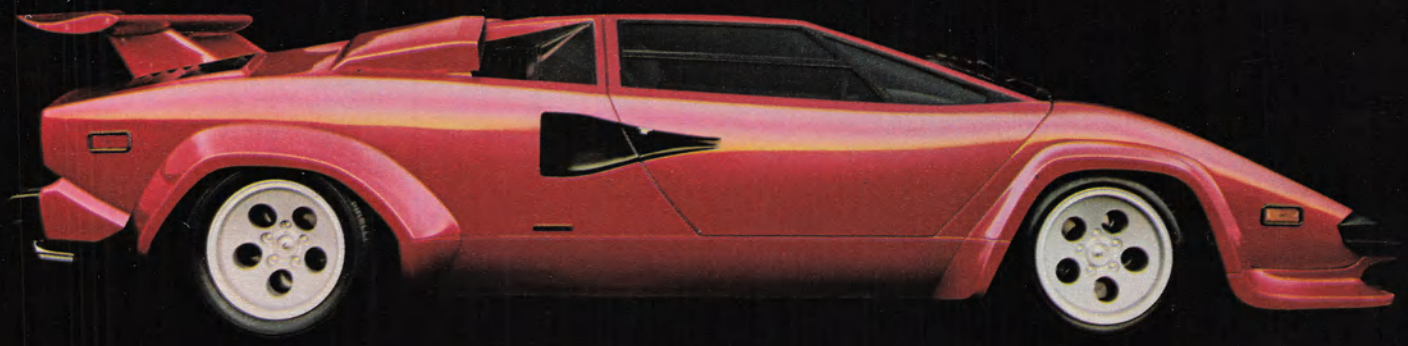

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THE WAITING GAME

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRIAN ANDERSON

Their lovers had called to say they would be late, so what better place to wait than in the garden, where the morning sun can bathe and bronze their firm young bodies? There being few secrets between such longtime friends, neither is shy about baring her breasts to the other. But even for such free spirits, certain liberties have never been taken. The adventurous blond decides the time is suddenly, passionately right...As she makes her opening move, she encounters no more resistance than a gentle sigh from her curious partner. Pressing closer, they share a kiss disturbingly different from those so blithely exchanged before.

All alone in the garden, they feel a new desire blossom...

Instinct guides the blond over sleekly familiar terrain; taking a tender young nipple between her lips, she tastes a softness only dreamed of before. Left breathless by this molten heat so close to her heart, the young brunette feels as light as the breeze that bathes them.

As desire grows sublimely urgent, they become bolder by the moment. In a mutual exchange of ardor, each extends pale, cool fingers to explore the shadowy warmth...

Occasionally a leaf flutters down—a gentle benediction from nature for the natural urges that well within them. They arrange themselves to taste the swollen buds of pleasure, their soft cries echoing in the garden like the call of birds, expressing unabashed delight.

Cradling her face in the cushion of her partner's bosom, the blond succumbs to another spasm of release as her own hands coax the same raptured cries from her friend. This secret new waiting game may have no end—only endless beginnings.

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CANCER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

lifetime usefulness. The important question you should ask yourself is, What are the chances that I will come down with cancer this year? In 1980 the American Cancer Society estimated that 1 of every 280 Americans would contract cancer during that twelve-month period—a figure approximately seventy times lower than the lifetime figure that the insurance companies love to recite.

Q. That makes it sound almost as if cancer is nothing special to worry about.

A. No, no, that's not the point. Last year about 400,000 Americans died of cancer. Of course it's something to concern us. But it should be kept in perspective. Cancer insurers imply that we are more likely to get erased by cancer than by other diseases. In fact, a white male has about twice as many chances of dying of heart disease as of cancer. In a typical year major cardiovascular diseases kill three times as many people as cancer does.

Q. But we're always being told about long, drawn-out cancer illnesses that financially destroy families. Wouldn't a cancer-only insurance policy help?

A. Yes—*if* you get cancer. But it wouldn't protect you at all from the costs of treating other illnesses, and 70 to 80 percent of the "catastrophic" burden on family bank accounts comes from *other* diseases: kidney ailments, stroke, etc. State regulators and responsible companies agree that cancer insurance alone, without a good underlying basic medical plan, is a very poor buy which will leave the purchaser unprotected against most catastrophic health costs.

Don't let the insurance companies mislead you into thinking that getting cancer means that you will automatically be reduced to the level of a ragged beggar. They use inflated cost figures that distort the average treatment costs of cancer.

American Income Life Insurance Company, for example, uses the following sales pitch: "Medical societies tell us that one of the greatest threats of financial disaster due to disease is cancer. The cost is staggering. . . . The astronomical cost of treatment is one of the problems we all face. It is not unusual for the cost of treatment to run somewhere between $30,000 and $40,000 and even more in many instances."

Don't be panicked by such statements. What does "not unusual" mean? Does American Income want you to think that this is the average cost of treatment? If so, they are doing you a real disservice, for the National Cancer Institute and the Department of Health and Human Services indicate the average treatment cost for cancer is $10,500 to $15,100—still an impressive figure, to be sure, but well within the budget of the family with an average income supported by a good *general* hospitalization policy.

Q. But surely cancer-only policies at least cover all expenses that cancer patients have, don't they?

A. No. The typical cancer policy payout is a small fraction of the direct and indirect expenses a patient is confronted with. The best data come from an investigation by the Massachusetts Insurance Department, which found that direct expenses (hospital charges, doctors' fees, surgery, drugs, and outpatient services) over a two-year period would come to more than $8,600 but that the typical cancer insurance policy would pay little more than 30 percent of the direct charges, leaving some $5,800 to be paid out of pocket unless the patient had other health coverage.

And of course these payments relate only to the *direct* costs of cancer treatment. The *indirect* costs of cancer—lost income, home nursing and homemaker services, special diets, higher phone bills, higher family transportation costs, etc.—often add up to more than the direct costs. And the cancer policies don't touch those expenses at all, even though in their promotional materials the companies play on them very heavily to frighten the consumer.

Q. How come the policies don't pay more?

A. There are several reasons. First of all, some cancer policies stop paying benefits at a specified time—perhaps three years—after the disease is diagnosed. But you won't find that crucial fact prominently displayed in the policies or promotional materials. Instead, the companies will come at you with beautiful promises like "lifetime maximum of $250,000." While it is true that the expenses of most cancer patients tend to be concentrated in the first three years, cancer can be a lingering illness. The median survival time for breast cancer patients, for instance, is six years and seven months.

Another reason cancer policies don't pay off very well is that they don't touch any expenses except those that can definitely be linked to cancer. Frequently, a person will have to undergo a series of tests and treatments before a positive cancer diagnosis can be made. Those tests and treatments aren't covered by the cancer policy. Often cancer patients will contract other diseases as a direct result of their weakened condition or as a result of treatment, and they will be hospitalized with a range of medical ailments, only one of which is cancer related. In a situation like that, it's hard to say which costs should be attributed to "cancer" and which should not. The choice is arbitrary, and in an arbitrary situation a cancer-insuring company will draw the line very narrowly. Why shouldn't it? After all, that's what specified-disease policies are all

"For God's sake, why doesn't he just accept *the Susan B. Anthony dollar and be done with it?"*

OMNI: THE NEW FRONTIER
STATION LISTINGS

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KLKK/IND	Albuquerque/ Farmington
WBAL/CBS	Baltimore
WBMG/CBS	Birmingham
WCVB/ABC	Boston
WLS/ABC	Chicago
WCPO/CBS	Cincinnati
WKYC/NBC	Cleveland
KRDO/ABC	Colorado Springs
KOMU/NBC	Columbia/ Jefferson City
WFAA/ABC	Dallas/Fort Worth
WXYZ/ABC	Detroit
KVIQ/ABC	Eureka
WFFT/IND	Fort Wayne
KJCT/ABC	Grand Junction
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WCTI/ABC	Greenville/New Bern
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about. And yet it is an unnatural situation, because the lines nature draws between diseases are simply not precise.

Most policies limit payoff to "definitive cancer treatment," based on "positive pathological diagnosis." But very often cancer is not diagnosed immediately. A patient may enter and reenter a hospital several times and undergo a series of tests and treatments before a positive pathological diagnosis is made. Most cancer policies will not pay for medical procedures during the preliminary period.

Getting the required "positive pathological diagnosis" may be damned difficult. And yet, if the policy demands such a report—which generally depends on the removal of a tissue sample—no benefits are payable, even if a strong clinical diagnosis is made and even if it is later confirmed by a pathologist's report. Particularly for such diseases as lung cancer or brain cancer, new techniques like CAT scanning and cytological washing are increasingly substituted for tissue removal, and doctors feel perfectly justified in diagnosing from these methods. Yet under most policies no benefits would be available without pathological diagnosis unless the patient died and a postmortem diagnosis was made. This is such an illogical position for the companies to take that some of them, rather than be sued, are beginning to change their position. But they are changing very slowly.

Also, cancer insurance usually doesn't cover posttreatment costs. Suppose you've had cancer and have been treated for it. Now you want to know if the treatment has been successful. So you have a checkup. Doesn't that sound like cancer treatment? Not so, say most cancer insurers: negative checkups don't count. Neither does medically necessary rehabilitative treatment, such as surgery to remove scar tissue. Complications arising from cancer or cancer treatment usually aren't covered by cancer insurance. Two common diseases arising from radiation treatment are peritonitis (inflammation of the heart lining) and pulmonitis (inflation of the lining of the lung). Policies that do not cover complications arising from cancer—and most don't—would not pay for treating these ailments.

Q. What about expenses incurred outside the hospital? Do the cancer policies take care of them?

A. If you aren't hospitalized, you'll find your policy of little benefit. Few outpatient services are covered. In most cases physicians' fees, nurses' fees, and drug costs are covered only if you actually are admitted to a hospital. The patient who can be satisfactorily treated in a nursing facility or at home with the aid of a nurse or homemaker, or whose treatment requires only that he come to the doctor weekly for treatment, will receive no assistance.

So, in one respect these policies do harm: by driving people *into* hospitals, the most expensive kind of treatment there is, and thereby inflating health care costs. Obviously, there is no incentive for a cancer patient to stay at home and settle for cheaper treatment when he will have to pay for every penny of it.

Radiation therapy, X-ray therapy, and cobalt therapy are the only outpatient treatments consistently included in cancer coverage. A number of policies offer no benefits for chemotherapy, and none appear to help with physical therapy and rehabilitative services. Most policies will not assist the patient in purchasing prosthetic devices, wheelchairs, and the like.

Q. Do cancer policies pay for all expenses run up during hospital stays?

A. Not by a long shot. Some of their promotional literature make promises like "100 percent of costs up to $1,500." In these days of hospital care, that is a pitifully small amount. Most of the cancer policies in existence offer daily hospital-room benefits of perhaps $50 to $75 for the first week-to-twelve-day period and $30 to $50 thereafter. Newer policies are more generous, coming to as much as $140 a day for the initial period and $100 after that.

But in many cities $140 would pay no more than half the actual cost of a hospital room.

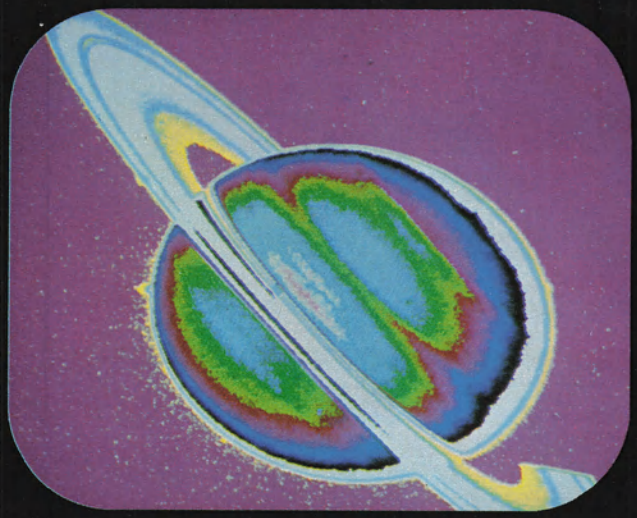
Other standard charges are similarly undercompensated. Drug charges, for instance, are often reimbursed only up to 10 percent of the daily room benefit. As a result, the policyholder would receive a maximum of $3 to $7 a day under most policies, and $12 a day under the "generous" $140/$100 policy. That would hardly pay for Band-Aids. Cancer policies typically pay $25 to $40 a day for skilled nursing that is ordered by the attending physician and $10 to $15 a day for the attending physician—a trivial fraction of what the patient would actually have to pay. Frequently, policies will also contain "inside limits," so that, for example, no more than $100 would be available for nursing costs.

Cancer insurance tends to leave uncovered some 50 to 70 percent of surgeons' fees. An audit of a sample of American Family claimants showed that their policies paid less than 30 percent of surgeons' fees and only 36 percent of anesthesia charges.

The typical cancer policy rounds out its list of benefits with coverage for such miscellaneous expenses as blood plasma, long-distance transportation, and ambulance. This list is supposed to impress the policyholder with what full coverage he is getting. Actually, such benefits rarely enter into cancer treatment. They are not so valuable as they are made to appear. The average policyholder is probably unaware that if a hospital obtains blood from the Red Cross, it is forbidden to charge the patient a fee for the blood itself. What it can do is charge a fee for handling and processing blood—but many policies *will not cover* handling and processing charges.

The most illusory feature of most cancer

"STUNNING!"
"MARVELOUS!"
"A LANDMARK!"
"FANTASTIC!"
"DAZZLING!"
"A BREAKTHROUGH!"
"BEST THING ON TELEVISION!"
"GOSH!"



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OMNI: THE NEW FRONTIER.
A WEEKLY TELEVISION SERIES THAT WILL ASTOUND YOU.

CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS FOR TIME AND STATION.

insurance policies is the "extended benefit" provision. It promises that the company will pay a higher than usual percentage of costs (typically, all charges up to $5,000 a month in the older policies, $10,000 a month in the newer) if the insured patient stays in the hospital more than ninety days. One insurer, Equity National, even offers an extension of the extension—it doubles the coverage again if the patient is continuously confined for 180 days.

Ah, now there is the kind of coverage that the cancer-frightened public most desires. Right? There is catastrophic-cost coverage in spades. Right? Wrong. The simple fact is that a single hospital stay of even sixty days for a cancer patient is most extraordinary. Ninety-nine percent of patients stay a shorter time. One study reports that fewer than .1 percent of claims dollars are paid out under an "extended benefits" provision.

Nevertheless, some companies play up these most unlikely payouts in their promotional materials. Union Fidelity labels its policies according to their maximum payouts—for example, "the $200,000 Plan." Sounds swell, but the chances of a patient even *approaching* the policy limit are infinitesimal.

Q. How do benefits compare with premiums?

A. In other words, you want to know, is the policy worth the price? "Given my chances of collecting and the typical payout, are the premiums fair?"

For cancer insurance, the answer is that you can pay a substantial amount for relatively little coverage, particularly if you hold the policy in your younger years. To over a generation of policyholders, the American Family Company expects to pay back in benefits *a maximum of 56 percent* of the money it has taken in as premium payments and investment income on reserves. The rest goes to agents, company expenses, taxes, and profits. And yet American Family has one of the more generous payout records.

In one recent year the loss ratio for all the dread-disease policies offered by some 102 insurers showed that for every dollar taken in that year, cancer insurers paid back only forty-one cents. The 41 percent average conceals the fact that many companies developed far lower ratios. Twenty-eight percent of the companies reporting paid out less than 25 percent, and six companies reported loss ratios below 10 percent. (By contrast, Blue Cross plans can achieve 95 percent loss ratios.)

Of course, the longer you keep your policy, the better chance you have of making it pay, since cancer is, above all, a disease of aging. The loss ratio for policies held for fifteen years or longer hits 90 percent. But the companies know they will avoid that kind of payout, because less than a third of the people buying policies actually hold them for fifteen years. Most policies are dropped much sooner—25 percent lapse in the first year; 50 percent lapse within five years. American Family reported in 1979 that 52 percent of all policies were less than two years old. Among young people—people who buy policies when they first enter the work force—about 40 percent let their policies lapse in the first year and 68 percent drop their policies within five years. When the cancer scare sells policies to people of that age group, it is pure gravy to the companies.

Q. What kind of gravy and how much to whom?

A. Because many consumers understandably see no need for the product or are actively suspicious, elaborate sales materials and an aggressive agent force is required. High-pressure salesmen demand top dollars. Typically, agents receive 50 percent of the premium on every new cancer policy they sell and 10 percent of every renewal premium. (Indeed, depending on the company and the policy, agents can receive as much as 75 percent of the first-year premium.) Obviously, their big profits come from scaring you into that first sign-up; they aren't very hopeful that you will renew.

Q. What about the companies? Are they making a good profit off cancer, too?

A. You bet. Although it is impossible to arrive at an estimate of profitability for the entire cancer insurance industry, you can get a pretty good idea by observing the lucrative experience of the biggest cancer insurer, American Family. A study of that company by Equity Research Associates, a stock market advisory service, states: "When the business history of the 1970s is written, American Family Corporation will in all likelihood be ranked among the top half-dozen or so growth stocks of the decade."

Over the period 1970–1977 (the latest data available), American Family's operating earnings per share increased from 38 cents to $2.26, for an annual growth rate of 29 percent. American Family has outperformed every other insurance company over the last five years and ranks near the top among the nation's successful companies. Ranked against the entire field of 1035 major companies over the last five years, American Family placed 34th in profitability, 166th in growth, and 131st in stock market performance.

The national cancer phobia coupled with the low payout ratio has made the disease the foundation for a highly profitable industry.

Consequently, there are some people in this country who might very easily have a kind word to say about cancer. For most of us it is a curse. But for the bureaucracy of the American Cancer Society, for the medical-research bureaucracy that has spent $9 billion over the last decade in the fruitless search for a cure, and for many insurance companies, the fear of cancer keeps the money coming in.

"Ho, ho, ho . . . fill 'er up!"

BEHIND BUT NOT LAST

Rear View

BY NICK TOSCHES

Stan Malinowski

Brooke Shields reclines before the eye of Richard Avedon, murmuring, lost in the soothing shallows of her self, fondling the machine-stitching of the thigh-seams that contain and define that self. At long last she deigns to speak, that countless Q-Tipped ears might hear those most strange and mysterious words of these most strange and mysterious times:

"If my Calvins could talk, I'd be ruined."

From the waters of Babylon to the waters of Perrier, from the banks of the Nile to the banks of Chase Manhattan, the butt, the divine derriere, which by its very anatomical structure commands notice and attention, has played an outstanding if not prominent part in mythology, literature, and, not least of all, fashion through the ages. The fig leaf, the toga, the laced britches, the hoops and farthingales, the corsets, the bustles, the girdles—all these have disappeared. The modern-day temptation of the tush, the ubiquitous blue-hued garment-of-many-labels, the pride of the posterior, is none other than the designer jean.

The world first began wearing jean trousers in the sixteenth century. *Jene* was Middle English for "Genoa," the Italian city that manufactured the twilled cotton cloth from which such britches were made. By the start of the nineteenth century, people were calling these trousers *jeans*; and in the 1850s we come across the term *blue-jeans*.

The first "designer" to patent his jeans was a Bavarian immigrant named Levi Strauss, who made his fortune from the prospectors of the California gold rush in the 1850s. His San

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Stan Malinowski

Culver Pictures

The Bettmann Archive, Inc.

Francisco–based company started manufacturing pants from tent canvas, then switched to denim, and in the 1860s added the copper rivets by which the jeans became so well-known. (The word *denim*, like the cloth itself, had been in use since the seventeenth century, when it came into being as a corruption of the phrase *serge de Nîmes*—Nîmes being the manufacturing town in southern France where much of the fabric was made. Strauss decided to dye his denim blue, since indigo, unlike most other dyes of his day, was known for its unvarying quality.)

Let us return first, however, to our ancestors, who revered and worshiped the behind, who covered (and uncovered) it in its splendor, and who, in their wisdom, prepared the posterior for the marvels of twentieth-century technology, and to the famed words of the oracle Pygos:

"You've got the look I want to know better. . ."

GLUTEAL GLOSSARY

The word *arse* (an old Teutonic word, descended from the Greek *orrhos*, meaning rump) had become part of the Anglo-Saxon language as early as the year 1000. In the thirteenth century came *buttock*, of obscure origin but apparently related to the older *butt*. In the next century came *bum*, and within another hundred years the word *rump*. The English tongue was well on its way to possessing the most expansive gluteal glossary in the history of Western civilization. (By 1811, the year in which antiquarian and lexicographer Francis Grose published his *Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue*, this glossary had come to include such singular entries as *arsey-varsey, bum-bailiff, bum-fodder, buttock-broker, buttocking-shop,* and *hopper-arsed*.) Describing the fair daughter of the miller in "The Reeve's Tale," Chaucer tells us that she had "buttokkes brode, and brestes round and hye."

A DIVINITY THAT SHAPES OUR ENDS. . .

Shakespeare himself was a great one for asses. Remember Romeo and Mercutio, scampering through the streets of Verona, bums aquiver, clad in colored and striped panty hose and tight-fitting short jackets? These jackets were called cotehardies or pourpoints, and reached only to the upper thigh, if at all. Their main purpose was to show off the butt. Scandalized Italian magistrates denounced the "horrible disordinate scantiness of clothing that through its shortness does not cover the shameful members of man. . . . When the wearer stoops over he reveals his breeks and what is inside."

Of all Shakespeare's allusions to the nether cheeks, of which there are many, the most intriguing is to be found in *All's Well That Ends Well:*

COUNTESS: Marry, that's a bountiful answer that fits all questions.
CLOWN: It is like a Barber's chaire that fits all buttockes—the pin-buttocke, the quatch-buttocke, the brawn-buttocke, or any buttocke.

What our exalted poet meant by the pin-buttocke and the brawn-buttocke is fairly plain. The quatch-buttocke, however, remains one of the great mysteries of Shakespearean scholarship. No other known reference to the elusive quatch exists, nor any clue to its meaning, before, in, or since the year 1601.

RENAISSANCE, OR PAINTED CHEEKS

Back in Rome the rump had made a brief comeback of sorts during the return to pagan culture that was the Italian Renaissance.

Raphael, who had turned often to the Greek myths for inspiration, did so again in 1500 when he painted *The Three Graces*. Two of Raphael's Graces face forward. The Grace in the middle has her back to us, and her plump, naked butt is the central image of the painting.

Raphael's *Three Graces* inspired Correggio's painting of the same title for the Camera di San Paolo in Parma, in 1518. The hinder cheeks at the center of Correggio's work are less serene, more voluptuous than Raphael's. His Graces are not so much goddesses as they are the living end.

Soon all of Italy was abloom with the majestic and rosy rumps of the High Renaissance, culminating, curple-wise, with the work of Michelangelo and Raphael for the Sistine Chapel. Not to mention the splendidly looming larger-than-life firm marble *David* of Michelangelo. Venus Callipygos quivered anew.

THE BUTT B.B.S.*

A Glastonbury monk, writing in the time of Chaucer, informed posterity of young ladies he had seen wearing "such strete clothes that they had long foxtails sewede within their garments to hold them forthe for to hede ther arses, the whiche disguising and pride afterwards brought forthe and causedde many mischiefs and mishappes that hapned in the [realm] of Englond."

The farthingale, a fun fashion item, came into vogue at the beginning of the sixteenth century. A petticoat supported by a framework of hoops resembling a wheel and attached round the waist, it allowed the skirt to flare out at a 90-degree angle to the body and was a perfect dis-

*Before Brooke Shields

The Bettmann Archive, Inc.

Antonin Kratochvil

play for the fashionably ornate, beribboned, bejeweled fabrics of that era. Elizabeth I of England was particularly fond of cone-shaped farthingales. A certain Mr. Heywood, unencumbered by hooped assets, made this fashion the butt of his Epigram, 1590: "Alas, poor verdingale must lie in the streete,/To house them no doore in the citee made meete. . . ."

The teeming masses had to content themselves with a "bum-roll," referred to in the French as the *cul-de-Paris*, a hot-dog-shaped series of overstuffed pads, which, when tied round the waist, caused the skirts to flare out in a similar fashion. No "bum," however, was visible.

By the end of the seventeenth century, the bum-roll had evolved into hoops, actually baskets tied at each side of the waist. Skirts were pulled back to reveal the petticoats underneath, and yards of fabric cascaded in flounce after flounce at the back. Still no bum, however, and not much bod either.

The French Revolution brought not only freedom to the poor but also freedom from the excesses of fashion and the vulgarities of the aristocracy. Class distinctions were abolished, and the rich materials of the wealthy—the velvets, silks, satins, and brocade disappeared with them. The French, looking back to the famed First Republic of Rome, were more impressed by clothing than by the ancient laws of the Senate. Dresses, modeled from togas, became simple, flowing, and less constrictive. Empire women were fond of dousing themselves with water prior to an evening out. The sheer gauzy cottons clung to their every frontal and dorsal curve, the only hindrance to this figure-flattering style being, unfortunately, drafty, poorly heated drawing rooms that often left milady with a Napoleonic case of double pneumonia.

MAGIC FINGERS

Lest we forget, 'neath it all, up till the end of the seventies and the advent of Lycra/Spandex, the posterior had, whether clad in pants or skirt, been "shaped" by Mommy's hidden wonder, which had been transformed through the ages from the bustle to the Frederick's of Hollywood Fanny-Pad. . . .

At the end of the nineteenth century came corsets that reshaped the ass directly. By the 1920s these new, elasticized corsets had come to be called girdles. Within another 30 years they had come to possess strange, mystical properties. In one advertisement alone (*McCall's*, June 1954), the Playtex company, under the headline "More than a Girdle . . . Better than a Corset!" called on the following words to describe the hermetic wonder of its latest product: "New! . . . magical . . . Magic-Controller . . . a *breathing* second skin . . . Amazing . . . hidden 'finger' panels . . . like magic . . . hidden power . . . like a miracle!" An advertisement for the same Playtex product appears in the same publication in June of the following year, this time with a few added wonderments: "Now! MAGIC FINGERS," ring the trumpets of the Lord. Even the color of the device—Wonder White—has taken on a certain otherworldliness. The Religion of the Rump, more powerful by far than the Christianity that had crushed it almost 2,000 years before, was back, American-style.

WHO'S WEARING THE PANTS

The final emancipation of the ass from the tight bindings that had swathed it since the Middle Ages was the advent of World War I, when women, recruited for the home front, were forced by practicality to shed their tight underskirts and shorten their hems for the Red Cross and army uniforms. During the Roaring Twenties dresses hung in straight lines to the knee, comfortable, perhaps, and making it easy to dance the Charleston and Shimmy, but flattering neither the bust nor the behind. Bees' Knees replaced the bustle. In the next decade, trousers—made fashionable by such movie stars as Katharine Hepburn, sultry Marlene Dietrich in a tux, and madcap Carole Lombard and by such public figures as aviatrix Amelia Earhart and French designer Coco Chanel—became a symbol of glamour and daring.

Again forced by circumstances, female factory workers during World War II put on the overalls and cut their hair. The most famous behind of the war, that of Betty

Grable peering happily o'er her shoulder, graced countless barracks and bombers. Pants, more comfortable than tight dresses, then became a standby for the backyard or picnics, though they were shunned "in public" by most women and by many schools, restaurants, and nightclubs throughout the country.

It became fashionable in the 1950s, about the time that girdles were acquiring their secret ungodly powers, for girls to wear jeans. At first those pants were called dungarees. They were baggy, unflattering, and usually rolled up at the ankle to best show off milady's variety of ankle socks and saddle shoes. As Elizabeth Ewing noted in her book *Dress and Undress: A History of Women's Underwear*, "the female way to wear trousers had been with a neat girdle underneath. Even if this was not worn, the trousers were never tight round the derriere, because it was vulgar to show that part of the anatomy. Now, however, jeans became . . . a second skin. The shape of the behind was not only shown; it was emphasized. Only the briefest of briefs or the sleekest of tights could be worn underneath, and sometimes not even these. If [fashion historian] James Laver's theory of the erogenic zone were to be applied to it, it was bottoms up for the first time in costume history—natural bottoms, that is, not the artificially created bustles of the 1870s and 1880s."

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Klaus Lucka

One hundred years later, of course, pants on women are ubiquitous. Remember capris, bermudas, jodhpurs, pedal pushers, and patio pants? These are now culottes and short-shorts. Baggy factory uniforms became tight-fitting jumpsuit chic.

And let us not forget the shortest of skirts in all its permutations: mini, micromini, and hot pants; bum-watcher's delight, leg-man's love, bait of the teenybopper. Indeed, 1963 was the Year of the Leg in England; the Dress of the Year in 1965 (designed by John Bates) was in reality the "Smallest Dress in the World," barely covering the objects of our affections, with armholes receding into the shoulder and about enough material to cover a Barbie doll. "It's not what you call a figure, is it," Twiggy, the model of the decade, explained. Minis looked best on skinny bods, and the curvaceous figure of yore disappeared as skirt hems crept up to the hip. The tush beckoned, but there wasn't much to pinch. Minis weren't exactly comfortable either; they caused frozen asses in winter, sticky asses in summer, and drafty asses when milady bent over to take a slurp from the drinking fountain.

Shorter skirts, however, led to freedom from garters, girdles, and groans as panty hose hit the market. Women were thus enabled to shed the mold-that-shaped-them and have a smooth, unencumbered line from cheek to cheek, bosom to bottom. It seemed that the centuries-long artificial shaping of bodies had nearly come to an end. And not only is panty hose comfortable and convenient; it is as effective for birth control as the chastity belt was. Body-hugging leotards run a close second as they move from dance class to the beach to the subway. (It is interesting to note that, since garters and corsets are no longer "functional," they have reentered the market as "fun and luxury" lingerie to titillate the lucky observer, just as the well-turned ankles of the eighteenth century did.

Thus does fashion pulse subtly along, from tush to toe, on and off, for nearly a quarter of a century. Though skirt hems went up and down like Groucho's eyebrows, jeans were everywhere and seemed to be the symbol of the sixties generation, the unifying factor of the flower children, the one visible factor of hippiedom. And why? you may wonder. Because they were *cheap!*

Though they are breathtakingly revealing and sexy, however, milady clad in

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Culver Pictures

John Copeland

Otto Weisser

tights, leotard, and jeans makes a simple seduction well nigh impossible—but that's a different story. . .

SEX AND THE SINGLE BUTT

The truth of the matter is that for the first time in the history of these United States (indeed, perhaps in the history of the entire made-for-TV world), the buttocks—"the larger hemispheres of the female body," as Sig Freud put it in a rare moment of wry wisdom—are eclipsing the breasts as the great American symbol of sexuality, be they real or feigned.

It is not clear what happened to breasts. They were here just a moment or so ago; then—pffft. It is clear that America has fallen in love with its own ass and that, at least in this case, love is strange.

Why did America take her ass, that least used of all her thrill zones and orifices, and render it even more inaccessible by confining it (along, it will be noted, with that other most-used item) in designer jeans, surely the closest that any culture has ever come to a practicable chastity belt? ("There's nothing that comes between me and my Calvins," and that means you, turkey.)

It is an indisputable fact of life that designer jeans are the most difficult garment to remove from milady since the Lycra long-line girdle of yore. Rarely has any man been able to extract the object of his affection from these jeans without becoming bored to the point of distraction. If he is lucky and his prey has not yet wholly been made over into a jeans zombie, he will hear from milady's lips the now familiar whispered, lilting "Wait a minute . . ."

I am sure that Dear Abby would agree with me when I say that the current designer-jeans situation represents the most drastic turn toward asexuality since the advent of Tiny Tim. When, in the Alessio jeans commercial, both male and female heads turn to admire the passing male blue-butts bearing the advertiser's signature, the feeling is not so much one of bisexuality but rather one of jeansexuality—a sort of flaccid fetishism for those of us who don't want to mussy-up our privates. After all, a body is just a place to keep your brain warm.

The names are many: Alèssio, Bon Jour, Pierre Cardin, Calvin Klein, Fiorucci, Gloria Vanderbilt, Jesse, Jordache, Ralph Lauren, Lee, Levi, Lois, Murjani, Sasson, Sergio Valente, Stiletto, Zena. (And these were collected in but a single afternoon of TV-watching.)

The *New York Times* quoted a staff member of the antipornography organization Morality in Media as saying that "We've been getting an awful lot of letters from all over the country. A lot of people think Brooke Shields is being exploited." The *Times* itself refused to run a Jordache ad that showed a grinning barebacked lady riding the back of a shirtless man. Jordache reshot the ad so that the lady wasn't smiling, and the *Times* then ac-

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EJECT
PROGRAMMING
RECORD 5002
MEMORY
RECORD
STANDBY
STOP
RETURN

The latest innovations in stereo and speaker equipment may surprise you: smaller, matched components that produce a bigger and better sound.

WELL-STACKED ROOMMATES

BY NEAL WEINSTOCK/PHOTOGRAPHS BY TED KAUFMAN

No doubt about it: in audio, size has always won the prize. The better stereo needed bigger knobs, bigger lights, and a bigger box to hold it all. Until recently.

The newest systems offer easier total operation, better imaging from preamplifiers, more watts per dollar from power amplifiers, more isolated turntables, and speakers with greater reality and room-fitting style. In short, a more dramatic approach to stereo sound. Just look at the Bang & Olufsen Beosystem 8000, pictured at left. It's representative of a new style, not only because of its beauty but also because it

(Left) The Bang & Olufsen Beosystem 8000 is both beautiful and functional. It includes the Beomaster 8000 receiver, with microcomputer; the Beocord 8000 cassette recorder, with metal tape capability; and the Beogram 8000 turntable, with magnetic drive. The system shown here: $4,600.

works, conceptually and physically. Most important, it is smaller and more compact.

Until recently, the biggest problem faced by everyone who invested in a stereo system was where to put it. The solution, adapted from the recording industry, is a rack. By adding a wood veneer and some smoked glass, a stack of industrial hardware becomes an attractive and useful piece of furniture.

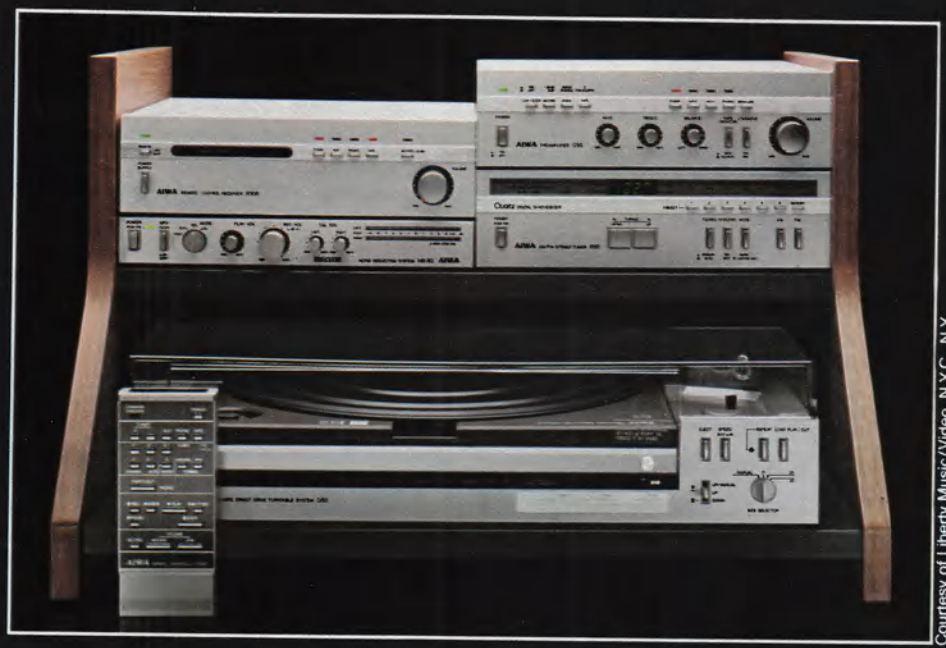
Micro-components have been with us for a few years, but improvements continue to be made. Not content with simply being smaller, micros now have ushered in a new concept in audio: the complete matched system. A particular system may be only more or less micro, but they are *all* a lot smaller than they used to be and are all preconnected. Matched systems have eliminated the compliance problems that might crop up between a cartridge and a turntable or a cartridge and an amplifier, should you choose to place your equipment in a rack or simply stack it on a shelf. Most matched systems include a separate tuner, preamp, and amplifier (rather than combining these functions into a simple receiver) along with a turntable. Separate components are actually a better buy than a receiver, because if and when you outgrow one or have one fail on you, the entire system doesn't have to be replaced.

Speakers are a stereo system's most critical component. They usually come in pairs, and if they are placed incorrectly, you will never get the full value out of your expensive sound system. This can be a major probiem if the room is short on space, but fortunately there is a solution. Three-speaker systems are the latest development this year: satellite systems composed of a woofer and two minispeakers.

Low-frequency sound waves (low notes) don't have much directionality, but they do reverberate. In other words, a low woofer can be placed anywhere except against a wall. So why not take the woofer out of the two big cabinets and put it into something the size of a coffee table, as Altec has done, or a nightstand, which Bozak has done with its subwoofer? What's left are tweeters and mid-ranges, which don't need big boxes, anyway.

Mini-speakers—the tweeter/mid-range combo—can be found in little pyramids like the Fried C, in black metal like the classic and oft imitated

(Top) The most important component in a rack system is the turntable. From Thorens the TD 126 MK111 semiprofessional transcription turntable, with an exclusive servo-controlled electronic belt drive system design ($800). Luxman's sleek automatic direct-drive PD-375 is a vacuum disc stabilizer turntable that eliminates warp effects and increases isolation ($600). (Right) With JVC's PC 5JW you can have the best of both worlds. This mini-component system can be carried as a portable radio cassette recorder or separated to stack neatly on a shelf. It comes complete with detachable handle, cassette deck, integrated amplifier, four-band stereo tuner, and two full-range speakers. Among its many features are metal tape capability, optional remote control, Music-Scan, ANRS/Dolby B noise reduction, and playback with microphone mixing ability ($649.95). Tape shown here is by TDK.



Courtesy of Liberty Music/Video, N.Y.C., N.Y.

(Left) The AIWA M-501 mini-component system, with R300 remote-control receiver, HR-50 High-Com noise reduction unit, C50 preamplifier, R50 tuner, and the AP-D50 direct-drive turntable ($1,275). RK-S50 wood rack ($50). (Below) The latest in speakers: the DA-30 three-piece loudspeaker system from Design Acoustics, an Audio-Technica company, comes with two mini-speakers and a bass extender ($595). From the SAE X-Series: the slim X-1P preamplifier ($1,200) and the X-10A hypersonic class-A power amplifier ($900). The Technics Studio Collection includes: ST-S8 quartz synthesizer FM/AM tuner; the SU-A8 preamplifier made to complement the SE-A7 power amplifier. System can be expanded to include the RS-M280 tape deck and the SL-QL1 linear tracking turntable ($2,620). SH-700 rack ($440). (All prices shown here and in the information box that follows are suggested retail.)

Brauns, or in more standard wooden boxes. There is no inherent limitation to the frequency response or imaging that can come out of a small box. The Fried C, for example, goes way up beyond the range of human hearing. Most subwoofers go way below hearing range.

Music is composed of multiples of overtones, not just one pure tone. The most distant overtones may go one way or another beyond the range of hearing. They influence the composite sound. Cutting off the high or low frequencies at the generally accepted ends of human hearing—20 cycles per second and 15,000 cycles per second—can be compared to throwing a pebble in a pond and then snapping a picture of its ripple patterns before they go to the end of the pond and bounce back. That's fine if you want a photograph of a simple ripple, but not if you want to experience the whole complex pattern. This is what a subwoofer and superhigh frequency tweeter do.

What's interesting about these new systems is their adaptability. Do you remember Quadraphonic sound? There were too many incompatible systems marketed, and that led to confusion. However, there was certainly nothing wrong with increasing the space image of record sound, as Quad systems did. Now the same thing can be done without compatibility problems and without extra speakers.

Stereophonic sources were invented in the first place to give reproduced dimensionality, and compartmentalizing the speaker into small, camouflaged minis and woofers serves psychologically to add to the reality of the sound image. The logical next step is to add an image enhancer, or "sound holograph," as it's sometimes called. Circuitry designed to make your speakers throw their voices like ventriloquists have been built into preamplifiers by several companies, and the added realism is uncanny. From such manufacturers as Carver and Audionics came the first great spatial expanders. Now we also have them from Yamaha and Pioneer. These expanding components can be had as part of the complete rack.

This year's major refinement in turntable design is vacuum stabilization. Available most reasonably in the Luxman PD-375, vacuum stabilization could be described as the mating of a record player with a vacuum cleaner. The record is sucked down onto the platter to eliminate warp effects and

increase isolation.

The tuner has also been improved, this time by Bob Carver. Carver's Washington State–based company has come out with a seemingly simple little circuit in its first tuner, one that reduces multiplex (radio ghosting) to nil. By the end of this year, expect everybody else to be using the circuit—the sincerest form of flattery.

Most important, today's systems will probably never become outdated. Since 1976 everything inside the chrome or black component boxes has been and continues to be reduced to plug-in integrated circuitry. Thus high fidelity continues to become smaller, better, and less expensive. Can you think of another industry that can make the same boast?

All this can be part of the rack system you've heard so much about. If you are a minimalist, you'll appreciate where we're headed—all sound, very little physical substance. And if you're not, the neighboring audio emporium will not slight you at all. There are still plenty of spectacular space guzzlers around, at reductions, of course.

If you are interested in the rack and speaker systems discussed in our article, here is a guide to the latest products available:

AIWA America	Slimline component system: tuner, amplifier, cassette deck, turntable	$1,225
AKAI America, Ltd.	Component systems (UC-2, UC-3, UC-4, UC-5)	$680–$2,335
Altec Corporation	Subwoofer (ADC-260)	$360
Analog and Digital Systems, Inc.	Three-piece speaker system: PB-1500 subwoofer and two 400 satellite speakers	$1,650
Audionics of Oregon	Decoder (DE-1)	$124.95
Audio Pro	Three-way loudspeaker system (A414)	$1,750
Bose Corporation	Speaker system (601 series II)	$445 each
BSR (U.S.A.), Ltd.	Component system (MCR-200): receiver, cassette deck, two-way acoustic suspension speakers	$530
Carver Corporation	Preamplifier (C-1) Amplifier (M400) Tuner (TX11)	$550 $399 $500–$600
Fried Products Company	Speaker system (Model C)	$500 each asmbld. $450/pr. unasmbld.
Harman Kardon	Component system (700 Series)	$1,789
Heath Company	Subwoofer (AS-1320)	$299.95
Jensen Sound Laboratories	System 200 shelf speakers: eight-inch two-way speakers with dome tweeters	$130 each
Kenwood Electronics	KRX-7 component system: cassette deck, receiver, amplifier, turntable, two bookshelf-size speakers	$1,625
Mitsubishi Audio Systems	Microcomponents: preamplifier, power amplifier, tuner, cassette deck	$1,220
Ohm Acoustics	Subwoofer (N-2)	$385
Onkyo U.S.A. Corporation	Rack system (SR-9000): tuner, turntable, amplifier, two three-way speakers	$1,195.95
Trans-Audio Corporation, Ltd.	Oracle turntable	$1,095
Panasonic Company	SoundScapes (rack components): turntable, cassette deck, tuner, amplifier, graphic equalizer, three-way speaker system	$1,500
Phase Linear Corporation	Decoder Dimensional Sonic Localizer (180DSL)	$100 $149.95
U.S. Pioneer Electronics, Inc.	Shelf component system (X-50): amplifier, tuner, two-headed cassette deck, two-way speakers with seven-inch acoustic-suspension woofers. Reverberating amplifier (SR-303)	$1,200 $195
Polk Audio, Inc.	Subwoofer (LF-14)	$270
Quad Electroacoustics, Ltd.	Speakers (ESL-63)	$3,310
Sansui Electronics Corporation	Slide pot equalizer (SE-9)	$700
Sanyo Electric, Inc.	System 2003D: amplifier, tuner, turntable, cassette deck with Dolby, three-way speaker system with twelve-inch woofers, cabinet with glass doors, and record storage compartment	$799.95
H. H. Scott	Slimcom system (450SL): amplifier, tuner, cassette deck, turntable, speaker, rack	$1,735
Sharp Electronics Corporation	VZ-3000 single-unit system: vertical turntable, tuner, cassette deck with Dolby, two-way bass reflex speaker systems, amplifier	$749.95

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INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

your information?" I said, "From my informant. He told me the junk is going to be at this location." He said, "Well, why did you need a wiretap for this house if your informant was that close to it?" Then he just looked at me and smiled. I got the search warrant. He didn't ask to see my informant. He didn't care; the informant was, of course, from the illegal wiretap.

Penthouse: What was your first assignment on the police force?

Leuci: I was sent to a very quiet precinct in Queens. It was a beach precinct in North Rockaway; I'll never forget it. They hadn't sent a rookie out there in about ten years. It had become a flopping ground for all sorts of cops all over the city—drunks, guys who had gotten into trouble in plainclothes work. There was no crime. I'll never forget my first night on patrol. It was the late shift. I'd slept all day and then gotten up, all spry and ready to go to work, my uniform all shiny and my brass polished. My partner was an old-timer; we went out to tour in the police car since there were no foot patrols out there. I was so excited—I was in my *own* police car. So anyway, before we set out, this old-timer drags something out of his station wagon and puts it in the backseat of the police car. It's an inflatable mattress. So we drive around and talk and look for broken storefront windows and so on. We're driving for an hour with *nothing* happening. I was dying. The radio sounded like a cemetery. I thought there *had* to be some crime, *somewhere*. Nope.

So about 2:00 A.M. we drive into a bird sanctuary and my partner announces, "We'll take a rest, drink our coffee." He takes off his coat, blows up this mattress, and the next thing I know, he's snoring away in the backseat. I couldn't believe it. "Don't worry," he said. "We'll just take an hour." Well, I sat bolt upright for three hours. Then the next thing I know, an arm is reaching over me from the backseat to pick up the radio which was signaling us. My partner talks into the radio, signs off. What had happened was, I had fallen asleep sitting there. And this guy, in a sound, snoring sleep, had heard the call and reached up and answered it. "You have to pay attention to that," he said. I couldn't believe it.

Penthouse: How long did this kind of activity last?

Leuci: Not too long. Pretty soon another young guy came along who really wanted to be active, and we went out together and made an awful lot of arrests. It turned out that there were a lot of burglaries going on in the area. No one had ever looked for them. But what we really wanted was to transfer to the Tactical Police Force—TPF—and the transfer finally came through after about nine months.

Penthouse: What was the TPF?

Leuci: It was a very special unit in the police department—very new. It was like the Marine Corps of the Police Department. You worked all over the city, wherever you liked. I became a leader. I always made the most arrests. I was very good at undercover, decoy work. It was mainly luck. I'd be out on the street for about ten minutes before someone would hit me up to buy drugs. I'd find the connection right away; it was very easy.

I had always found it easy to play roles. When I was in high school, I was a very good actor. I picked up mannerisms real easily; I could look just like I was out trying to buy drugs.

I stayed in Narcotics for three years, and by my third year, I was very, very good. I was making 100 felony arrests a year. I had great informers, great sources, and I was working on bigger and bigger deals. And then one day the boss of SIU comes down and told my boss he was taking me upstairs. It was like God coming down and anointing me; SIU was so special.

Penthouse: Why were SIU members called "Princes of the City"?

Leuci: We were always known as a very special unit. The SIU was made up of the best guys from all the precincts. Also, we made good money; we dressed well; we behaved in a special kind of way. It was a cockiness, an arrogance, a self-assuredness, a kind of take-charge attitude that followed us wherever we went. If we went to court, we didn't wait on line; if we had a grand jury appearance, we were the first to be called. Lawyers wanted to talk to us because they knew that when we came into court, the guy we brought in had a lot of money. He wasn't some poor junkie whose nose was running. He was a guy with a Swiss bank account. So we would go into court and the bail bondsmen would come over, the lawyers, defense attorneys, assistant DAs who would soon be DAs telling us, "Don't forget me when I leave; send me some cases." They would give us their cards. Judges would ask us to join them at lunch. It was extremely heady, especially for a young guy.

And we were making major, major arrests. The Mafia, the South Americans, the Cubans, moving huge amounts of drugs. Guys walking down the street with twenty-five kilos of heroin on them.

Penthouse: You had no restraint?

Leuci: No restraint. It would have been very difficult for an officer who wanted to go by the letter of the law to crack into a particular group of drug dealers. I mean, this would have been real tough, to follow the law. You'd have to get a legal wiretap, using a lot of public funds. You'd have to do a lot of moving around. The dealers wouldn't necessarily be known; they'd be from another country. They wouldn't necessarily have a criminal record. It would be very difficult to investigate guys like that legally. But, on the other hand, you could

go in and bug their hotel room, burglarize their car, steal their keys, do all sorts of things—then you could uncover drugs very easily. You don't worry about whether or not you are stretching or breaking the law. If you think the law is ridiculous—if you think that it's "us" against this criminal and that police are getting paid to protect "us" from "him"—then what should be done? Do you want me to catch the criminal? That's the question. *How* I catch him is my business. That's not the way I feel today, but it's the way I felt back then.

Penthouse: You're almost describing a gestapo police force.

Leuci: There are plenty of people in this country who would support a police force that just went out and did its job. Using whatever techniques are justifiable. It depends upon your perspective. If you are looking at it from the perspective of a law-abiding nation whose Constitution is very important, then of course it is very distasteful.

But if you are looking at it through the eyes of a parent who has lost his fourteen-year-old son to a heroin overdose . . . I've seen drugs wipe out entire families. Cases where the mother, the father, all the kids, were involved with drugs. So, from some people's perspective, whatever you have to do to stop this drug plague is okay. They say, "Why the hell do we worry about the Constitution? I want to see my kids grow up to be sixteen!"

I'll tell you, I've been traveling around the country a great deal during the last year, and in just talking to the average guy, I find he just doesn't care about the law anymore. He doesn't give a damn about how the law is enforced; he just wants the law *enforced.* And that is really what is going on. We've allowed the Supreme Court and all sorts of media people to restrain our law-enforcement agencies to the point where now, every city in this country is Dodge City. We've gone to that extreme. To an incredible extreme.

Penthouse: How serious is the narcotics problem in this country now?

Leuci: Narcotics is a problem that comes in waves. There are periods when it's not a major problem, and then it becomes a super-major problem. The sixties were terrible—drugs killed more young people than the Vietnam War did. Many more. And it wasn't so long ago that we discovered that 80 or 85 percent of our armed forces in Europe were regularly using marijuana, cocaine, heroin. And right now the drug problem is enormous and getting bigger.

In this country we are always differentiating between what we call "recreational" drugs and "debilitating" drugs. We're comfortable talking about cocaine and marijuana, on the one hand, and opiates, on the other. The fact is, there's a mind-set to the use of drugs. We have to ask ourselves: is this what we want for our country? What kind of people do we want in this country? What do we want for our children? Do we, in fact, want this present permissive society where drugs can be obtained? The drug problem gets terrible when the availability is the greatest—and it is very great right now.

Penthouse: So how do we fight the problem?

Leuci: I'll tell you, I think we have to combine the forces of every facet of the government to combat drugs. We have to bring in the Coast Guard, the DEA, the FBI, the IRS, Customs, the military, social agencies. We are under siege. Since the military is a branch of government that protects the American people from outside aggressors, they should be protecting Americans from an outside aggressor which is a white powder. Listen, poppies don't grow in New York City. Once we decide that we really want to do something about the drug problem, we can do all sorts of things.

Penthouse: Like what?

Leuci: Well, you can attack the dealer. You can take him out and shoot him, like they do in some countries, but he'll always be replaced. The dealer will *always* be around, because the money is so good. The people who have to be attacked are the drug users. No one likes to hear that; they think, "Oh, the poor, sick drug adict." But without the addict there's no market! There's just got to be strict enforcement of the laws against possession and use of drugs. It's difficult, but it can be done. Addicts have got to be taken off the street and forced to be rehabilitated. People say that you can't rehabilitate someone who doesn't want to be rehabilitated. But we *know* we can cure them. You *can* physically cure someone of an addiction. It just takes every agency, every group, on a local, state, federal, and international policy-making level.

Penthouse: How do you feel about prostitution?

Leuci: Basically, prostitution is a victimless crime. Prostitution is a matter of public morals, and I feel strongly that the police should not be involved in enforcing public moral laws—mainly because there *are* no public morals! Sometimes we have prostitution laws in New York; sometimes we don't. Some mayor decides he's going to come down hard on prostitution; so he goes after the johns, not the people who are really making the money in the business—the pimps, the organized-crime people. But then, at other times, we just look the other way. But police shouldn't be involved with prostitution; it's terribly demeaning, and it forces them to live in a world they don't belong in.

Penthouse: What is the answer then?

Leuci: I think we should legalize it, tax it. This country should grow up. We're the only country in the Western world that can't deal with its prostitutes.

Penthouse: What do you think of entrapment as an investigation technique—of ABSCAM, for example?

Leuci: I think the government's idea of set-

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ting up these false situations to focus in on a particular element of society—of government, in the case of ABSCAM—is the only possible way to maintain any kind of integrity and control. I know it's distasteful. Everyone looks at it and says, "God, that could happen to me! I wouldn't want anybody walking into a room and opening up a briefcase with fifty thousand dollars in it!" Well, they don't come walking into your room and open a briefcase with $50,000 in it unless you are the kind of person who allows them to think that you are open to that sort of proposition. What is the backbone of entrapment? It's someone who is predisposed to commit a crime! Predisposition is the point.

Penthouse: What about the government's using criminals as informers?

Leuci: You don't find out about drug trafficking from a tailor, and you don't find out about congressmen from a guy running a candy store. You have to find out about these people from the people who do business with them. And those kinds of guys will be your informers. They have to be tightly controlled by the supervisors for the administration—but you can't deny law enforcement the access to these people. There is no other way to find out what you need to know.

Penthouse: After all these years, what do you think of the media?

Leuci: I've always said, "The policeman never rubs off on the street; the street rubs off on the policeman." And this holds so true for media people. The thing that surprised me so much when I got to know them was how easily swayed most reporters are. Most of these guys are cop buffs. So they deal with police in the same way that policemen deal with each other. They have no objectivity. On the other hand, there were the reporters who were terrifically anti-police, anti-law enforcement. They felt a need to always portray their own vision—again, no objectivity.

Penthouse: Did you see media corruption?

Leuci: Very much. A big change has taken place over the years. The old type of reporter used to hang out on the streets with hoods and cops, but I think he was scrupulously honest. But then, after Woodward and Bernstein, a whole new set of young investigative reporters came along, who act very much like the SIU and narcotics guys did—they have *got* to *deliver.* They've got to get that Watergate. They bow to that kind of pressure, and before long they are fabricating their own stories.

Penthouse: What do you think of women cops?

Leuci: I think we have to decide what cops are and what we want from them. I think women patrol officers are not great. I don't think they're a good idea. I'll tell you, if I was on patrol in a tough precinct, I wouldn't want a female partner with me. Like I said before, policing is a contact sport. It's family fights; it's rolling around hallways; it's taking care of your partner. I'd be much more worried about my partner if it was a female than I would if it was a male. I'd be getting myself hurt worrying about her.

On the other hand, I've worked with female detectives, which is quite a different thing. There are incredible female undercover agents who are brave and terrific. I'm not saying that women patrol officers lack bravery. They just don't have the physical capacity to do the kind of work that is necessary. They can pull their gun and shoot, but no five-foot-two, 115-pound lady is going to tangle with a 200-pound gorilla who's decided to take my head off.

Penthouse: What was the relationship like, in general, between police and women?

Leuci: I'll tell you, a police job is the worst to have if you're married. Policemen have a higher divorce rate than people in any other profession. It's just an incredible opportunity to be involved with women. Police are in a special world, and a lot of women see them as someone special, who they can trust. A woman might be alone, late at night, and want a man; so she fabricates a burglary and calls the precinct. On the street, women will come up and talk to you in a way they wouldn't to any other man. And when you're in uniform, you have an excuse to hit on her. I suppose they can't put it in the police recruitment brochures, but you really end up having to beat the women off with sticks. It's a pretty incredible experience for a young man.

> I think we should legalize prostitution, tax it. This country should grow up. We're the only country in the Western world that can't deal with its prostitutes.

Penthouse: What are the actual statistics on police corruption?

Leuci: I can't give you exact statistics. But remember, all police are very much reflective of the society that they police. What is true for policemen is true for the outside world also.

I would say that 5 percent of all police will always be totally dishonest. They would have been criminals if they hadn't become policemen. There's another 5 percent that will always be totally honest. These tend to be the very bright, well-educated men; they understand all the ramifications of being dishonest. So that leaves 90 percent of the police department. And these people, you must understand, are tremendously susceptible to peer pressure. It's a trite term, but a very complicated subject, and it must be taken into account when you're talking about police. The New York Police Department, by the time I caught up with it, had long-standing, institutionalized corruption. And the peer pressure *to be dishonest* was enormous: to be part of the group. To go along; simply to go along.

But after the Knapp Commission, after Frank Serpico's work and all the attention that's been focused on the police in the last number of years, it's changed 180 degrees. The 90 percent are now very much under pressure to be honest and to behave. There is now *positive* peer pressure.

Penthouse: The effects of the investigation were pretty disastrous for its targets. Of seventy cops in the SIU unit, fifty-two were indicted, two committed suicide, one died of alcoholism, one died of a heart attack, one went crazy . . . you've heard this list many times.

Leuci: It's tragic and inevitable. When I look back, I see how incredibly lucky I was just to have survived. I paid a very high price, though. I am very much alone; I am very much afraid much of the time. I spent three years—maybe five years—in prison, literally. I spent more time in the can than any of the guys who were convicted.

Penthouse: The time you spent on Governors Island while you were cooperating is what you refer to as being in prison?

Leuci: It *was* prison. I had one room, and I couldn't leave it. A court never convicted me of anything, but prison was imposed on me.

Penthouse: Do you consider the possibility that you could be killed now?

Leuci: There's always a possibility. The movie may have opened up some old wounds. People who have done things in their lives like I have must live this way. It comes with the territory. But I can't live my life being superconcerned about my safety. If you're going to live your life in fear, you may as well just let them come kill you.

Penthouse: Once you cross the line and sell your integrity—become corrupt—can you ever go back?

Leuci: No, I don't think so. Integrity is not something you can give and take back. Once it's gone, its gone. You will have opportunities to do something else with your life, but you'll never get your integrity back.

Penthouse: So how do you deal with that, personally?

Leuci: I don't know what to say. As time goes on, you develop a sense of what you are. There's a Willie Nelson song with the line "I know what I am." It's a great song. And I think I know exactly what I am. I look in the mirror and see what I am every day. I'm not proud of myself every day, but for the most part I know that almost everything I've done in my life has been done with no intention of hurting anyone. That's an important intention. And intent is very, very important.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

lize him and ask him whether he was going to heaven when he died, and then he offered to give him a note for $143,000, which would have covered his expenses and legal fees.

Unfortunately, the contractor decided not to take the note. If he had, we would have discovered that Menge didn't have enough money in his account to cover it, and I might have been saved a lot of subsequent trouble. As it happened, things immediately became very strange. The church's lawyer had drawn up an agreement for Menge to sign, spelling out in detail the proposed payments to the creditors and the bondholders, and it called for Menge to put down a $5,000 binder—an important provision. In addition, a letter of intent had been prepared, which required Menge's signature, but he had been avoiding us.

Menge was preparing to take a flight to Israel, and the lawyer and I met him at the airport to get his signature. There was a whole Falwell entourage there, including several pastors, and some of Falwell's lawyers, all accompanying Menge to the Holy Land. And there we were, with our document. The only person missing was Menge himself; nobody seemed to know where he was. We didn't want to miss him; the lawyer waited for him upstairs, and I was downstairs. It was almost embarkation time when Menge came out of his hiding place in the baggage room and signed the document. We assumed Menge was hiding from someone else, not from us.

If we had any suspicions, they were soon laid to rest. Pastor Vickery and I had tickets to the third game of the 1978 World Series at Yankee Stadium, and at the last minute the other members of our party backed out. Vickery immediately called Falwell to tell him we had a couple of extra tickets, and Falwell and his son came right up from Virginia in a ministry plane.

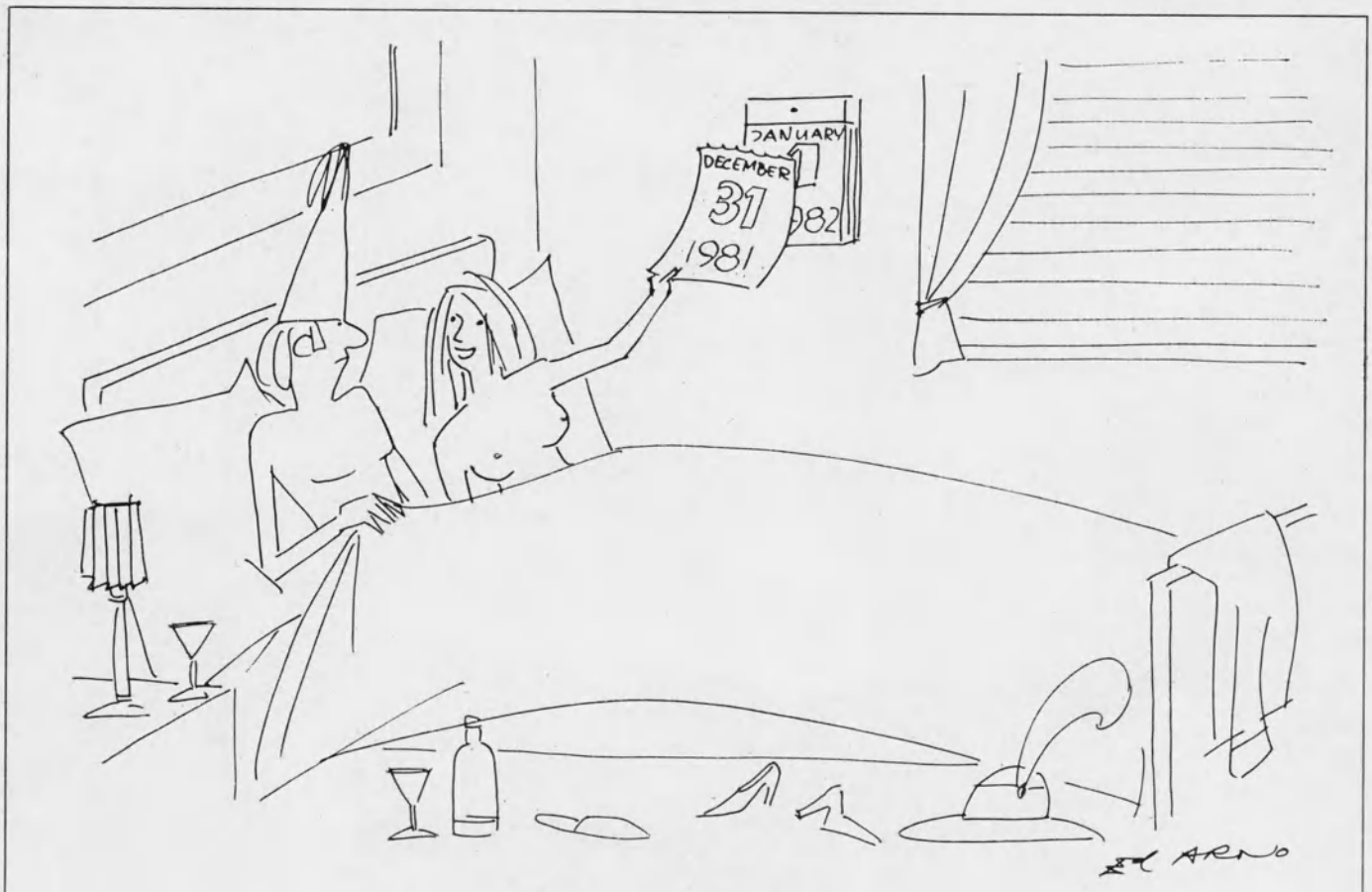
I ought to explain at this point that the pastors in the Baptist Bible Fellowship know each other very well, and the Fellowship provides many of the leaders of Falwell's Moral Majority. Vickery was a classmate of Falwell's at the seminary in Missouri, and he was the northern New Jersey head of Moral Majority; he was even thinking of running for state senator.

We knew that Falwell was familiar with the nursing-home situation—at one time, we'd asked him for money, but he'd turned us down—and he said that he thought it was great that the church had found a financial angel, that things ought to work out very well. Then Falwell said that we ought to be careful about how close we got to the money that was going into Saddle Brook, but he did not elaborate on it, and I did not know what to make of the reference.

So now we were getting Menge's signature on the letter of intent, and Duke Westover presented us with a check for the $5,000 binder. But the next day I learned that Menge and Westover had asked whether they could put a stop payment on the check, and Vickery had agreed. That didn't make any sense. Here they were, making multi-million-dollar commitments, and yet they couldn't allow a $5,000 check to go through? I immediately called Westover at his home in Georgia. He told me that my questions would annoy Menge very much, that Menge was very substantial, and that I'd better watch what I said if I wanted to keep him as an investor.

Now I was really alarmed. I got in my car and headed for Lynchburg to have a talk with Menge's banker. First, I stopped by to see George Rogers. I explained how upset I was over Menge, but Rogers continued to insist that Menge was a very dynamic individual. Then I went to Menge's bank and had a talk with its president. I told him about the nursing home and Menge's interest in it, and I said I wanted to find out whether he had the financial assets to make such a deal. The banker assured me that everything Menge touched turned to gold; he had a hundred million dollars behind him. I brought up the subject of Ambassador College in Texas. I'd learned that Menge was buying it from Herbert Armstrong's Worldwide Church of God, and that he was selling it to Lester Roloff, the evangelist, for $10.6 million.

Menge had told me that Falwell had



"Yes, you're the first—this year!"

been out to see the property, too. So I asked Menge's banker what kind of accounts Menge kept at the bank. "Good accounts," he said. I told him I wanted to know specifically what kind of balances Menge kept. The banker said they were way up there. I told him about the $5,000 check, and I said I wanted to know why Menge couldn't pay it if he had all kinds of money. The banker became visibly nervous. I asked him if he, personally, was involved in any of Menge's deals, and he admitted that he was. I kept after him about Menge's balances. Soon it came out that some of Menge's accounts were overdrawn. Furthermore, the Ambassador College people had a $10,000 check that they'd been asked to hold for the past three weeks because there wasn't enough money in Menge's account to pay them. Menge was selling a college he didn't own, and he couldn't even make the down payment.

I went back to George Rogers and told him what I'd discovered. I pointed out that the ministry had given no indication that Menge wasn't everything he said he was—quite the contrary—and that Menge was on the board of directors and that he was flying around the country in a plane covered with Liberty Baptist decals. I said he was telling everybody that he represented the Falwell ministry, and it sure looked like it. Rogers asked whether the plane still had the decals on it the last time I saw it. Then he called Menge's secretary and told her he wanted them taken off. I couldn't believe it; that was all he did. I left and went into the sanctuary of Falwell's church, and I said to God, "What's happening? What's going on here? Who are these people?"

It seemed clear that some kind of scam was going on with the Ambassador College deal. I called Lester Roloff the next day, told him who I was, and asked whether he was buying the college from the same Bill Menge who'd come to Saddle Brook. He confirmed it. He said that it was a beautiful piece of property, with its own jetport, a hundred homes, luxurious school buildings, and a gigantic gymnasium. He said that the Lord had given him "three green lights." I knew that Roloff was putting down $500,000, and I asked him how he'd raised the money. He said that he'd told his people about the "three green lights," and they'd gone to their savings accounts and had mortgaged their homes, and he had the money in two weeks. I told him that Menge didn't own the property. I told him about the $10,000 check. I couldn't seem to get through to him; it was like talking to a wall. "It's all going to work out," he said. "If I don't buy it, Jerry Falwell will. That's what Menge said. This is just a way to make me give it up."

To my shock, Roloff said that there was no contract on the deal (no contract on a $10.6 million deal!), but he'd given Menge a $500,000 certified check, which was the same thing as giving him cash. Roloff said

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THE SEXUALITY OF COUNTRY AND ROCK MUSIC

Patrick Carr explores the changes in country and western music as they mirror our cycling society, and Nick Tosches, flashing his unique sexual wit, writes of the glorious sexual education he received from early rock 'n' roll.

ROMANCE IS ALIVE AND WELL IN AMERICA

"The impetus for the resurgence of romance is coming from men." But, cautions author Uta West, the new romance of the '80s does not necessarily lead to the altar or anywhere else. It simply means: "Let's be good to each other," a new attitude that Uta believes offsets the dehumanizing aspects of sexual relating during the past two decades.

ADULT PLEASURE CENTERS

Writer Merrill Kaitz paid a visit to the new Plato's Retreat to give *Forum* readers a firsthand, up-to-date account of this pioneering pleasure center. "The club," he tells us, "is the fulfillment of one of the basic principles of American democracy—the inalienable right to 'Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness.' "

FOR TEENAGERS: FREEDOM TO LOVE!

Do your teenage sons and daughters have the right to sexual privacy in their own rooms? John Garside, a writer and an atypical father, gives a fascinating description of the way he and his sixteen-year-old daughter solved this potentially explosive situation.

MONIQUE VAN VOOREN INTERVIEWS HERSELF

The author of the sensational new best-seller *Night Sanctuary* grants her most candid interview yet.

it was "earnest money," which meant he couldn't get it back if things fell through. I asked him how long he had to raise the $10.1 million balance, and he estimated forty-five days. I pointed out that it had taken two weeks to raise the first half million, and he again referred to the "three green lights." I told him that he was going to lose his people's money, and he did.

Nobody who was responsible for other people's money could possibly make a deal like that involving people who'd drawn out their life savings and mortgaged their homes. How could he just throw it away after being warned? It didn't make sense.

I went back to New Jersey and informed the U.S. attorney and the church's attorney of my findings. We let people know that Menge was no longer involved with the nursing home. Duke Westover called and said that he'd spoken to the banker in Lynchburg and had just come to realize that Menge was a complete fraud. He washed his hands of the situation. Later on I received a letter from Menge—it was written on ordinary letterhead paper, with the name of MacMen, his company, at the top—that was supposed to be a letter of credit for $300,000. It was worthless, of course.

It's hard to know what Menge thought he was doing, and now that he's dead—killed in a tractor accident in 1980, in the midst of bankruptcy proceedings—we'll probably never find out.

My own theory is that Menge was using his involvement with the nursing home to give himself further credibility with Roloff and his other victims; it was a tangible project to which he could point as evidence of his *bona fides*. Maybe Falwell and Rogers were as much taken in by him as everybody else was, but how could they have had him on the board for so long without suspecting something?

The only hint I got, if you can call it that, was a statement by George Rogers that Menge had lent the church $500,000 and claimed it as a tax write-off, but that was not correct. I later discovered that it wasn't a loan—it was a sale-leaseback agreement that involved some of the furniture at the college. Besides, the money wasn't Menge's; it was his mother-in-law's, and she eventually lost most of it. And how did they know he'd claimed a write-off unless he told them?

So we were back to square one with the nursing home. I consulted a top-ranking New York attorney, and he showed us a way that we could compel the contractor to finish it for us. It would be a difficult process; the lawyer's fee would be $20,000 just for the preliminary work. That seemed reasonable, but the church didn't have the money. Or maybe it did: right around that time I discovered that Saddle Brook had made Falwell's ministry what it described as a "gift" of $31,976.25.

When Fidelity Plan was closed down in 1975, and Paul Gelatt became chairman of its creditors' committee, it was discovered that $85,220 of the Saddle Brook bond money was still owed by the Falwell ministry. Saddle Brook had placed the bond money in the plan rather than using it to pay off its creditors, and the plan had lent a portion of it to some churches, including Falwell's. Between March and October 1975, the Falwell ministry paid $53,243.75, which left a balance of $31,976.25. This outstanding balance was then assigned to Windcrest Manor Sanitorium, Inc., and converted into a donation to Falwell's ministry. But Windcrest couldn't have made a donation because it didn't have any money; the donation was bondholders' money, which should never have been lent out in the first place. Furthermore, since Windcrest Manor couldn't claim a tax benefit, it didn't have any income and therefore paid no taxes. I called Falwell and explained the situation. I showed him very clearly that if the church got its $31,976.25 back, it could compel the contractor to complete the project, and I asked him to return the money.

Falwell refused. He said that it would be like throwing money "down a rathole." He felt no obligation whatever to the 200 bondholders who had supplied him with a loan and donation.

Eventually, Vickery left Saddle Brook after the bankruptcy court discovered that a church-related bank account hadn't been reported to the bankruptcy receiver. It related to a day camp that he operated for poor kids from the New York City area, but which largely benefited the children from the church school. I was somewhat disenchanted with Pastor Vickery by then. In April 1978 he approached me and suggested that I petition the court for $150,000 to reimburse me for the work I'd done on the nursing home. He said that he'd support the claim if I agreed to donate half the proceeds to his Greater New York Baptist Mission, which ran the day camp. The church's attorney said that if I didn't sign the agreement, I might not get anything; so I went ahead and did it. Later the agreement was revised to provide a different distribution.

The Saddle Brook Church and school property were eventually sold to an Armenian group for $816,000. Vickery still preaches in the area, and he's still northern New Jersey head of Moral Majority. The nursing home project is in the hands of new management, which has agreed to pay the bondholders.

My faith remains strong. As I said at the beginning, Christ clearly foresaw what would happen when men begin to take advantage of His name—men whose gods, Saint Paul says, are their bellies. I began with little experience of men whose appetites for money had little to do with the piety they professed, but I have learned a great deal.

And one of the things I have learned is this: there is no greater hypocrite than a man who will shamelessly use the name of God to gull the innocent, and there is no scam more effective.

An analysis of your subconscious fantasies—what they say about you and how they can affect your life

Dream Watch

ANALYSIS BY DR. ALBERT ELLIS

Jenny, age twenty

Last summer I spent my college vacation working in the mailroom of a large New York City firm. On the weekends I'd take the subway and then the bus to a beach out in Brooklyn where people sunbathe in the nude, take a lot of drugs, and indulge in a fair amount of bisexuality.

In this dream I had I'm riding on the bus with my girl friend, Rachel. Neither of us had gone swimming in the nude—ever—but in this particular dream, that's our intention. We don't even take swimsuits with us.

The bus, though, doesn't take me to the beach. I look out the windows, and instead of Brooklyn, I see the farmland of Pennsylvania, where I grew up as a kid. I get off the bus. Rachel does not come with me. There's an old farmhouse up ahead. I don't remember exactly what happens next, except that I end up on the roof of the farmhouse. It's night. The old shingle roof is very steep, but I have no fear of falling. I guess that's because there's a girl on the roof beside me. I recognize her as Linda, one of the younger secretaries at the firm where I worked last summer. We had lunch together a few times, but I made sure to keep that relationship very platonic, even though I found her quite attractive. I didn't want to mess up my relationship with Rachel.

On the roof Linda is wearing a dress, which she lifts to expose her crotch. Her pubic area is completely bare. There's no hair. I begin sticking my fingers inside her ass and vagina. I don't masturbate her. It's

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

Letterforms by Tom Carnase

Dream Watch

nothing like that. Instead of trying to excite her to orgasm, my fingers are simply exploring the lips and tunnel of her vagina. This sounds weird, I know, coming from a twenty-year-old guy, but it's like we were two little kids playing doctor.

The more I poke and rub my fingers around inside Linda, the larger her vagina becomes. At one point my entire fist disappears. Finally, her vagina is more like someone's mouth than anything I've felt between a girl's legs.

I'm not sadistic with her. I probe her insides with gentle strokes although Linda does not appear to be sexually aroused by this. She merely smiles and smiles and smiles.

After a while Linda starts to stroke my erection. Her small hands feel good on me, even though I can't say what she's doing is anything like masturbation. She's looking at my cock like it's a great new discovery for her. She doesn't exactly know what to do with it. She just wants to explore. Actually, I contemplate screwing her right there on the roof. Her vagina is so wide open. I can remember thinking how inviting it looked.

She takes my hand and together we jump off the roof. I think I try mounting her in midair. She feels unbelievably soft and warm, softer than any woman I've ever been with. Our bodies not only touch; they seem to caress each other.

When I went to work the next day, Linda asked me where I got my sunburn. She wanted to know if I was using a sunlamp or something. Actually, I was blushing. I wanted to finish what I'd started in my dream.

Dr. Ellis Comments:

It takes no wide stretch of the imagination to guess that this dream means that you are interested in Linda and that, in light of the fact that you already have a regular woman friend and that Linda works in your office and seems quite friendly to you, you are quite guilty about this. In real life you treat Linda with great "platonic" care (forgetting, incidentally, that "platonic" love meant to Plato not nonsexual friendship between a man and a woman but sexual love between men!). But look at what else happens to you in the dream:

You get rid of Rachel, just as you are about to go sunbathing and swimming in the nude with her.

You end up on the old shingle roof of a farmhouse but have no fear of falling. Falling for Linda? Falling in love? Falling away from Rachel?

You find Linda on the roof beside you. Nice materialization, from out of nowhere!

You play sex-doctor with Linda, after she nicely exposes herself.

You find that her vagina practically gobbles you up.

You let Linda explore your cock and worship it.

You contemplate screwing Linda right there on the roof.

You jump off the roof with her, try mounting her in midair, and find her body "unbelievably soft and warm, softer than any woman I've ever been with."

Your bodies not only touch; "they seem to caress each other."

Not exactly "platonic," all this! Nor even bisexual!

To tone down this arrant sexuality, this enormous interest in Linda and everything her body stands for in your lustful head, you seem to guiltily resort to a few defensive maneuvers:

You feel her up like all get-out but do it in such a manner that "it's like we were two little kids playing doctor."

You enlarge her vagina until it almost smothers you.

You do your damnedest and try things that would arouse burning sexuality in a statue, but somehow "Linda does not appear to be sexually aroused by this."

You put your erection in Linda's hands, but "she doesn't exactly know what to do with it. She just wants to explore."

You think of screwing her on the roof, but you don't.

You think of trying to mount her in midair, but your bodies only caress each other, without any penetration taking place.

You later, in real life, want to finish what you started with Linda in your dream, but you can only manage to blush.

Hmm! Looks pretty clearly like you know damned well what you want but can only guiltlessly take it if you tone it down, make it seem childlike and innocent rather than sexual, and go after it with shame and embarrassment instead of with firm, sexy determination.

Quite a problem! And one that you'd perhaps better talk over with Rachel, to see what she thinks of your nonmonogamous longings. But at least talk it over with yourself, acknowledge what these longings really are, and then think about what you might possibly do about them. Whatever you do with Rachel and Linda, self-honesty would seem to be the best policy!

> Her vagina is more like a mouth than anything I've felt between a girl's legs. . . . I probe her insides with gentle strokes.

Martin, age thirty-one

My sex dream is a recurring dream. I work in a tall office building in Los Angeles. I work there as a legal assistant. My office is on one of the lower floors, but in my dream I get on the elevator from the very top floor—about twenty floors up. I'm alone and press the down button. The door closes very, very slowly when I realize that there is another passenger on the elevator. A woman. She is standing in the corner.

The woman is smiling, and my impression of her is that she's very attractive. When the elevator doors close, she approaches me and begins taking off my jacket. She unties my necktie. I try to protest. I move away, but as with many dreams I have, I'm quite helpless.

This woman has me against a corner of the elevator. I'm pinned there and can't move, even though I'm bigger and obviously much stronger than she. She has no weapon. In fact, she's not even holding me. I just can't move! I'm helpless, like a small child whose mother is undressing him.

I want the elevator doors to open, even though I'm half naked. I want someone to help me. When the doors finally open, however, another woman enters. The two of them smile at one another. They seem to know one another.

In no time the two of them have me completely naked on the floor of the elevator. I'm on my back, and one of them sits on my penis, which is erect.

At some point during this endless elevator ride, the doors open and a few men get on. I expect them to be shocked at the spectacle of my having sex. Instead, they only laugh. And laugh. And laugh. The two women begin laughing, too. One of them gets off my crotch to give the other woman a chance when I notice what they're laughing at. It seems my penis is very small. Maybe only an inch or two. Actually, I have a six-inch cock.

I'm humiliated. Here I am with a minuscule penis, having sex in a public place, and, even more important, I have no control over what's happening to me. I might as well be a seven-year-old boy.

This might be irrelevant, but as a child I had a nightmare which involved a tower. It was very much a storybook tower, like something one of the virgin princesses would have lived in. The tower had a thousand steps, and one of them was a trapdoor. The trick was to get to the top without falling through the false step. I'd always make it to the top and admire the beautiful view. In fact, the view was so breathtaking that when I started back down the steps, I would forget to be careful and I'd inevitably fall through the one false step. Of course, I never landed. I'd always wake up first.

I haven't had that dream for at least twenty years, but I think it somehow relates to my adult sex dream. One involves a tower; the other, a skyscraper. There's not much difference, is there?

Was my childhood dream also a sex dream?

The two of them have me naked on the floor of the elevator. I'm on my back, and one of them sits on my penis.

Dr. Ellis Comments:

Was your childhood dream also a sex dream? Most probably not—though the Freudians, of course, would stoutly insist that it was. After all, a tower, a trapdoor, and all those other phallic and vulval symbols? What else could it possibly be?

Well, the Freudians, as they usually are, would most probably be quite wrong. Your childhood dream and your recurring adult dream do have one fairly obvious thing in common—and that is not sex but loss of control. In your childhood you apparently aspired to get to the top—in sports, in schoolwork, in popularity with your friends, or what you will—and you were terribly afraid that you wouldn't. You were also, as almost all ego-oriented people are, probably afraid of getting to the top—and then falling on your face again. You not only thought that it would be bad if you almost succeeded and failed but that you would be an incompetent, rotten person for failing. So you dreamt about the worst possible thing that could happen: your first managing, quite nicely, to succeed in climbing the thousand-step tower and then your "inevitably" making one false step and disastrously (in fact, annihilatingly) failing. Every time you failed, of course, you thought that you really were a worm for failing. So, in the next dream, you had to keep trying again, and again and again, in a futile effort to perfume your shithood. Sure, sex may have been somewhat involved in all this; since even little boys, in our culture, see movies and know that they have to succeed with women—have to be big, strong "men." But even if you had virtually no sex urges in your childhood (which, despite dear Sigmund Freud, is often very true), you still would want to succeed as a "little man." And your childhood dream shows your enormous fear of failing.

Now we come to the present. In your sexy dream of today, you are still afraid of loss of control; of being overpowered by women, who are theoretically weaker than you, and being made a fool of in front of other men—and having both the women and the men laugh and laugh at you. You are not merely afraid of being raped or of having a small penis (which in real life could hardly occur in your case) but of being generally weak, incapable of taking care of yourself, unmanly. You seem to be saying in your dream, "Even though I am pretty good (physically strong) and fairly sexy (have a large enough penis and am able to get and keep it up), maybe I am not quite good enough. If so, how awful! What a worm I would be!"

Your dream, in other words, may well illustrate Alfred Adler's "feeling of inferiority" rather than Sigmund Freud's "fear of castration." If so, you had better realize, in terms of Adler's theory of individual psychology and my own theory of rational-emotive therapy (RET), that even if you do fail (sexually or nonsexually) and even if you are weak or out of control in some respects, you thereby

Dream Watch

are merely a fallible human who has real imperfections but is still a "man," ever a valid person. *If you fully accept yourself with whatever weaknesses and failings you may have, I think that dreams like this, in which you make yourself powerless and "worthless," will stop recurring.*

Sally, age twenty-five

About a month ago I had a dream that has left me both troubled and excited. The dream's setting is on Cape Cod, amidst the sand dunes and long beach grass. I'm in the kitchen of a condo my husband, Don, and I rent on the Cape. Instead of it being a brand-new condominium, all the appliances around me are very old. I open one of the cupboards to take out a frying pan or something, when I see my husband inside the cupboard. He crawls out, and I see that he's naked. I look again inside the cupboard and see another naked man. It's Richard, an old lover I had in college, who was the first man I ever loved—in fact, he was the only man I ever loved besides my husband. It was with Richard that I lost my virginity at the age of eighteen.

In my dream Richard and Don seem like old friends, even though in real life they have never met. They are naked and yet seem not at all self-conscious. I stare out over the dunes and the ocean, and with the wind blowing in the long grass, it's like a beautiful sea of grass next to the waves of the ocean. I'm naked now, too, and yet the wind feels very warm and balmy. Without saying a word, Don pulls me down, and on top of one of the tallest dunes, amidst the white sand and blowing grass, we make love.

With Don on top of me, I look back at the condo and see Richard, my old lover, in a second-story window watching my husband and me. I feel his stare on my naked body, and at that moment in the dream I begin experiencing orgasms—one after another. My body is in a continuous state of excitement. I've never experienced multiple orgasms, but in my dream there seems to be no breaking point between them.

When my orgasm finally ends, Don disappears. I'm alone on the dune, but I feel someone shaking me. It's Richard. I'm trembling. He was my very first love. No other man made me feel that emotion, and in a way I was strangely afraid of him. In my dream I expect him to begin making love with me. I want him to, but instead he crawls down on the grass beside me to say how excited he was, watching me have sex with my husband.

I woke feeling oddly guilty. You see, I was disappointed that Richard and I did not have sex again. Even if it was only a dream.

I hate to think that this means I prefer an old lover to my husband. I love Don and haven't seen Richard for five years. I know that your first love is always supposed to be the most intense, but I'm not sure that's true in my case.

Dr. Ellis Comments:

This is a fascinating dream which may well include a complicated pattern of underlying desires and fears. Such desires and fears can only be guessed at without a fairly good knowledge of your personal life and values, as well as the events of your life surrounding and immediately preceding this dream. For a normal American married woman of twenty-five, however, my guess would go something along these lines:

Your sexual desires, after several years of marriage to Don, may well be more varietist than you might commonly like to acknowledge. However good your relationship with him—and it may be quite good, with mutually satisfactory sex on a steady basis—you ideally would like to have, if it could be arranged with safety, romantic-sexual relationships with other men, or at least with one other man, too. Not that you want to screw around behind Don's back. On the contrary, you would prefer to have him know about your outside relationship and accept it—as indicated in his friendliness to Richard in your dream.

You would probably also—as what married woman wouldn't?—at times want to go beyond your usual kind of sex pleasure with Don and have special or multiple orgasms, too. And, on occasion, you might well desire to include a little kinkiness in your sex relations—as witnessed by the exhibitionism shown in the dream and your great orgasmic reaction to being spied upon while you are having sex with your husband.

Finally, you would like to remember and, at times, re-create your erotic past and have your old lovers mingle with the new and never quite lose their appeal or reality. What you had with Richard is still partly alive in your head and heart, and you never quite want to let go of it, nor give up the possibility that it might someday reoccur. This does not mean that you are seriously thinking of divorcing your husband, or even of having an affair with Richard or someone like him. It merely means that you, like so many people who have reasonably good and enduring marriages, cannot resist looking beyond what you have and wishing—at least in your dreams!—that you had even more. If this is so and I am correct about this interpretation of your dream (which I easily may not be, since there are so many factors in your life that are obviously unknown to me), I would say: by all means acknowledge and enjoy your underlying longings, but don't think you have to act them out!

"Dreamwatch" is a regular column that will try to interpret your dreams, to see what their "real" or underlying meanings are, and to determine what you can possibly do to fulfill these meanings—or to change them when they are encouraging you to engage in self-defeating behavior. Dreams, of course, may have many interpretations, none of which may be perfectly accurate or "true." To make the interpretations in this column more correct and useful, it is best that when you submit a dream for consideration, you include the following information: (1) Describe the dream itself, with its main details. Be as specific and graphic as possible. (2) Give your age, sex, marital status, and vocation. (3) Tell something about your present life condition, especially things you are worried or bothered about in your love life. (4) Note any significant or unusual event that occurred during the day or night preceding your dream. (5) Give your own personal interpretation of what you think your dream may mean. Readers who wish to have their dreams analyzed and printed should write in confidence to: The Editor, "Dreamwatch," *Penthouse* Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

ARE YOU MATURE?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Twenty-three questions to see
if you're a grown-up man or an overgrown boy

PSYCHOGRAPH

It takes more than hairy balls or a house in the suburbs to make you a full-fledged adult. True maturity is measured not by your age but by the psychological and social crises you've managed to surmount with grace, sensitivity, and understanding.

Dr. Roger Gould, associate clinical professor of psychiatry at U.C.L.A., says that achieving adulthood is "a process of shedding a whole network of assumptions, fantasies, irrationalities, and rigidities that tie us to our childhood consciousness."

Gould is one of the few clinicians who have explored the stages of growth that adults go through on their way to maturity. While his name may not be a household word, his work—indirectly at least—has touched anyone who has read Gail Sheehy's enormously popular book *Passages.* Gould's early work in this field attracted journalist Sheehy, who, Gould says, asked him to collaborate with her on a book about the subject. Gould demurred, and Sheehy went on to write her best-seller. A few years later Gould produced his own book, an excellent guide for the layman called *Transformations: Growth and Change in Adult Life.*

Some men fight wars, father kids, work for a lifetime, and die without ever successfully severing those ties to their childhood consciousness. They may look like men, but emotionally they're still juveniles. Other men reach an uncan maturity at an early age. For most of us, wever, the road to full adulthood is a long and rugged one that can take decades to traverse. The following questions—if you answer them honestly—may give you an idea of just how far down that road you've come.

1. How do you feel about this statement: "All problems can be solved if you apply enough logic to them and if you approach them with enough persistence"?
   (a) agree strongly
   (b) agree somewhat
   (c) disagree strongly
   (d) disagree somewhat

2. At parties do you usually find that you are among those who drink the most or who get the most stoned?
   (a) yes
   (b) occasionally
   (c) no

3. Does this statement apply to you: "The women I like never seem to like me, and the women who *do* like me are not usually the women that I'm attracted to"?
   (a) yes
   (b) somewhat
   (c) no

4. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "Most clichés may be corny and banal, but they also are basically true"?
   (a) agree
   (b) disagree

5. Do you feel deep down that you let too many people take responsibility for making decisions that you really should be making? (Be honest; lying to yourself is, in itself, a mark of immaturity.)
   (a) Yes, that's very true of me.
   (b) That's somewhat true of me.
   (c) No, that's not particularly true of me.

6. To which are you usually more likely to attribute your success when you succeed at something:
   (a) your own talent and perseverance
   (b) luck, fate, accident

7. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "There is a right way and a wrong way for doing everything in life; for each problem there exists a single correct solution"?
   (a) agree
   (b) disagree

8. Do you feel that your parents would always step in and help you if you got into a financial bind?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

9. Do you feel that parents *should* always step in and help their children who have financial problems?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

10. How do you feel about this statement: "It's good not to stand out too much from the crowd; otherwise people will think you're weird, and they probably won't like you"?
    (a) agree strongly
    (b) agree somewhat
    (c) disagree strongly
    (d) disagree somewhat

11. Has either of your parents died?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

12. Do you hate being alone?
    (a) yes, very much
    (b) I don't mind it occasionally, but I don't like to be alone too often.
    (c) I don't mind being alone.

13. Have you ever had to contribute to the support of your parents?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

14. Do you think most people have an easier life than you?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

15. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "If you follow society's rules, you'll always be rewarded"?
    (a) agree
    (b) disagree

16. Here are two groups of words. Which group (if you were forced to choose) contains terms you attach more value to:
    (a) willpower, perseverance, fairness, tolerance, common sense
    (b) emotion, genius, intuition, inspiration, meditation

17. Would you be more likely to agree or

41
45
86

3331242
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15555

22
41
21
84

disagree with this statement: "It's important not to do anything too different from what your parents want because they may stop loving you"?
(a) agree
(b) disagree

18. How closely would you say your life resembles that of your parents in terms of life-style and personal values?
(a) very much
(b) quite a bit
(c) somewhat
(d) not very much
(e) not at all

19. How often do you see your parents?
(a) once a week or more
(b) a couple of times a month
(c) once every month or two
(d) a few times a year
(e) once a year or less
(f) both my parents are dead

20. Which of the following statements comes closest to reflecting your beliefs?
(a) Security is the most important thing in life.
(b) Security comes from your own sense of self-worth; the desire for security shouldn't keep you from doing adventurous things.
(c) Security is something for old farts and chickenshits.

21. Which of the following statements comes closer to reflecting your real, deep gut-level belief?
(a) The only way for life to be truly civilized is for everybody to respect each other's rights.
(b) The only way to survive is to look out for Number One. That's what human beings have always done, and that's what they always will do.

22. How do you feel about this statement: "Having children is more trouble than it's worth. They take up too much of your time, they cramp your style, and they're too much of a responsibility"?
(a) agree strongly
(b) agree somewhat
(c) disagree
(d) disagree strongly

23. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "I don't like to become deeply involved emotionally with women. They're great to have around, but if you let them get too close, they'll take your freedom away"?
(a) agree
(b) disagree

SCORING

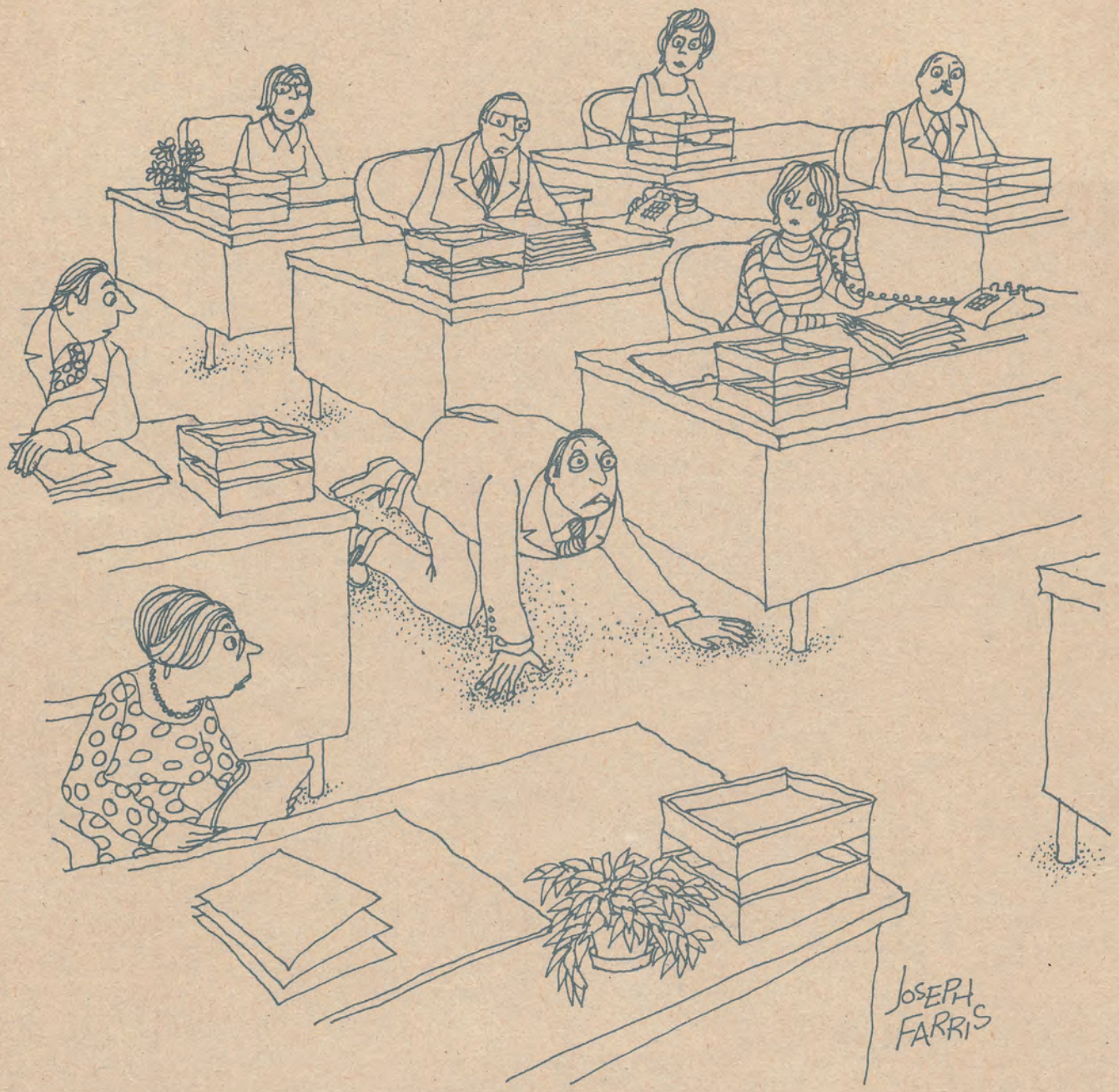
All possible answers on this psychograph have been assigned point values that are listed on the table below. To find your score, add up the point values of the answers you chose. The highest possible score is 107 points; the lowest, 25.

1. a-1, b-3, c-1, d-3
2. a-1, b-3, c-5
3. a-1, b-3, c-5
4. a-4, b-1
5. a-1, b-2, c-5
6. a-4, b-1
7. a-2, b-4
8. a-2, b-4
9. a-1, b-5
10. a-1, b-2, c-5, d-4
11. a-7, b-1
12. a-1, b-2, c-5
13. a-5, b-1
14. a-1, b-5
15. a-1, b-5
16. a-4, b-2
17. a-1, b-5
18. a-1, b-2, c-3, d-3, e-2
19. a-1, b-2, c-3, d-3, e-3, f-3
20. a-1, b-5, c-1
21. a-5, b-1
22. a-1, b-2, c-4, d-5
23. a-1, b-5

If you scored 81–107 points:
You appear to have achieved the maturity of a well-rounded adult. You have developed your own values and have a strong sense of your own worth; yet at the same time you recognize the need to be flexible. You have managed to come to terms with the world without surrendering your identity. You shoulder responsibilities without acting like a martyr. You're rational and act with common sense, but you haven't given up your ability to be spontaneous. In short, your reactions tend to be appropriate to the situation at hand. You neither overreact nor withdraw. If you are in your mid-twenties or younger, you would appear to be well ahead of your peers on the road to maturity. People like you are usually a pleasure to be with, but an outlook like yours does not necessarily guarantee success. You may, for example, make a great labor negotiator, lawyer, or middle manager in industry, but you may lack that crazy, self-centered crankiness that often marks those individuals who are brilliant achievers.

52–80 points:
You're about halfway there. You've shed many of the most childish aspects of your personality, but you still haven't come to terms with life the way a full-fledged adult has. Many men in their twenties would naturally fall into this category. They are still struggling to find themselves and to make sense of the world. If you are in that age group and scored in this bracket, your maturing process is probably just about on schedule. If you are considerably older, however, it seems that your progress toward full maturity may have been arrested somewhere along the line. The immaturity of people in this group is especially likely to show up in their intimate relationships. Men who seem to be models of levelheaded rationality at work may act like selfish, demanding children when they get home to wives or lovers.

25–51 points:
The myths, fears, and tangled visions of childhood still cling to your psyche and keep you from dealing with life in an adult manner. If you're eighteen years old, that's perfectly understandable. But if you're forty-five, you've got a hell of a lot of growing up to do. You are likely to be rigid, irresponsible, and self-centered and to experience wild swings of emotion. While those traits may make you hard to get along with, they may be just what you need if you've set your sights on becoming a famous poet, musician, actor, scientist, or political leader. You may end up being the great man who's a bastard behind closed doors. But that's sometimes the price one pays for success, isn't it?



"Payday . . . payday . . . payday . . ."

XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

when I met this beautiful girl, whom I will call Angie, in my history class. She was tall, with long, lovely legs and a figure that would put Venus de Milo in second place. She was friendly and invited me to study for exams at her home one day.

I appeared at her house after school and was taken into the living room, where she suggested I make myself comfortable. I then opened my history book only to glance up into her blue eyes and suddenly realized that studying was not on her mind. She removed her shoes and put her feet on the sofa beside me with her legs cocked up so that her sheer dress fell almost to her hips.

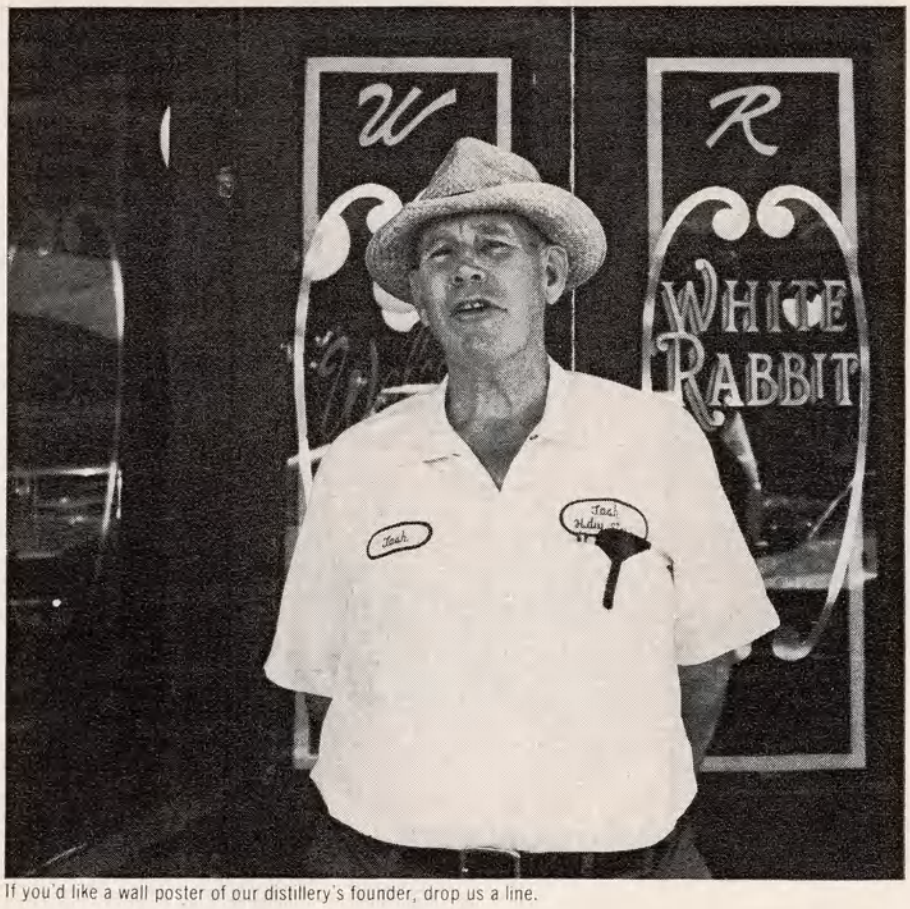
She looked at the bulge in my pants and smiled. With one arm over my shoulder, she gently placed the other on my throbbing cock. Suddenly she got up from the sofa and went upstairs to her bedroom, where she remained for what seemed like an eternity. I was shaken and confused and thought of leaving when she called to me and asked if I planned to study the remainder of the afternoon or come join her. I darted up the stairs and into her bedroom, where she lay stretched out completely nude on the bed. I tore my clothes off and threw them on the floor. She lifted her arms toward me and beckoned me to join her. No sooner was I in bed than her hands were on my cock, and then she was stroking it with her tongue. I felt like I would explode at any moment. She quickly placed my cock into her already moist pussy, and I immediately gushed a load into her. It was pure ecstasy I never knew was possible.

We lay back for a while to relax. Then she began to fondle me again with her long, slender fingers and caress my body with her other hand. It was at this point that the doorbell rang. She walked over to the window and after a quick glance started down the stairs, still completely nude.

This all seemed crazy to me, and I was even more surprised when she returned with a girl friend named Sandy, who seemed pleased with the situation. She was petite, pretty, and a strawberry blond with hair that hung down beneath her shoulders and glistened in the sunlight through the window. Without further conversation she disrobed, and I gazed at the most beautiful tits this side of heaven.

She went over to Angie and started kissing her. They fondled and sucked each other until the orgasms flooded the bed. My cock swelled again as I watched. As they began to relax, I could stand it no longer. I mounted Sandy with her already wet, hot pussy and fucked her while Angie kissed and licked my ass. I wished this could go on forever.—C.R.

I don't think I can think of a nicer way to lose your cherry. You sound as if you still have that smug smile on your face.



If you'd like a wall poster of our distillery's founder, drop us a line.

MR. CLAYTON TOSH has more good tales about Jack Daniel than most folks can ever believe.

He'll tell you that Mr. Jack promised marriage to two girls at once in 1875; that nobody ever saw him without a coat and tie; and that he perfected a way of manufacturing his whiskey (called charcoal mellowing) that made it uncommonly smooth. Of course, there's no one living who can vouch for the first two tales. But after a sip of Jack Daniel's, most everyone goes along with the third.

CHARCOAL MELLOWED DROP BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery
Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc., Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352
Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.

Formal wear's brighter
plumage is a
feather in fashion's cap.

FASHIONS BY ED EMMERLING
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER STRONGWATER

DRESSED TO THRILL

Evening wear for men, long tyrannized by a predictable no-frills dress code, is finally giving way to bolder and brighter options. Bored with the carbon-copy conventions of a black dinner jacket and bow tie, adventurous young designers are reviving the brightly plumaged look that is the male's biological heritage. Brilliantly colored lamé handkerchiefs and separate neckbands replace the traditional bow tie; straight side-banded pants are abandoned for fuller-cut trousers in trendy, offbeat fabrics like nappa leather or luxurious black suede. Errol Flynn flash comes courtesy of dandy silk big shirts and exotic belts or cummerbunds, cinching a look that provides for inventiveness, uniqueness, and wit. Result: it's easier than ever to be the life of the party—or at least to look that way.

Today's well-put-together man, hardly a shrinking violet, can paint the town red in various shades of purple, resplendent against a backdrop of neutral pales. The two-button mauve-colored cotton-velvet jacket ($100) is paired with cream-colored gabardine trousers ($60), both by Stanley Blacker. The white-cotton tone-on-tone shirt ($50), by Gianni Versace Design, flouts convention with a snappy silk burgundy-polka-dot bow tie ($9) by Vicky Davis. Providing the last hint of passion's favorite shade is a deep purple pocket square ($10), by Rob Davis for Vicky Davis. It all adds up to a brilliantly sophisticated look that will make a lady look twice, even if her own evening gown is a searing traffic-stopping red, like this daringly cut cocktail dress designed by Jonathan Hitchcock for Reuben Thomas. All that glitters is scintillating jewelry by Kenneth J. Lane.

The rich are very different from you and me: they dress better! But recapturing the elegance of Gatsby has never been easier, in ensembles like this one by Andrew Fezza: a shawl-collared double-breasted tuxedo jacket ($600) in black suede, trimmed in gold with matching suede pants trimmed in gold metallic piping ($520), accented by a gold lamé wrap tie ($36). Add a white silk crepe-de-chine banded-collar formal shirt ($130) by Pinky and Dianne for Private Label and a gold metallic cummerbund belt ($100) by Robin Kahn Belts, Ltd., and you'll be worth your weight in bullion! For the elegance of Gatsby whites, choose a white Spanish "Cordoba" style all-wool short jacket ($650), which is given a lift by gilded suspenders ($45) by Piero Dimitri Couture, Ltd. worn with white-glove-leather pants ($400) and a white-cotton formal shirt ($50) by Gianni Versace Design.

Women's fashions styled by Vanessa Murphy/Hair and makeup by Robert LaCorte/Lane Talent

Elegant eclectic fashion is best summarized by these gentlemen on the town. (Left) The white double-breasted all-linen jacket ($240) worn with brown leather jodhpurs ($400) are both by Gianni Versace Design. The cotton-knit banded-collar dress shirt ($65) is by Andrew Fezza, the multi-colored silk tie neckband ($6.50) is by Vicky Davis, and the bronze snake belt ($75) is by Robin Kahn Belts, Ltd. The other informal look combines a cotton multi-colored striped-front shirt with white-contrast collar ($50) with white glove-leather pants ($400) by Gianni Versace Design. The silk purple-polka-dot bow ($10) and silver cummerbund ($30) is by Rob Davis for Vicky Davis. (Center) the ladies' cocktail dress is by Jonathan Hitchcock for Reuben Thomas; jewelry by Kenneth J. Lane; jeweled hair ornament by Stigi. The two-piece purple outfit is by OMO Norma Kamali.

Photographed at Regine's restaurant and disco, New York City

When a man really wants to show his colors with Gable dash and Errol Flynn flash, the best route is the revival of the evening big shirt, shown (left) in a gold-polyester "metallic lurex" look fabric ($400) by John Karl for John Karl, Ltd. The overshirt is tucked suavely into sensuous black-suede pants ($520), done to a tempting turn by Andrew Fezza and accessorized by a black bow ($10), by Rob Davis for Vicky Davis, that gives a gentlemanly demeanor to an otherwise rakish air. The gilded suspenders ($45), by Piero Dimitri Couture, Ltd., keep appearances up perfectly. The sapphire blue silk tunic shirt ($150) is ready to command the high seas with a pirate's panache, as are the matching pants ($150), by John Karl for John Karl, Ltd. The gold lamé wrap tie ($36) is by Andrew Fezza; the gold lizard belt ($85.90), by Robin Kahn Belts, Ltd. Ladies' dresses are by Tracy Mills.

The exquisite tailoring of a formal big shirt provides a modern evening look of truly heroic proportions. (Left) The white silk crepe-de-chine banded-collar shirt with jacquard-bib detailing ($130), by Pinky and Dianne for Private Label, is worn with glove-leather pleated pants ($480) by Andrew Fezza. The silk polka dot neckband ($6.50) is by Vicky Davis; the gold dove buckle on the lizard belt ($85.90), is by Robin Kahn Belts Ltd. Paired with a red silk tuxedo shirt ($140) by Pinky and Dianne for Private Label are black suede double-pleated pants ($520) by Andrew Fezza. The bronze-colored pewter-buckled wrap cummerbund ($100) is by Robin Kahn Belts, Ltd. Her outfit is designed by Stephen Burrows for Pat Tennant. Jewelry is by M & J Savitt.

For more information on merchandise featured here, see page 190

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 153

cepted the ad. What Morality in Media and the *New York Times* hold in common is a failure to see that the designer-jeans advertisements are, more than anything else, selling *chastity*—chastity safely disguised by a veil of sensuality. How long shall we honest lovers be made to suffer?

I have for many years made a habit of carrying on my person one or two single-edged industrial razors. These razors are useful for a variety of purposes—martial protection, library page theft, and excision of unsightly cuticles. I propose, none too modestly, a further use for such blades: the tender, loving removal of the logo-embroidered back pockets of mesdames' designer jeans.

Ah, the dreams we dreamers dream.

Where will it all lead, hey? Will designer jeans take the place of physical sex by the end of the Reagan administration? Will a new sea-born Aphrodite Callipygos appear on the South Jersey shore and force Sergio Valente and, for good measure, the Chams Man to take her on the spot, even though it might mean certain death for them? Will we ever understand the meaning of "quatch"? Is there really anything inside Brooke Shields's blue-denim britches? Is this really the life?

FUTURASSTICS: THE YEAR 3001

The Once and Future Butt

J-NN stared wearily out the visi-scope at the unchanging vista of blackness and stars. He was bored. He hadn't wanted this assignment, but the Elders insisted. Just because he was chief cartographer of Vanah-Cafunam, they had no reason to send him winging around the voids of ancient galaxies, charting the rotting planets.

The soothing voice of his Tetra-Dimensional Life-Support/navigation MacroCompe (Tedi, for short) interrupted his thoughts.

"Approaching Destination C-02, Coded Quatch, Planet Earth," it purred.

"Thanks, Tedi," he sighed. "Just what I wanted to hear."

J-NN got up, stretched his legs and rubbed his sore behind. He walked slowly to the rear of the ship, where his traveling mate, L-MM, was lying in HypoSleep, with a contented smile on his face. J-NN jabbed the ReActiVate button impatiently, and L-MM awoke with a start.

"Blast it," he muttered, yawning. "I was dreaming of P-RR, you know, in the MectoDorm Department . . ." He shook his head, suddenly remembering the Mission, and where he was. "Sir!" he saluted. "Your forgiveness! Are we approaching Destination?"

"Imminently," J-NN replied. "Prepare for landing." They returned to the front of the ship. The planet, a swirl of white and blue, loomed impassively through the visi-scope.

"Five minutes to ground contact," the soothing voice of Tedi announced.

J-NN smiled. He was beginning to get excited. A new planet, the enigmatic Quatch, to explore, to measure, to chart. Souvenir trinkets of ancient civilizations to take home, to impress his colleagues, to seduce the luscious P-RR.

A slight thud, and they were down.

"Come on, Tedi, we're going for a walk," L-MM said, laughing. He disconnected the MacroCompe from the PrimeActivatron and attached it to the MobilPak. Strapping the PheroProtectors around their waists, they emerged from the ship into a wasteland of crumpled cement and steel, barren shells of bombed buildings, devoid of vegetation, of any signs of life. The silence was deafening. Only the clouds moved.

"What a mess," L-MM exclaimed, sarcastically. "Where the hell are we supposed to be?"

"Actually," J-NN replied, "I've seen much worse. But according to my calculations, we should be in what was called Manhattan, New York, America, Northern Hemisphere. It was once a thriving metropolis, but the Ancients could never stop bickering. Let's see what relics we can find."

> America has fallen in love with its own ass and, at least in this case, love is strange.

Tedi directed them to an especially large pile of rubble. As they stumbled across upended slabs of concrete, J-NN stopped suddenly and let out a yelp.

"By the moons of Horus," he cried, "that hurts!"

He had stubbed his toe (the PheroProtector barely covered his feet) on a long, thin, rusted piece of steel, marked on one side with curious raised runes. He peered closely at what he realized were letters of the ancient alphabet of Olde Englishe. A cunning linguist as well as cartographer, he was able to decipher the mysteries of QuatchWriting.

"FASHION AVE.," he read. "And it says, 'Seventh Ave.' underneath."

He fed it into Tedi's DigestoComp for analysis.

"Used to indicate location," Tedi purred. "Posted at intersections of main thoroughfares. Commonly referred to as street signs."

L-MM was searching in the rubble for more souvenirs. "I've found more relics," he shouted excitedly. He brushed the dirt of the ages off the surfaces and began to laugh. In his excitement he didn't realize he was talking to himself. "They're golden. They must be worth more than the treasures in the vaults of Vanuh." He rubbed the pieces energetically. "There's writing on these, too! 'VANDERBI'—no, I can't quite make that out. Here's another: 'MACY'S, The World's Largest'—no, that can't be. Blast it! Oh, here's a beauty—'CALVIN KLEIN.' What *can* this mean? Tedi, where are you?"

There was no reply. L-MM looked around in a panic until he spotted his companions. J-NN was digging frantically as Tedi, the overseer, supervised. L-MM ran over to help, clutching his precious golden plates in his hands.

"I think I've found an old piece of machinery," J-NN shouted. "Somehow, it seems to have survived the civilization's destruction."

There were two pieces of equipment, hooked together by a long, black cable. Sleek and modular, the smaller part had "Disc-o-Vision" written across its top, and the larger piece seemed to be some sort of screen, with a twisted jungle of wires and tubes protruding out the back side.

"I *can't* believe these parts are intact," J-NN said, "and there seems to be some sort of InfoDisc left inside."

Knobs still moved, dials still turned, buttons still responded to a push.

"Tedi, what was the source of Power?" L-MM asked.

"According to my calculations, this, as were all other forms of simplistic equipment used by the Earthlings, was fueled by 'electricity,' generated by large factories. A very primitive technology."

"Well, then, my dear omnipotent Tedi, why don't we hook it up to you?" L-MM asked with a smile.

Tedi hummed and purred, thinking.

"Attach the three-pronged plug to the MobilPak outlet," Tedi said. "And hit the 'Forward' button."

J-NN followed the instructions. He was trembling with anticipation, and his head was spinning. Finding intact relics was rare indeed. The culture, the life forms, the icons of a lost civilization, were about to come alive before his eyes. J-NN thought of the praise he would receive from the Elders. Maybe these intergalactic jaunts were worth it, after all. He hit the button.

They watched the screen as an image flickered into focus. A foot, a leg, a body reclining before the eye of the viewer, murmuring, lost forever.

J-NN and L-MM looked at each other. They had never seen a creature so lovely. Tedi purred.

And then, at long last, the creature opened her mouth and deigned to speak, that the countless ears of the universe might hear those strange and mysterious words of those most strange and mysterious times: "If my Calvins could talk, I'd be ruined."

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Be rewarded for a year well done with twelve days of Christmas gifts that are sure to avoid many unhappy returns.

AS GOOD AS GOLD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVE KRONGARD

On the first day . . . ski and see with Carrera Sport Goggles. They are sun sensitive, won't fog, reduce glare, and fit precisely ($22). (2) On the second day . . . see the world from your window with the Questar 3½ "Long Distance Microscope" completely portable Optical System—you can even attach your single-lens reflex camera for photographing what you see ($1,895). (3) On the third day . . . light your fire without a touch. The elegant Colibre Beam Sensor lighter ignites by merely breaking an electronic beam of light with a pass of your finger ($200). (4) On the fourth day . . . globe-

1.

It is far better to give than to receive, but face it: it's a lot more fun to receive. With this in mind, we've decided to create a mood for the holidays that will last twelve times longer than one wild paper-and-ribbon-ripping orgy. We've traded in the French hens, turtle doves, and maids a'milking for more modern holiday treats. As for the multiple gifts made famous by the song, the high cost of gift giving has made that once novel notion (*five* golden rings?) a bit obsolete. Still any—or, better yet, all—of these gifts should go a long way toward making your Yuletide season merry.

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trotters who prefer first class will appreciate Chanel's Pour Homme Travel Kit: eau de toilette, after-shave, deodorant stick, protective skin conditioner and soap, packed in a handsome leather case ($150). (5) On the fifth day . . . you can make a few calls during your morning run with Webcor's Zip Telephone 575. It's cordless, operates 700 feet away from its base, and has last-number redial button ($239.95). (6) On the sixth day . . . stay on top of weather conditions and get travel information quickly with General Electric's Help 40 Channel Mobile Receiver Radio ($115.95). (7) On the seventh day . . . you'll find time for everything with Casio's AX-510. Not merely another watch, the AX-510 does it all with digital and analog faces, monthly calendar, stopwatch, and countdown alarm ($79.95). (8) On the eighth day . . . tune into music in Mexico and the news of Nairobi with Sony's portable ICF-6800W world band radio. It has thirty-one bands, PLL synthesized tuning system, LED digital display, and tuning preselector ($700). (9) On the ninth day . . . bourbon is made better! This limited edition handcrafted ceramic decanter, "Keenness of Sight," filled with fine Wild Turkey bourbon, is a collector's treasure and sure to warm any winter night ($55). (10) On the tenth day . . . if you're too busy to attend to the mundane details of life—your checkbook,

5.

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household matters, investments, even your Christmas card list—let the Atari 800 Personal Computer take care of things for you ($1,080). (11) On the eleventh day . . . winning is the only way with the AMF Head Graphite Edge tennis racquet with mid-sized teardrop-shaped head for better shot control and more power ($159.99). (12) On the twelfth day . . . your favorite movie's on at 3:00 A.M. Catch it with Panasonic's PV-4510 Portable Programmable Video Cassette Recorder. Weighing just thirteen and one-half pounds, this compact VCR records up to five hours over a fourteen-day period. Automatically changes channels and switches on and off ($1,400).

10.

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12.

MILLIGAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

As she approached the young woman, Adalana saw her lean over the seat to pick up some books and papers from the passenger's side. She took Ragen's gun out of the holster and pressed it against the woman's arm.

The woman laughed without turning to look. "C'mon, stop kidding around."

"Would you please get into the car," Adalana said. "We're going for a ride."

Carrie Dryer turned and saw it was not one of her friends, but someone she didn't recognize. She saw the gun in his gloved hand and realized this man wasn't joking. He motioned for her to slide in to the passenger's seat, and she scrambled over the stick shift. He took her car keys and slipped in behind the wheel. At first he had difficulty releasing the emergency brake, but he finally pulled out of the parking lot.

Carrie Dryer observed his appearance carefully: reddish brown hair, a mustache cut straight and neat, a mole on his right cheek. He was handsome and well built, about 180 pounds, five feet ten or so.

"Where are we going?" she asked.

"For a ride somewhere," he said softly. "I don't know my way around Columbus very well."

"Look," Carrie said, "I don't know what you want of me, but I've got an optometry exam today."

He pulled into a factory parking lot and stopped the car. Carrie noticed his eyes drifting from side to side, as though he had nystagmus. That was something she would have to remember to tell the police. He went through her purse, taking out her driver's license and other identification, and his voice turned harsh: "If you go to the cops, I'll get to members of your family." He pulled out handcuffs and secured her right hand to the Toyota door handle. "You said you're gonna have a test," he murmured. "If you want to go ahead and study for it while I drive, that's fine."

They drove north of the Ohio State University campus. After a while, he stopped on the tracks at a railway crossing. A train was slowly moving down the tracks. He jumped out of the car and went around to the trunk. Carrie was terrified that he was going to leave her stranded there, handcuffed and with a train coming. She wondered if he was crazy.

Outside the car, *Kevin,* who had taken the spot from Adalana when he heard the tires thudding over the tracks, went to the rear and saw that the tires were okay. If there had been a flat, he would have run off, but everything looked fine; so he got back in and drove away.

"Take your pants off," Kevin said.

"What?"

"Take your fucking pants off!" he shouted at her.

She did as he said, frightened by the sudden change of mood. She knew he was doing this to keep her from running away. And rightly so. Even if she hadn't been handcuffed, she'd never run without her clothes on. As they drove, she noticed he was taking King Avenue west, and then he cut onto Olentangy River Road north. He was driving her out into the country, talking at times to himself: "Just escaped this morning . . . beat him up with a baseball bat . . ."

They passed a cornfield, then a barricade in the roadway. He drove around it into a wooded area, past junked cars in a field. Carrie remembered a pair of sharp scissors she kept between the seat and the shift console, and she thought of grabbing it and stabbing him. But as she glanced at the scissors, he said, "Don't try anything funny," and pulled out a switchblade. He parked the car, unlocked the handcuffs from the door but left them attached to her right wrist, and spread her buckskin coat on the muddy ground.

"Take off your underpants," he whispered, "and lay down."

Carrie Dryer saw his eyes drift from side to side . . .

Adalana lay back beside the woman, looking up at the trees. She didn't understand why she kept losing the spot to *Philip* and Kevin. Twice they had taken over while

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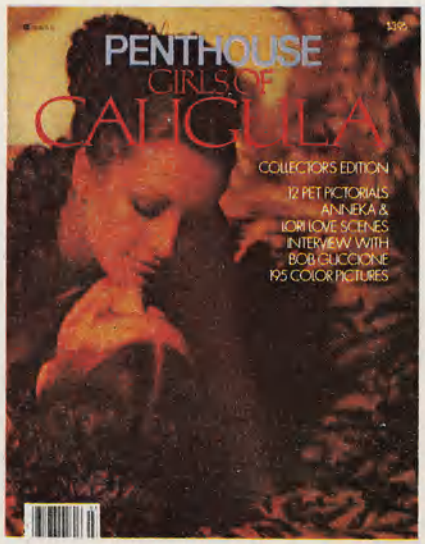

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THIS MONTH IN OMNI

ON SALE DECEMBER 17

FICTION

ART-MAS

MAGIC MIRRORS

FERTILE RESEARCH—In their never-ending attempts to improve the human condition, dedicated physicians have turned their attention to a problem once only whispered about: male sterility. For centuries women took the sole blame for barrenness, but in roughly half of all childless couples it is the husband who is infertile. Today's researchers are combating this problem with testicle transplants, inflatable implants, and a variety of other remedies too suggestive to mention. For the details see this month's *Omni*.

MATHEMATICAL GAMES—After twenty-five years of writing his popular games column in *Scientific American*, Martin Gardner is retiring—to work harder on other projects. In a rare, exclusive interview *Omni* senior editor Scot Morris talks to Gardner about *Alice in Wonderland*, perpetual-motion machines, Uri Geller, ESP, hoaxes (including Gardner's own), the fourth dimension, calculators, computers, creativity, the "aha!" experience, the fundamentalist Christian explosion, and nearly a googol of other topics. Watch for the fun when our Games editor talks to their games editor in the January *Omni*.

WHERE FLESH AND STEEL MESH—An eerie mix of organic and man-made textures characterizes the art of Marshall Arisman, whose inspiration springs from the social unrest wrought by science and technology. His paintings, with their surreal aura and futuristic sheen, convey the helpless feeling of men who have been reduced to cogs in a machine. Don't miss Arisman's vision of mechanized man in January's *Omni*.

MAGIC MIRRORS—Television technicians are about to turn passive watchers into active participants who can create images on the screen. Like the mirror in Disney's *Snow White*, new video systems answer questions and extend our view behind closed doors. They can also take viewers at their own pace on tours through the streets of unfamiliar villages, the hallways of an art gallery, and the blood vessels of a human body. Some have screens shaped like faces that bow and nod to whispered secrets. To get an advance look at future viewing, read *Omni* this month.

SCIENCE FICTION—In January *Omni* presents an exclusive excerpt from Barry B. Longyear's novel *Elephant Song*, the latest installment of the continuing history of the interstellar circus ship *Baraboo*. Longyear, winner of the Hugo, Nebula, and Campbell awards, is the author of *City of Baraboo* and *Circus World*, the two very popular forerunners of *Elephant Song*. And an unusual detective is sent to sort out a simple reincarnation mix-up in John Shirley's mystery "Triggering."

she was behind the wheel. Everything was so mixed up.

"Do you know what it's like to be lonely?" she asked the woman lying beside her. "Not to be held by anyone for a long time? Not to know the meaning of love?"

Carrie Dryer didn't answer, and Adalana held her.

But this young woman was very small, and something else was wrong with her as well. Try as Adalana might, each time she attempted to enter, Carrie Dryer's muscles went into spasms and forced her out—rejected her. This was strange and frightening. Confused, Adalana lost the spot . . .

Carrie explained to him tearfully that she had a physical problem, that she was seeing a gynecologist. Anytime she tried to sleep with someone, she got these spasms. Carrie noticed the nystagmus again, and suddenly he turned angry.

"Of all the damned girls in Columbus," he snarled, "I had to pick one I couldn't do anything with!"

He let her put her slacks back on and told her to get back into the car. Carrie noticed him change again. He reached over and handed her a paper towel. "Here," he said gently, "blow your nose."

Adalana was now nervous. She remembered Ragen's original purpose for this trip, and she realized Ragen might get suspicious if she returned empty-handed.

Carrie watched the rapist's concerned expression, the genuine worry on his face. She almost felt sorry for him as she wondered what was wrong.

"I've got to get some money," he told her, "or someone will be very angry."

"I don't have any money with me," Carrie said, starting to cry again.

"Don't take it so hard." He handed her another paper towel. "I'm not going to hurt you if you do what I tell you."

"Do whatever you want to me," she said, "but don't bother my family. Take all the money I've got, but leave them alone."

He parked the car and went through her purse again until he found her checkbook. Her balance showed $460. "How much do you think you'll need to live for the week?" he asked.

Carrie sniffled through her tears, "About fifty or sixty dollars."

"All right," he said, "leave yourself a balance of sixty dollars and write a check for the four hundred."

Carrie was surprised and pleased, though she knew there was no way she could replace the money she needed for books and tuition.

"We're going to rob a bank," he said suddenly. "You'll come with me."

"No I won't!" she said forcefully. "You can do what you want to me, but I won't help you rob a bank."

"We'll go into a bank and cash your check," he said, but then he seemed to think better of it. "With you crying, they'll know something's wrong. You're not

mentally stable enough to go inside a bank and cash a check. You'll foul it up."

"I don't think there's anything wrong with me," Carrie said, still crying. "I think I'm holding up pretty well for someone held at gunpoint all the time."

He just grunted.

They found an Ohio National Bank branch with a drive-in window at 770 West Broad Street. He kept the gun hidden between them but pointed at her as she pulled out her identification. When she turned the check over to endorse it, Carrie thought of writing "Help," but as if he'd read her mind, he said, "Don't try anything like putting something on the back."

He passed the check, along with Carrie's identification, to the teller, who cashed it. "You can report to the police that you were robbed, then stop payment on the check," he said as he drove away. "Tell them you were forced to cash it. That way it'll be the bank that gets ripped off."

When they arrived downtown at Broad and High streets, the car got caught in heavy traffic. "Take over and drive," he said. "If you go to the police, don't give them my description. If I see anything in the newspapers, I won't come myself, but someone else will take care of your family or you."

Then he opened the door and walked quickly away, disappearing instantly into the crowd.

Ragen looked around, expecting to find himself in the Ohio State University parking lot, but instead he was walking past Lazarus's Department Store in the middle of the afternoon. Where had the time gone? He reached into his pocket and found a roll of money. Well, he must have done it. He must have robbed someone and not remembered it. He took an eastbound bus to Reynoldsburg. Back at Channingway, he put the money and the Master Charge card on the closet shelf and went to sleep.

Half an hour later, *Arthur* awoke, refreshed. Then he showered, and as he changed into clean underwear, he noticed the money on the closet shelf. Now, where had that come from? Someone had been busy. Well, as long as it was there, he might as well get some groceries and pay some bills. The car payment was most important.

Arthur pushed the eviction notice aside. The rent could wait. He had decided how to handle Messrs. Kelly and Lemmon. He would let them keep sending eviction notices. When they took him to court, *Allen* would tell the judge that these people had made him quit his job and move into their apartment complex as a requirement for the maintenance job and that, just as he was settling in with new furniture on credit, they fired him and attempted to put him out on the street.

The judge, he knew, would give him ninety days to move. Even after the final eviction notice, he would still have three days to get out of the apartment. That should give Allen enough time to get a new job, save a few dollars, and find a new place to live.

That night Adalana shaved off the mustache. She'd always hated hair on her face.

Tommy had promised Billy's sister he would spend Saturday, the last day of the Fairfield County Fair, with her in Lancaster. Dorothy and Del, Billy's mother and her new husband, were running a restaurant concession, and they might need help closing things down. He took the money he saw on the dresser—there wasn't much left—and told Allen to drive him to Lancaster. He spent a wonderful day with Kathy at the fair, going on the rides, playing the games, eating hot dogs, and drinking root beer. They talked over old times. Kathy told him she was glad he'd shaved off his mustache.

He stayed at the fair with Kathy until it closed; then Allen drove back to Channingway.

Arthur spent a quiet Sunday reading his medical books, and Monday morning Allen set out to look for a new job. He made phone calls and filled out job applications, but no one was hiring.

Friday evening Ragen jumped out of bed, thinking he had just gone to sleep. He went to the dresser, but all he saw was Carrie Dryer's Master Charge card. The money—money he didn't even remember stealing—was gone. He ran to the closet, pulled out a .25 caliber automatic and searched the apartment, kicking open doors, looking for the burglar who had broken in while he was asleep. But the apartment was empty. He tried to reach Arthur. When he got no response, he angrily broke open the piggy bank, took out twelve dollars, and left to buy a bottle of vodka. He came back, drank, and smoked a joint. Still worried about the bills, he realized that whatever he had done to get the money, he had to do it again.

Ragen took a few amphetamines, strapped on his gun, put on his jogging outfit and windbreaker. Again he jogged west to Columbus, reaching the Ohio State University Wiseman parking lot at about seven-thirty in the morning. Off in the distance, he recognized the horseshoe-shaped football stadium of the Buckeyes. Behind him, he noticed the sign on the modern concrete-and-glass building opposite the lot—UPHAM HALL.

A short, chubby nurse stepped through the doorway. She had an olive complexion and high cheekbones and wore her black hair braided in a long ponytail down her back. As she walked toward a white Datsun, he had the odd impression that he recognized her. Someone—Allen, he thought—had seen her a long time ago in a student hangout called the Castle.

Ragen turned away, but before he could leave, Adalana wished him off the spot . . .

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Donna West felt exhausted after her eleven-to-seven shift at the university psychiatric hospital. She had told her fiancé she would call him from the hospital to meet him for breakfast, but she'd worked late this morning after a terrible night, and all she wanted was to get out of there. As she walked toward the parking lot, a friend passed, waved, and shouted hello. Donna headed for her car, always carefully parked in the first row facing Upham Hall.

"Hey, wait a minute!" someone yelled.

She looked up to see a young man in jeans and a jogging top waving to her from the other side of the lot. Handsome, she thought, like some actor whose name she couldn't recall. He wore brown-tinted sunglasses. She waited as he came over and asked directions to the main parking lot.

"Listen, it's hard to explain," Donna said. "I'm going around that way. Why don't you get in and I'll drive you around?"

He sat on the passenger's side. While Donna was backing the car out, he pulled a gun from inside his jacket.

"Just drive," he said. "You're gonna help me out." Seconds later he added, "If you do what I say, you're not gonna get hurt, but believe me, I'm willing to kill."

"This is it," Donna thought. "I'm going to die." She felt her face burn, her blood vessels constrict, sick deep down.

As she drove, her abductor reached behind the seat and picked up her purse. He took out her wallet and looked at her driver's license. "Well, Donna, drive to Interstate Seventy-one north."

He took the ten dollars out of her wallet. Then he slipped a cigarette out of her pack and pushed it toward her lips. "I bet you want a smoke," he said and lit it with her car lighter. She noticed his hands had some kind of stain all over them and under the fingernails, not dirt or grime or oil, but something. Ostentatiously, he wiped his fingerprints off the lighter. That terrified Donna—it meant he was probably a professional with a police record. He noticed her startled reaction.

"I'm a member of a group," he said. "Some of us are involved in political activities."

Her first impression was that he was alluding to the Weathermen, though he hadn't actually mentioned that name. She assumed, since he was making her take I-71 north, that he was headed for Cleveland to make his escape on another plane. He was, she decided, an urban guerrilla.

She was surprised when he told her to get off I-71 at the Delaware County area and made her drive on a back road. She saw him relax, as if he knew the area, and when they were out of sight of all cars, he told her to park. When Donna West saw how deserted the area was, she realized this abduction had nothing to do with anything political. She was going to be raped or shot or both.

"I want to sit here a minute and get my head together," he said.

Donna sat with her hands on the wheel, staring straight ahead, wondering what was going to happen. The tears started down her cheeks.

"What's the matter?" he said. "You afraid I'm going to rape you?"

Those words and his sarcastic tone cut through her, and she looked at him. "Yeah," she said. "I am."

"Well, you're so fucking stupid," he said. "Here you are worried about your ass when you ought to be worried about your life."

That was a sobering, shocking thing to hear, and Donna started crying immediately. "By God," she said, "you're absolutely right. I *am* worried about my life."

She could barely see his eyes through the sunglasses as his voice softened: "Take your hair out of the ponytail."

She sat gripping the wheel.

"I said take your hair down!"

She reached up and pulled a barrette out. Then he undid the braid, caressing her hair, saying how pretty it was.

Then he changed again, becoming loud and mouthy. "You are so fucking stupid," he said. "Jeeze, look how ya got yourself in a situation like this."

"How did I get myself into this situation?"

"Look at your dress. Look at your hair. You oughta know you would attract attention from someone like me. What were you doin' in the parking lot at seven-thirty in the morning? You're so fucking stupid."

Donna thought he was right in a way. It *was* her fault for offering him a ride. She had herself to blame for what was going to happen. Then she caught herself and realized he was taking her on a guilt trip. She'd heard of rapists doing this before, and she knew better than to fall for it.

"By the way," he said, shocking her out of her thoughts, "my name is Phil."

She looked straight ahead, not turning to see his face.

He shouted at her: "I said my name is Phil!"

She shook her head. "I don't really care what your name is. I don't think I want to know it."

He told her to get out of the car. Then, as he searched her pockets, he said, "As a nurse, I bet you could get a lotta speed."

She didn't answer.

"Get into the back of the car," he ordered.

Donna began to talk quickly as she got into the rear, hoping she could distract him by conversation. "Do you like art?" she asked. "I really like art. I'm a part-time potter. I work with clay." She talked on and on hysterically, but he seemed not to hear what she was saying.

He made her pull down her white panty hose, and she was almost grateful he didn't make it even more humiliating by forcing her to disrobe completely.

"I don't have any diseases," he said as he unzipped his fly.

It stunned Donna that he would say such a thing. She felt like screaming at him: "I have diseases. I have all kinds of diseases." But by now she felt he was

mentally ill, and she was afraid of agitating him further. Well, diseases were the last thing on her mind right now. She just wanted this over and done with.

She was surprised and relieved at how quickly he finished with her.

"You're fantastic," he said. "You turn me on." He got out of the car, looked around, and told her to get back behind the wheel. "This is the first time I've ever raped anybody. I'm more than a guerrilla now. I'm a rapist."

After a short while, Donna said, "May I get out of the car? I have to urinate."

He nodded.

"I can't do it with someone watching me," she said. "Could you walk away out of sight?"

He did as she asked, and when he returned, she noticed his behavior had changed. He was relaxed, joking. But then he suddenly changed again, assuming the same commanding tone and attitude he'd had before the rape, frightening her with violent talk, using foul language.

"Get into the car," he snapped. "Get back on the freeway and go north. I want you to cash checks and get me some money."

Thinking as quickly as she could, wanting desperately to get back to familiar territory, she said, "Look, if it's money you want, let's go back to Columbus. You're not going to get any out-of-town checks cashed on a Saturday."

She waited for his reaction, telling herself that if he insisted on heading north on I-71, it would mean they were headed for Cleveland. She decided then and there that she would crash the car and kill both of them. She hated what he had done to her, and she was going to make sure he would have no use for her money.

"All right," he said. "Take I-Seventy-one south."

She hoped he wouldn't see how relieved she was, and she decided to press her luck. "Why don't we take Route Twenty-three? There are lots of banks on twenty-three and we could get to one before they close at noon."

Again he accepted her suggestion, and though she still felt her life was in danger, she hoped that if she could keep talking and keep him off balance, she might get through it alive.

"Are you married?" he asked her suddenly.

She nodded, realizing it was important for him to think someone was waiting for her, that someone would know she was missing. "My husband's a doctor."

"How is he?"

"He's an intern."

"That's not what I mean."

"What do you mean?"

"What's he like?"

She was about to describe Sidney when she suddenly realized that he wanted to know how adequate her husband was sexually.

"You're much better than he is," she said, realizing that if she complimented

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him, he might be nicer to her. "You know, my husband must have a problem. It takes him forever. It's great that you were so fast."

She could see he really got a big kick out of that, and she was more certain than ever that this young man was a schizophrenic, out of touch with reality. If she kept humoring him, perhaps she might get out of this.

He went through her purse again, taking her Master Charge card, her university clinic ID, and her checkbook. "I have to have two hundred dollars," he said. "Someone needs the money. Write a check for cash and go to your bank in Westerville. We'll go in together, but if you make one funny move, you try to do anything, I'll be standing right behind you with the gun. I'll shoot."

As they went into the bank, Donna was shaking all over. She found it hard to believe that the tellers didn't catch on—she could barely talk and was rolling her eyes frantically, trying to attract attention. But no one noticed a thing. Donna used her Master Charge card to make two withdrawals of fifty dollars each, until the machine receipt indicated she'd reached her limit.

As they drove off, he tore up the bank receipts carefully, then tossed the pieces out the car window. Donna looked through the rearview mirror and nearly choked—a Westerville police cruiser was right behind them! "Oh, my God," she thought, clenching a fist to her temple, "we're going to be picked up for littering!"

Reacting to her agitation, he turned and saw the police. "Oh, hot damn! Let the fucking pigs come up here and I'll blow 'em away. Too bad you have to see this, but that's the way it goes. I'll waste 'em, and if you try anything you'll be next."

Mentally, she crossed her fingers, hoping the police hadn't seen the papers thrown out of the car. She felt certain he would shoot it out with them. The police cruiser ignored them, and she slumped back, trembling.

"Let's find another bank," he said.

They tried several banks, then Krogers and Big Bear stores, all unsuccessfully. She noticed that he would become agitated and aggressive before they entered each one, but once inside he would be playful, as if it were all a game. At the Kroger store in Raintree Center, he put his arm around her and pretended he was her husband. "We really need the money," he told the clerk. "We're going out of town."

Donna was finally able to cash fifty dollars by using a check-cashing machine.

"I wonder," he said, "if all the computers are connected."

When she told him that he seemed to know a lot about the way banks and bank machines worked, he said, "I need to know all these things because it's useful information for my group to have. We share information. Everyone adds to the group."

Again she assumed he was talking about the Weathermen or some other radical organization, and she decided to divert him with talk about politics and current issues. When he thumbed through a copy of *Time* that had been lying on the floor of the car, she asked his opinion on the voting for the Panama Canal treaty. He looked confused and flustered, and she realized after a few seconds that he knew nothing at all about something that had been in the headlines and on the TV news. He was not the political activist he had led her to believe. She decided he knew very little about what was going on in the world.

"You know," he said softly, "I really like you, Donna. It's too bad we had to meet under these circumstances."

Donna decided that he was not going to kill her, and she began to think about helping the police catch him.

"It would be wonderful," she said, "if we could meet again. Phone me . . . write me a letter . . . send me a postcard. If you don't want to sign your own name, you could sign it *G* for 'Guerrilla.' "

"What about your husband?"

She had him, she thought. She had manipulated him, and now she had him hooked. "Don't worry about my husband," she said. "I'll take care of him. Write me. Phone me. I'd love to hear from you again."

He pointed out that she was almost out of gas and suggested they pull into a station to fill up.

"No, that's okay. I'll have enough." She was hoping she would run out of gas so that he would have to leave the car.

"How close are we to where I picked you up this morning?"

"Not far."

"Why don't you take me back there?"

She nodded, thinking how appropriate it was to be going back to where it had started. When they were near the College of Dentistry, he told her to pull over. He insisted on leaving her five dollars for gas. She didn't touch it; so he slipped it under the visor. Then he looked at her tenderly. "I'm sorry we had to meet under these circumstances," he whispered again. "I really love you."

He hugged her tightly and ran out of the car.

It was one o'clock Saturday afternoon when Ragen got back to the Channingway Apartments, once again remembering nothing of the robbery. He put the money beneath his pillow and the gun on the table beside him. "This money stays vit me," he said and went to sleep.

Allen woke later that evening, found $200 under his pillow, and wondered where in the world it had come from. When he saw Ragen's gun, he figured it out.

"Well," he said, "might as well go have a good time."

He showered, shaved his face, dressed, and went out for dinner.

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Ragen woke Tuesday evening, thinking he had slept for just a few hours. He put his hand under the pillow, only to find the money gone again. Gone. And he still hadn't paid the bills or bought anything for himself. Once again he asked questions inside, and this time he reached Allen and Tommy.

"Yeah," Allen said. "I saw some money laying there. I didn't know I wasn't supposed to spend it."

"I bought some art supplies," Tommy said. "We need stuff."

"Fools!" Ragen shouted. "I stole it to pay bills. To buy food. For car payment."

"Well, where's Arthur?" Allen asked. "He should have told us."

"I cannot find Arthur. He is off somevere vit scientific studies instead of controlling spot. I am one who has to get money to pay bills."

"What are you gonna do now?" Tommy asked.

"I do it once more. Is last time. No one must touch money."

"God," Allen said, "I hate these mix-up times."

In the early hours of Wednesday, October 26, Ragen put on his leather jacket and made his way, for the third time, across the city of Columbus, toward Ohio State University. He had to get money. He had to rob someone. Anyone. At about seven-thirty he paused at an intersection where a police cruiser had also stopped. Ragen suddenly gripped his gun. The officers might have some money. As he started toward them, the light abruptly changed and they drove away.

Walking along East Woodruff Avenue, he saw an attractive blond woman pulling a blue Corvette up the driveway of a brick apartment building. The sign on the wall said GEMINI. He followed her up the driveway around to the back parking area, certain she hadn't seen him. He had never considered robbing a woman, but now he was desperate.

"Get into car."

The woman turned, startled. "What?"

"I have gun. I need you to take me someplace."

Frightened, she carefully followed all of his instructions. Ragen got into the car and pulled out two guns. Then Adalana wished him off the spot for the third time . . .

Adalana was becoming worried that Arthur might discover she had been stealing Ragen's time. She decided that if Ragen was ever caught, he might as well be blamed for the whole thing. Since he had come out with guns and certainly had intended to commit robbery, everyone would believe he had been out the whole time. If he couldn't remember what had happened, it would be blamed on the vodka and the drugs.

She admired Ragen, his aggressiveness as well as his tenderness with *Christene.* There were qualities about Ragen she wished she possessed herself. As the young woman drove her Corvette, Adalana talked as if she *were* Ragen.

"I want you to stop at that office building over there," she said. "There should be a limousine parked in the back lot."

When they saw the limousine, Adalana picked up one of the guns and aimed it at the car. "I'm going to kill the man who owns that car. If he were here now, he'd be dead. That man deals in cocaine, and I happen to know he killed a little girl by giving her cocaine. He does it to children all the time. That's why I'm going to kill him."

Adalana felt something in her jacket pocket. She found Tommy's handcuffs and laid them on the floor of the car.

"What's your name?" Adalana asked.

"Polly Newton."

"Well, Polly, I see you're low on gas. Pull into that service station."

Adalana paid for five gallons of gas, then told Polly to take I-71 north. They drove until they reached Worthington, Ohio, where Adalana insisted they stop at the Friendly ice cream store for a couple of Cokes.

As they drove on, Adalana noticed a river along the right side of the road and some old one-lane bridges crossing it. She knew Polly Newton was studying her face carefully, probably so she could identify her to the police. Adalana talked, pre-

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tending to be Ragen, making up stories. It would confuse Arthur and the others and cover her trail. No one would know she had been on the spot.

"I killed three people, but I killed a lot more than that during the war. I'm a member of the Weathermen's terrorist group, and I was dropped off in Columbus last night to complete a mission. I had to make a man disappear who was going to testify in court against the Weathermen. I should tell you I completed my mission."

Polly Newton listened quietly, nodding.

"I have another identity," Adalana boasted, "where I dress up, and I'm a businessman, and I drive a Maserati."

When they came to a deserted country road, Adalana had Polly drive across a deep ditch and through the high weeds of an overgrown field near a small pond. Adalana got out with her, looked at the water and at the surrounding area, came back, and sat on the hood of the car. "I want to wait for about twenty minutes before I have you drop me off."

Polly looked relieved.

Then Adalana added, "And I want to have sex with you."

Polly began to cry.

"I'm not going to hurt you. I'm not the kind who beats women and throws them around. I don't even like to hear about that being done to women."

Polly cried louder.

"Look, you mustn't scream and kick when you're being raped, because that makes a rapist freak out and get violent. The best thing to do is lay back, say, 'Go ahead,' and the rapist won't hurt you. I have a soft spot for tears," Adalana said, "but you don't have a choice. I'm going to do it anyway."

She took two bath towels from the car and laid them on the ground along with her jacket. "Lie down on them, put your hands on the ground, look up at the sky, and try to relax."

Polly did as she was told. Then Adalana lay down beside her, unfastened her blouse and her bra, and kissed her. "You don't have to worry about getting pregnant or anything like that," she said. "I've got Huntington's chorea, and I've had a vasectomy. Look."

Adalana pulled down her jogging pants to her knees and showed Polly a scar on the lower abdomen, right above the penis. It wasn't a vasectomy scar at all. It was a diagonal line on the abdomen itself, an appendectomy scar.

As Adalana lay on top of her, Polly cried, "Please don't rape me!" The girl's cry of "rape" struck deep into Adalana's mind. She remembered the things that had happened to *David* and *Danny* and Billy, how they had been the victims of child abuse. My God, what a horrible thing rape was.

Adalana stopped, rolled off onto her back, and looked at the sky with tears in her eyes. "Bill," she said, *"what's wrong with you?* Get yourself together."

She got up and put the towels back into

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the car. Then she took the larger gun from the front seat and threw an old beer bottle into the pond, but at first the gun wouldn't go off. She tried again, firing at the beer bottle twice and missing both times. Well, she wasn't a marksman like Ragen.

"We'd better get going," Adalana said.

As they drove off, Adalana reached over and searched the young woman's handbag. "I need to get some money for someone," she said. "About two hundred dollars." She held up the check-cashing card. "We'll go into Kroger's and cash a check."

At the Kroger office Polly was able to cash a check for two hundred and fifty dollars. Then they went to the State Savings Bank on North High Street, which refused to cash her checks. Finally, after a few other futile attempts at drive-in bank windows, Adalana suggested they use her father's Union Company card and try to cash a check with the card as a backup. The Union store at Graceland Shopping Center permitted her to cash a fifty-dollar check. "We could cash another check," Adalana suggested, "and you could keep the money yourself."

In a change of mood, Adalana tore a check out of the checkbook to write Polly a poem, but when she was done, she said, "I can't give it to you because the police might be able to match my handwriting." She destroyed the check and then ripped a page out of Polly's address book.

"I'm going to keep this page," Adalana said. "If you notify the police about me, I'll send the page to the Weathermen group and they'll kill your family."

Just then Adalana saw a police car on her left. Startled, she slipped away . . .

Philip found himself looking out the window of a moving car. He turned and saw a strange young blond woman at the wheel.

"What da fuck am I doin' here?" he said aloud. "Where y'at, Phil?"

"Is that your name—'Bill'?"

"Nah. Phil." He looked around. "What da fuck is goin' on? Jesus Christ, just a few minutes ago I wuz . . ."

Then Tommy was there, looking at her, wondering why he was here. Maybe someone was out on a date. He looked at his watch. It was almost noon.

"You hungry?" Tommy asked.

She nodded.

"There's a Wendy's over there. Let's go get hamburgers and some fries."

She placed the order, and Tommy paid for the food. She talked about herself as they ate, but he didn't really listen. She wasn't *his* date. He'd just have to wait until whoever was out with her came back and took her wherever they were going.

"Is there anyplace in particular you want me to drop you off?" she asked.

He looked at her. "The campus area's okay."

Whoever's date it was had just jilted him. When they got back to the car, he closed his eyes . . .

Allen looked up quickly at the young woman who was driving and felt the gun in his pocket and the roll of money. Oh, Jesus Christ, no . . .

"Look," he said. "Whatever I did, I'm sorry. I didn't hurt you, did I? Don't give the police my description, will you?"

She stared at him. He realized he had to confuse the issue in case she went to the police.

"Tell the police I'm Carlos the Jackal from Venezuela."

"Who's Carlos the Jackal?"

"Carlos the Jackal is dead, but the police don't know it yet. You tell them I'm Carlos and they'll probably believe you."

He jumped out of the car and walked quickly away . . .

Back home, Ragen counted the money and made an announcement: "No one is to touch money. I have robbed this for to pay bills."

Arthur said, "Wait a minute. I paid those bills with the money I found on the dresser."

"Vat? Vy don't you tell me? Vy I am going around robbing people?"

"I thought you'd know when you saw the money gone."

"So? And vat about money from second robbery? It vas gone, but not from paying bills."

"The boys explained that to you."

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Ragen felt he'd been made a fool of, and he stormed around the apartment in a rage. He demanded to know who had been stealing his time.

Arthur reached Tommy, Kevin, and Philip, but all three denied stealing time from Ragen. Philip described the blond girl he had seen in the car: "She looked like a cheerleader type."

"You were not supposed to take the spot," Arthur said.

"Well, shit, I didn't want to. I just found myself sitting with this broad in the goddamned car without knowing why. And I took off as soon as I realized what was goin' down."

Tommy said he'd bought the same girl a hamburger at Wendy's, figuring she was someone's date, "but that was just for about twenty minutes. The money was in my pocket already."

Arthur said, "Everybody stay home for a few days. We've got to figure out what's going on. Nobody's to leave until we find out who's been stealing time from Ragen."

"Well," Tommy said, "tomorrow's Dorothy and Del's fourth wedding anniversary. Kathy called and reminded me. I promised I'd meet her in Lancaster and she'd help me pick out a present."

Arthur nodded. "All right, call her and tell her you'll meet her, but don't take too much money with you. Just what you'll need. Get back as soon as possible."

The next day Tommy went shopping with Kathy in Lancaster, where they bought a beautiful chenille bedspread for a present. After dinner with Dorothy and Del and a quiet, pleasant visit with Kathy, Tommy sat in the car and waited until Allen came to drive him back to Channingway.

As soon as Allen got back to the apartment, he flopped into bed . . .

And David woke up. He didn't know why he was feeling so bad. Something was wrong around here, but he didn't know what. He wandered around the apartment and tried to reach Arthur or Allen or Ragen, but nobody would come. Everybody was mad at everybody else. Then he saw the bullets from Ragen's gun in the plastic bag under the couch and the gun under the red chair, and he knew that was very bad, because Ragen always kept his guns locked away.

He remembered what Arthur had always told him: "If there's ever any trouble or somebody's doing something bad and you can't reach anyone for help, call the bobbies." He knew "bobbies" was Arthur's way of saying police, because Arthur had written the police number on the paper beside the telephone. He picked the receiver up and dialed the number. When a man answered, David said, "Somebody is doing bad things around here. Everything's wrong."

"Where you at?"

"Old Livingston Avenue, the Channingway Apartments. There's something awfully wrong. But don't tell nobody I called you." Then he hung up. He looked out the window and saw how foggy it was.

After a while he left the spot. Danny came out and started to paint, even though it was getting late. Then he sat down in the living room to watch TV. When he heard the knock on the door, he was surprised. Through the peephole he saw a man with a Domino's pizza box in his hand. He opened the door and said, "I didn't order pizza."

While Danny was trying to help the man who was looking for Billy, the man slammed him against the wall and put a gun to his head. The police came in through the door with guns, and a pretty lady told him he had the right to remain silent; so he did. Then two men put him into a car and drove very slowly through the thick fog to the police station.

Danny had no idea why he was arrested, but he sat in the jail cell until David came to watch cockroaches running in circles. Arthur or Ragen or Allen would come soon and get him out of there. David knew he hadn't been a bad boy. He hadn't done anything bad at all.

THE TRIALS

On December 4, 1978, Judge Jay C. Flowers of the Franklin County Common Pleas Court in Columbus, Ohio, found Wil-

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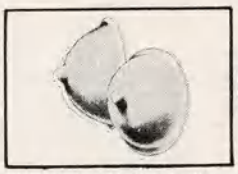

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liam Stanley Milligan "not guilty by reason of insanity" and committed him to the Athens Mental Health Center, in Athens, Ohio, under the care of Dr. David Caul, a multiple-personality specialist.

Following newspaper attacks and political pressures, on October 4, 1979, under order of Judge Roger Jones of the Athens County Common Pleas Court, Billy Milligan was handcuffed and belt-shackled and transferred from Athens to the Lima State Hospital for the Criminally Insane.

Milligan's attorneys appealed the questionable transfer, but on December 10, 1979, Judge David R. Kinworthy of the Allen County Common Pleas Court ordered that he be kept at Lima and ordered the hospital psychiatrists to treat his multiple-personality disorder.

Locked in the strong ward of Lima, Billy did not receive the treatment ordered by the judge, and his attorneys filed a contempt-of-court motion against the Lima authorities and the Ohio State Department of Mental Health. They pressed the mental-health authorities to transfer Billy to a less restrictive hospital, where he would receive proper psychiatric care.

In October 1980 the state of Ohio began the process of transforming Lima from a hospital for the criminally insane to a prison. A month later Billy was moved to the Dayton Forensic Center, a maximum-security facility surrounded by double fences, topped by concertina barbed wire, and run with a security system more stringent than that of most prisons.

On April 21, 1981, Ohio's Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals found that the first transfer to Lima was "a fatal violation" of his rights but decided not to overturn the judge's actions.

Billy did not seem bitter when I read him the news article reporting the decision. I had the impression he was weary of it all.

I visit Billy from time to time. Sometimes it's Tommy or Allen or Kevin. At other times he's the one with no name.

On one of my visits, when I asked who he was, he said, "I don't know who I am. I feel hollow."

I asked him to tell me about it.

"When I'm not asleep and not on the spot," he said, "it's like I'm lying face down on a sheet of glass that stretches out forever, and I can look down through it. Beyond that, in the farthest ground, it seems like stars of outer space, but then there's a circle, a beam of light. It's almost as if it's coming out of my eyes because it's always in front of me. Around it, some of my people are lying in coffins. The lids aren't on them because they're not dead yet. They're asleep, waiting for something. There are some empty coffins because not everyone has come there. David and the other young ones want a chance at life. The older ones have given up hope."

"What is this place?" I asked him.

"David named it," he said, "because he made it. David calls it 'the Dying Place.'"

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I CAN'T CONCENTRATE ON THIS SCRIPT! I FEEL.... SORT OF... RESTLESS!
I'M BORED! FILM MAKING IS SO... MONOTONOUS! SO RESTRICTING!
BORED? SWEET CHASTITY, THE INSPIRED CREATION OF VINCENT VON FRANKENSTEIN, HAS BEEN CAREFULLY PROGRAMMED BY HER CREATOR TO STAR IN THE MAGNUM OPUS OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST FILM MAKER, AWESOME WELLS. IF SHE'S SHOWING SIGNS OF BOREDOM SOMETHING IS SERIOUSLY WRONG WITH VINCENT'S PROGRAMMING!
by RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE
I SUPPOSE I'D BETTER GET DRESSED AND GET DOWN TO THE SET..... I DON'T WANT TO UPSET UNCLE VINCENT AND MISTER WELLS!
BUT AS OUR HEROINE, SOMEWHAT RELUCTANTLY, PREPARES FOR THE DAY'S WORK, THERE IS A SLIGHT MOVEMENT AMONG HER DRESSES IN THE WARDROBE...

FUMAN JU, EX-HEAD OF ISRAELI INTELLIGENCE, THE GREATEST UNDERCOVER AGENT IN THE WORLD — SENT BY MULTI-BILLIONAIRE HOWARD HUGE TO BRING THE LOVE OF HIS LIFE, SWEET CHASTITY, BACK TO HIM!
THE SECRET AGENT'S HANDS GRASP THE BACK OF CHASTITY'S NECK AND HIS THUMBS UNWITTINGLY PRESS AGAINST THE TINY DYNA-RAM COMPUTER CONTROL LINKED TO HER BRAIN CELLS.....
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CLICK!
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BULLETS, BOMBS, EVEN CYANIDE — FUMAN JU HAS SURVIVED THEM ALL!

BUT HE ISN'T EQUIPPED TO COPE WITH THE IRRESISTABLE AND DEVASTATING POWERS OF SWEET CHASTITY! FUMAN JU IS A BROKEN MAN!

ON THE SET THE GREAT MAN PACES THE FLOOR RESTLESSLY.....
WHERE THE HELL IS SHE?
RESTLESSLY? NO, THAT'S AN UNDERSTATEMENT! IT'S BEYOND HIS EXPERIENCE TO BE KEPT WAITING — BY ANYONE!
WELL DON'T JUST STAND THERE! GO AND FETCH HER!
EACH PASSING MINUTE IS COSTING ME MILLIONS!
YES, SIR, MR WELLS— SIR!
ER...SHE'S NOT THERE!
SPEAK UP, MAN!
SHE'S NOT IN HER APARTMENT! THERE'S NO SIGN OF HER— SHE'S DISAPPEARED!
DISAPPEARED? SHE CAN'T DISAPPEAR! SHE'S UNDER CONTRACT TO ME!

WHO THE HELL IS THAT? WHAT'S THAT CLOWN DOING IN HER APARTMENT?
I DON'T KNOW! I'VE NEVER SEEN HIM BEFORE! I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON!
GET FRANKENSTEIN IN HERE!
SWEET CHASTITY HAS GONE—AND THERE'S A BABBLING MANIAC IN HER BED! NOW DON'T SAY ANYTHING TO ME, FRANKENSTEIN!
THE ENTIRE ARAB WORLD OIL REVENUES ARE TIED UP IN THIS FILM! EVERY WASTED MINUTE IS POURING MILLIONS OF DOLLARS DOWN THE DRAIN!
I WANT CHASTITY HERE—RIGHT NOW! FIND HER—THIS MINUTE—OR MY WRATH, WHICH IS COSMIC AND TERRIBLE TO BEHOLD, IS GOING TO DESCEND ABOUT YOUR EARS!

ANYONE SEEN CHASTITY?
PACK YOUR BAGS!
NO! WHY-WHAT'S UP?
SHE'S GONE AGAIN! WE'VE GOT TO RUN FOR IT!
WHAT'S GOING ON?
DON'T ASK QUESTIONS, ELECTRA—JUST GET SOME CLOTHES ON!
SO—YOUR NIECE HAS WALKED OUT ON YOU—MR BIGSHOT!
NOT NOW, ELECTRA—SAVE IT!
OH, MY GOD! MY HAIRDRESSING APPOINTMENT IS FOR TOMORROW—I'LL HAVE TO CANCEL!
THE INDIGNITY OF UNDUE HASTE!
I'M NOT DRESSED!
IF WE DON'T GET OUT OF HERE—FAST—YOU WON'T BE NEEDING ANY CLOTHES!
THE STRAIN OF THIS NOMADIC LIFE IS BEGINNING TO TELL!

WELL—WHAT DO WE DO NOW?
WE'D BETTER GO HOME—TO CASTLE DREER!
HOW WILL WE GET THERE? HAVE YOU GOT ANY MONEY?
YOU MEAN YOU HAVEN'T GOT ANY MONEY?
N...NO!
YOU IDIOT! YOU RAVING NIT-WIT! YOU HAD YOUR HANDS ON MILLIONS!
WELL I'M NOT WALKING!
SQUELCH!
SQUELCH!
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OH, WELL....
....IT'S GONNA BE A LONG WALK!

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

marathon session of lovemaking on the couch, floor, armchair, and every other conceivable place. We sat quietly, listening to the stereo emitting soft sexy music. My hand was slowly trailing up and down the inside of his thigh, grazing his semi-hard cock resting on his leg.

I bent my head down and slowly ran my tongue over the glistening tip of his prick as it involuntarily jumped up and down a few times. A sudden knock on the door startled me so much I almost bit the end of Tom's cock off.

I picked up the first towel I could find off the floor (we had a few lying around to prevent carpet stains) and wrapped it around myself with a little difficulty, as it was a bit too small, but it covered the basics. I opened the door enough to see it was my girl friend Mindy, whom I work with at the hospital. It quickly came back to me that I had talked her into coming over to my place a few days ago. Mindy is a very pretty little blond.

"Hi, Lisa. Oh—I'm sorry. Were you in the shower?" she asked as her eyes quickly darted down the length of my nearly nude body to my feet and then back up to my eyes. With a giggle I told her that I was with Tom, whom she had met a couple of times at work. She mentioned something about leaving, but I insisted she come in, even if only for one drink.

By the time poor Tom realized we were coming down the short hallway, all he had time to do was throw the closest towel over his lap, which poked up in the middle like a tent. I'm sure he had been playing with himself while I was at the door, and now he had a raging hard-on he could hardly conceal. Even though the lighting was dim, I could see both Mindy and Tom blushing as their eyes met. The only sensible thing Tom could say was "Excuse me if I don't get up." This brought a little nervous giggle from Mindy as she turned to me again, saying she should come back another time. Surprisingly, Tom immediately told her it was quite all right as I led her over to a big armchair directly in front of the couch, facing him.

Returning from the kitchen with three scotch-and-sodas, I then walked over to Mindy, who was forcing herself to look everywhere around the room except at Tom's almost nude body right in front of her. As I juggled tne three glasses, trying to hand one to Mindy, my towel decided to slip to the floor, leaving me naked in front of them both, with both hands full. This brought a wide-eyed, almost shocked look from Mindy. Tom burst out laughing, which took away the sudden tension I was feeling. She wasn't offended and quickly stood up to help me get rid of the drinks. She handed one to Tom. I figured: what's the difference now that she has seen me anyway? And I sat down beside Tom still naked. I accidently bumped Tom's arm

with my left knee and made some of his drink spill down my leg and foot.

To my surprise Mindy was immediately on her knees in front of me. "Here, let me wipe that up," she said as she reached for the towel I had dropped. She gently grasped my ankle and stretched out my leg, resting my foot in the palm of her hand while she gently wiped the liquid from my thigh all the way down to my foot, which she now clasped in her hands like a little bird. "Gee, you have beautiful little feet, Lisa," she almost whispered. She stared at my foot in her hands as though it was made of gold. A tingling was running through my body as my pink nipples hardened and stood out straight. Before I could react, she quickly bent her head and planted a small kiss on the tops of my toes before releasing my foot and returning to her chair.

During these few minutes Tom had gotten another hard-on, which the little towel couldn't hide. The three of us sipped our drinks and talked about anything and everything. My left hand was slowly inching the towel off of Tom's lap. He didn't notice it, but Mindy did, as her eyes kept darting to my busy hand, waiting to get a glimpse of his cock, and back to my glistening pussy lips, which were shaven almost bare. Sitting directly in front of her, I knew she could see them very clearly as I spread my legs a little more. It was so exciting to be showing myself to Mindy who, after all, was a stranger to me.

By now Tom had abandoned himself to the drinks and my hand, which was slowly pumping up and down his shaft. He lay his head back on the edge of the couch and closed his eyes, his back arching in rhythm. Mindy was starting to squirm in her chair as we continued a normal conversation, as though my left hand had a mind of its own. Her mouth dropped open in the middle of a word as I finally pulled off Tom's towel, revealing his beautiful, hard cock standing at attention with its bulging blue veins and his heavy balls full of cream, waiting to be released. I rose to my knees, straddling Tom's legs, lowered my mouth to his staff, running my tongue over the tip. Then, taking his cock into my mouth, I let it slide all the way in, cupping his balls with one hand and sucking on his organ as his ass bounced up and down.

An electric shock raced through my whole body as I suddenly felt hot breath and an even hotter, silky soft tongue penetrate my juice-filled pussy. Mindy's nose was buried between my ass cheeks, as she pumped her tongue in and out of my cunt and then gently stroked my clit. My ass was pushing into her lovely face and my legs were spread as far as they would go. Tom didn't know what she was doing to me as I was sucking him—his eyes were still closed—until he was halfway through the motion of gently pushing me down onto my back on the carpet. Mumbling a quick apology to Mindy, he mounted me and drove his wonderful, probing cock up deep into my belly.

Within a few seconds, jeans, a blouse, and a pair of sandals were flying in all directions as Mindy almost tore her clothes in a frenzy to get them off. She knelt her gorgeous little nude body beside me and fondled my breasts with one hand while feverishly rubbing her own pussy with the other. I reached up with one free hand and gently rubbed her hard little breasts, which felt so strange and exciting. I had never touched another girl's breasts before.

By now, Tom and I both had a fantastic orgasm, and he rolled off me onto the floor and began watching Mindy doing her thing on me. She straddled my hips with her back to me and bent over frontwards, running her fingers down my legs to my feet. Her luscious pussy, wide open in front of me, was too far away for me to be able to eat her, but I was giving her an excellent finger-fuck when suddenly the strangest sensations shot through me. Her lips and tongue were kissing and licking my right foot all over. She grasped both of my feet together in her hands and was sucking my toes into her mouth as though they were little cocks. She rubbed my feet over her face and continued licking and sucking them for several moments. Her legs slowly stretched out, bringing her own attractive bare feet up to either side of my head.

Turning slightly, I took her foot into my hands, caressing it softly. This was driving her crazy, her bottom bucking up and down, but she was still sucking my toes. Finding this very erotic, I pulled her foot toward my lips and ran my tongue over them and under and around her pink toes, pulling them into my mouth and sucking every single one of them wildly.

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She must have come about three times just from the excitement of our foot-loving. Eventually she moved down, squatting over my feet, her head thrown back and her eyes closed. She lowered herself to my toes, letting them slip up into her cunt. She pumped up and down, holding my feet in place from underneath with both hands. She cried out and shuddered all over as her hot juices poured down my feet, which she soon licked off again.

Later she fucked me with her toes as Tom screwed her from behind. The three of us had fantastic sex all evening, in every conceivable position. The emergence of my feet as a very erotic sexual object excited me so much that I have become a full-fledged foot fetishist. I'm only sorry I neglected them in lovemaking for so long.—*Name and address withheld*

Endless love

I'm twenty years old with blond hair, blue eyes, and I'm six feet tall and 165 pounds. I'm a constant reader of "Forum," but never thought that I would be writing to you about an experience. Vicky and I shared this experience, and she wrote to me about it while I was away. I want to share her letter with you.

"To my lover,

"We were in our home together. While I put our son to bed, you lit a fire and sat back and watched it. When I came back you were stretched out in front of the fire, smoking a joint and listening to the music that you had turned on. You looked up at me and reached for my hand and then gently pulled me down into your arms.

"We were getting high and passing a fifth of Southern Comfort back and forth. We were both feeling really good and relaxed while we listened to the music. The beat, our bodies, our emotions, and the feelings of being horny filled the air. Pleasure filled our eyes as we looked at each other. While we were kissing, I slipped my hand inside your shirt. My hand caressed your chest, then began unbuttoning your shirt, and slipped it off of you. You reached for me and unzipped my dress and carefully slid it off of me. Now my breasts were free. You smiled as you touched my nipples, first with your fingers, caressing them gently, and then with your lips. While you were sucking on my breasts, you took off my panties. Then you explored my whole body with your tongue. You traced my shoulder, then the back of my neck, all of me. And then your hands found the nape of my neck and caressed it gently.

"My lips came up to meet yours again. While my hand was caressing your chest, your nipples became erect. I wanted to feel your ass—it looked so muscular when you moved. I began to nibble on your ear lobe while I was unbuckling your belt and loosening your pants. Then I pushed your pants and underwear away, freeing your stiff dick. Then, coolly, my hands caressed the length of your back. I felt the muscles of your upper back as you rubbed up against me; then I felt the lower part of your back and finally your firm ass. Then I followed the indentation at the side of each cheek. I could feel the strength of your body. I wanted you inside of me. I could wait, but I didn't want to. We were both naked and standing up, our bodies illuminated by the firelight. Smiling at each other, then kissing with so much passion.

"Then you carried me to the bathroom, and turned the water on in the shower. We both stepped into the shower and began kissing as you guided me toward the stream of water. I ran the bar of soap over your body. As I was soaping you, I began to stroke you, while your hands were soaping me, lathering my breasts, sliding down my body, and moving between my legs. I was becoming very aroused by the way you were touching me. You were also becoming very aroused by the way I stroked you under the hot water.

"I found myself coming, coming and wanting you to satisfy me. I wanted to feel the weight of you against me on smooth satin sheets.

"Weak with pleasure, I leaned against the wall. You held me. I felt your hard dick against me, first between my legs, our thighs together. Then I spread my legs as you bent your knees to enter me. As I rode you, you cradled me in your arms, fucking

me. I was wild with pleasure, licking your neck, caressing your back. You pressed me against the wall and I could feel you coming. You made no attempt to control it. And you couldn't have if you tried. I was as ready as you were, and for the two of us it was the most elemental moment of our lives. Nothing had ever equaled this for us. After it was over you continued to hold me against you, your hard dick still inside of me. My legs were still wrapped around you and you were still inside of me. You stepped out of the shower and lifted me off of you gently. We both reached for fluffy towels and dried each other off.

"When we were both dry, you picked me up and carried me into the bedroom. You laid me down in the middle of our bed. You kissed me and sucked at my mouth while I covered you with myself, my breasts, and my whole body. Then I moved down towards your dick. I was stroking you as I moved against your body. You loved me with your hands and face, watching me respond to your mouth and tongue. It was happening to you at the same time. Your tongue explored my pussy and then devoted itself to me. I moved faster and faster against your tongue. The sound that came from my throat told you I was close to coming. And I did, gasping and covering your face with my body. You discovered the pleasure of my mouth making love to your dick, kissing your balls, spreading your thighs, licking you, nibbling you, almost bringing you off.

"And then I stopped and started all over again, stroking softly, then closer, touching your dick with my lips knowingly. And then our hips started to thrust in full swing; you were fucking my mouth, moving back and forth, and side to side. You felt yourself starting to come, so you withdrew from my mouth and looked at me. Our eyes were glazed with passion. You whispered into my ear, 'You're making me hot for you,' while your hand was guiding your dick. You made a circle with your dick on my pussy lips and massaged the entrance. Then you slipped it in. I felt you rocking me rhythmically again and again. Then I could feel you inside me as we thrust into one another. A real good, solid rhythm. Steady, so we could keep it slow and make it last. I was biting your neck, leaving a necklace of small love bites. Our lips met while we were both moving and responding together, making love to each other, with nothing but the pure ferocious animal joy of fucking.

"And it began to grow, the need for completion, the explosion. It came upon us both at once. Our muscles strained as we clung to each other. My legs wrapped around you, and your arms seized my body as you locked us together, locking us into one motion. Then we could hold off no longer. It was a string of climaxes. Like firecrackers—one setting off another and another. Yours turning into mine and my climax touching off another for you. We both waited so long that this was like a dam overflowing. Your hands were strong as you molded me into you. Our bodies mingled until finally, shuddering with the strength of our pure physical togetherness, we came again. Satisfied but not finished, moving sweetly and lazily upon each other.

"After we lay there, dazed, confused, so content and relaxed, you got up, fixed us a drink, lit some more incense, and we got high again. When we finished our drinks and the joint, you gently kissed my lips. Then you whispered into my ear, 'I want to make love to you.' And it was true—you were still hard. Our bodies were still hungry for each other. Not ferociously any more. You slipped it in, gently. It was more like floating, the two of us making love. True lovers. There was a fluidity and continuity to all our lovemaking. There seemed to be no orgasms and yet it was all orgasms. Your hands on my body stimulated me more than erections ever could. My lips on your chest, my tongue wandering all over your body, gave us a thrill that we had never felt possible."—*Name and address withheld*

Just this once

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ly and have enjoyed a wonderful sex life. Communication has never been a problem.

More and more I have found myself looking for stories in magazines pertaining to wives who fuck other men with the consent of, and in front of, their husbands. I tell you, the idea of my wife, Nancy, fucking a friend of mine or a stranger in front of me drives me crazy. I could easily come in my pants if I dwell on it too long.

One night I approached Nancy as casually as I could about making love with another man while I watched. She laughed it off, making funny remarks about the possibility of such a thing ever taking place. I have no desire to have another woman, so swapping is not what I am talking about.

After several weeks I approached her again, and when Nancy realized that I was serious she became furious. She accused me of not loving her. She wanted to know if I was tired of her or if I was trying to get rid of her. She also demanded to know what would happen if she liked the man I wanted her to screw. She refused to listen to me any more and told me not to mention it again.

I felt that I had failed to convince her that this would turn me on and make me a better lover. Surely I didn't want to ruin my marriage, so I asked myself if this idea was really that important to me. I guess I felt she could do this for me since I try to please her in every way possible. What would be so bad about her lying on her back and spreading her legs, just once? I thought.

For three days we barely spoke a word to each other. Then, on the fourth day, she said she couldn't live like this and would do as I wished for one time only. She was ashamed and disgusted, she said, but her marriage was more important to her, and who did I have in mind for her to fuck?

I explained that I had written to a guy whose address I obtained from a magazine. He responded with a letter and a photo of himself. He was two years older than Nancy, and he explained that he enjoyed intercourse with a married woman while her husband looked on. Nancy seemed pleased with the photograph but repeated that this was disgusting. She wanted to know why I didn't just go to a movie to satisfy my voyeurism, but I told her it just wouldn't be the same. I got in touch with Paul and told him when to meet us at our house.

Nancy was very nervous that evening when Paul rang our doorbell. She invited him in, and they sat and drank and talked for a while. I got up and said I would take the dog for a walk and they should get to know each other. Nancy gave me a dirty look, and by this time I was sure that she planned to teach me a lesson.

When I returned they were in each other's arms, kissing up a storm. Paul had one hand under Nancy's dress, and I noticed that she had removed her panty hose. I quietly sat down to watch. Nancy didn't hesitate to encourage him even though she knew I was watching. As a matter of fact, she reached down and took Paul's penis out of his pants and began to stroke it.

Soon they were both breathing heavily. He had lifted her dress above her pussy, and I could see his fingers in her cunt. He ran his hand up and down the inside of her thighs and back again in her hole. All this time they continued to kiss. I thought sure that Paul would come soon and put an end to it. Just when I was afraid it was all over, Nancy whispered in Paul's ear and took him by the hand. She turned to me and said, "We are going into the bedroom. Do you want to come along?" I decided to allow them time to get adjusted to one another and to follow them to the bedroom in a few minutes.

Nancy was already naked when I reached the doorway, and she was removing Paul's shoes and then his pants. When he was stark naked, Nancy knelt on the rug in front of him and put his cock in her mouth. Now I was sure she was doing this for my benefit, because she is not big on blowjobs. He shot his full load in her mouth, and she swallowed every drop. Nancy licked his cock clean, stood up, and looked straight at me as if to say, "How about that!" Little did she know I had just let go of the largest load of come in my life.

Soon they moved to the bed and kissed for some time. Then Paul slid down to Nancy's pussy and began to spread her legs. He put his head there and sucked her cunt. She came almost immediately. I could see her juices running down the crack in her ass. Before I even knew it, I had shot my come again.

Now, after coming twice in less than an hour, I was starting to lose my enthusiasm. I felt I had had enough and could feel pangs of jealousy. Nancy wasn't ready to let me off that easily, though. She rolled on top of Paul, kissing him from head to toe and back to his cock. Now she sucked him for a while, long enough to get him hard. She then sat down on his prick, sliding his full nine and a half inches in without a bit of trouble. She rode him as I never saw her do with me in all our seven years of marriage. My cock was up again, and I found myself jerking off, something that I rarely do.

They both came with loud, screeching moans of pleasure. After relaxing for a bit, Paul said he'd have to leave, because another fuck like this would more than likely kill him.

He dressed and said he had enjoyed himself and hoped we would call on him again sometime. Nancy and I stood looking at one another. I asked her if she would ever forgive me. She said, "Not at all—I enjoyed it. Just don't ever ask me to do this again."

Well, that's another story.—*Name and address withheld*

One of the boys

Unlike many of your readers, I believe most of the letters in your "Forum" column, which I have been reading for years. But I can't believe that I did what I am about to share with your readers.

First, I should say that although I have been reading and enjoying your magazine for years, I am not a loose woman. I had, until a few nights ago, only five lovers in all my twenty-nine years. This was not due to any lack of male attention, since I am five foot eight, have long blond hair, full breasts, and an attractive face. I'm just not the kind who sleeps around . . . or at least I wasn't until recently.

It all started when a group of us at the public-relations firm where I work finished a long project for one of our new clients. It was very successful, and the client was very pleased with our work. There were six of us intimately involved in the project: five attractive male coworkers and myself. When the agency's president said we could have a night on the town at the company's expense to celebrate, he didn't have to offer twice.

The six of us—no spouses or lovers came along—started the evening at an elegant bar on the riverfront of our city, sipping champagne and munching on crab and oysters flown in from the Coast. We followed that with a lavish dinner at one of the city's better restaurants and stayed for several after-dinner drinks. By this time we had been together for a while, and the conversation turned to wives and lovers. It was the first time I had spoken with any men about my sexual experiences, and I found the conversation produced a decided dampness between my legs. I felt the thighs of the men on either side of me press against my own thighs, and while I didn't return the pressure, I didn't pull away either.

Finally, Brian, the most attractive and wildest of my coworkers, suggested we move to another bar for a nightcap. As we stood to leave, I noticed that all the men seemed to appreciate my upright, hard nipples as they pushed against the silky fabric of my dress. I was so randy by this time that I wouldn't have wished my nipples down for anything. We left the restaurant in a tight group and walked the few blocks to the entertainment district. I thought we would go to one of the quaint little bars in the district, but was surprised when Brian and Julian, Brian's close rival in looks, walked into a bar known throughout the city for its sleazy floor shows, featuring totally nude dancers. They didn't look back for my approval, so I took a deep breath and entered with everyone else.

Fortunately—although I didn't think so at the time—a table for six opened up just a row away from the stage. We were seated with me facing the stage and immediately looking into the spread pussy of a dancer who was rolling about on the floor. I was flushed, but I quickly realized that it wasn't embarrassment that brought the blood to my cheeks but excitement. I had never seen a naked female in the presence of men, and it had an unexpected result—it really turned me on.

The girl on the stage finished her session quickly, and we ordered a round of beers. By the time the next dancer was into her second number and had all her clothing removed, I felt Julian's hand on my thigh, and I replied by opening my legs a bit. Brian, who was on the other side, must have noticed, because I felt his hand on my other thigh, only higher up than Julian's. They could feel my dampness through my panty hose; and the other three men at the table, Ted, Jeff, and Doug, none of whom were bad-looking, were alternating stares from the stage to the little show going on at our table.

During the next break I excused myself and went to the bathroom. I removed my panty hose and fingered my lacy, light-blue panties. I came in less than a minute, then splashed some cold water on my face, and returned to the table, stuffing my panty hose in my purse. As I sat down, the MC was announcing the beginning of amateur night, and all the guys at the table kiddingly pushed me to join in the fun. I refused, of course, but watched intently as a young woman got up from a table next to us and boldly approached the stage. She

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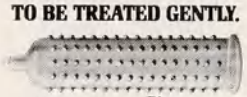

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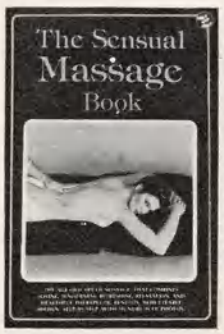

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told the MC she had never danced in a club before but regularly did striptease dances for her boyfriend. The music started, and the young woman coyly removed her clothing, bit by bit revealing a firm, trim body that elicited approval from me and lust from my companions.

The next dancer wasn't as good, and the third was such a poor dancer that even though she had a good body, she got little response from the audience. I began to feel that I could do better and that I would enjoy the sensation of bringing the house down with my body. I was also turned on by Brian's and Julian's fingers, which found their way under my panties and into my cunt. So, when the fourth dancer turned in an inspiring but easily beatable performance, I walked confidently to the stage, leaving my companions open-mouthed and probably open-zippered.

While I've never done a striptease, I really enjoy moving to music. My enjoyment was heightened that night as I removed my clothing in front of a room crowded with men, and I met their stares with a sexy smile. They cheered as I removed my light silk dress, revealing a low-cut blue lace bra and matching panties. By the time these last two items of clothing disappeared, I was in another world, transformed not only by the dancing but also by the excitement of moving nude in front of so many men. I wanted them to see my pussy, to be able to touch it, to fuck me. I sat on the edge of the stage and spread my legs wide, swaying my tits in time to the music and rotating my pelvis. Juices were flowing from my cunt, and I could feel a wet spot on the stage as I moved around. Suddenly I looked up to see Brian and Julian smiling back at me from front-row seats, so I took my hand and pulled back the skin of my vagina to reveal my hole and my clit. With my other hand I took Julian's hand and led it to my pussy. The sensation was great, so through the next song, I moved from man to man, letting Brian and Jeff feel my pussy, along with several other men I had never met before. When the last song ended, an older man with a full beard had his head buried between my legs, and I was on my back on the stage, experiencing orgasm after orgasm.

I stood to their applause, picked up the tips they threw on the stage, and slipped my dress on without buttoning it. Shortly after the MC announced the results—I came in first—we left, and in no time found ourselves, minus Doug, who had to leave, at my apartment. The five of us were no sooner in the door than my dress was off again and men's clothes were following fast. Brian kissed me strongly and dropped me to the floor, where he put his head between my legs and started lapping the juices from my pussy. Julian and Ted knelt on either side of me and fondled my breasts as I went from one cock to the other, sucking, licking, and lacing their sensitive skin with my tongue. Poor Jeff sat on the couch, taking it all in. While he was the plainest-looking of the four, I was amazed at the huge cock he was stroking. His own hand barely fit around the shaft, which must have been twelve inches long. Watching him stroke away as Brian tongued my clit was driving me wild, and I arched my back in a shattering orgasm. Ted and Julian followed, drenching my face with come.

As I got my breath back, I said, "Jeff, I've got to have that cock inside me. Please fuck me right now!" He was more than happy to oblige, turning me on my knees and rubbing the head of his huge shaft against my pussy lips, gently pushing as he slipped inch by inch into my tingling hole. Brian slid under me, asking me with his eyes for relief, which my hot lips were more than willing to give. Brian's cock isn't small, but the feeling of Jeff's foot-long dong driving into my pussy made me want to get fully penetrated front and back, so I took more and more of Brian into my throat until finally I was pushing my lips against the pubic hair at the bottom of his shaft.

For all the dripping tightness of my cunt and all the expert licking and deep-throating I was giving, Jeff and Brian held on for a long time. I orgasmed twice before they came, and they then came within seconds of each other. As I rolled over, Julian and

Ted stood over me, masturbating, and I soon felt their gobs of hot come hitting my face, tits, and belly. I rubbed it over me and stroked myself with come-drenched hands between my legs, achieving yet another orgasm.

We discovered that it is impossible for a woman, no matter how hot she is, to service four men at the same time. We tried, with Jeff in my pussy, Brian in my ass, Julian in my mouth, and Ted in my hand, but I couldn't concentrate through all the sensations and kept forgetting Julian and Ted. It turned out for the better, though, because while I fucked or sucked one or two of them, the others were getting hard again. I must have been penetrated twenty-five times before dawn came and the guys left.

As they walked out the door, I stood there fully nude, with come and my juices glistening all over me, and told them all, with a kiss, "Never again." I felt at the time that I would go back to my clean-cut ways. But now, just three days later, I'm sopping wet again, and I know all the masturbating in the world won't satisfy the desire I'm feeling. I may have to make a few phone calls.—*Name and address withheld*

Double feature

Last week on my "night out" I packed a cooler with some beers and headed for the local porno drive-in. As I stopped for ice, a friend's wife drove up. We talked, and she said her husband was out of town on a weekend fishing trip. So, being the nice guy I am, I asked her to go with me. I told her that with my dark-tinted windows in my truck no one would see us. I was just kidding when I asked, but she shocked me when she said, "Sounds good to me."

We parked in the back row just as the first movie was starting. We had had a couple of beers when she slid across the seat and put her hand on my now hard cock. I looked at her, but she kept watching the movie and slowly rubbed my throbbing cock. On the screen a good-looking woman was taking about eight inches of cock down her throat. I moved my hips a little and said, "Damn, that looks good." She just looked over at me and started unfastening my pants. Not being one to pass things up, I helped her, removing boots, pants, underwear, all at once. In a flash she had all six inches engulfed. I then started working on her skintight Levi's, which slid off with her lace panties. As I slipped two fingers in her dripping honey pot, she started moaning and bucking her hips. As she is a short girl, I had an easy reach back to her cunt and ass. As I worked my fingers in and out, I started working my thumb into her tight ass. Just as my thumb slid up her ass hole, we both started coming. She buried her face in my pubic hair and drank all of my come.

I had a hell of a time keeping my fingers buried in her wild bucking and thrashing hips. We started on another beer. She told me that she had been planning on going to the drive-in by herself. We went back to

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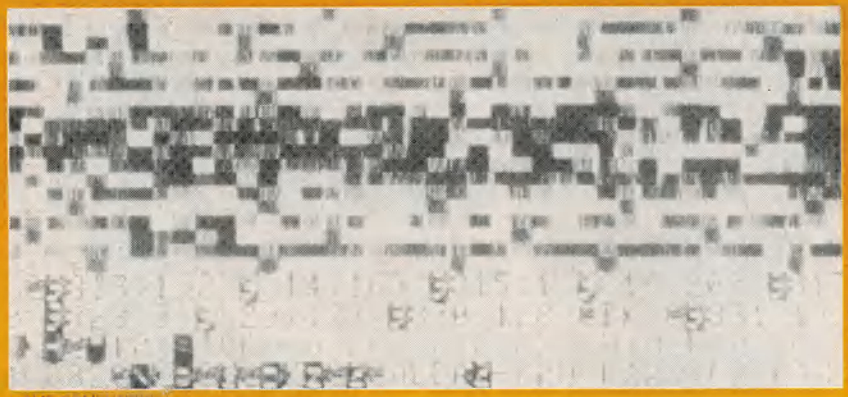

HOME COMPUTERS

Interview with Mme. Claude—For the past two decades, film stars, European royalty, top politicians, billionaires, Arab sheikhs, and the elite of the international jet set have depended on a diminutive, elegant Frenchwoman to provide them with the world's costliest, classiest, and most beautiful call girls. Known as "Mme. Claude," her years of catering to the sexual appetites of famous and influential men have given her insights into human behavior that far exceed those of doctors and "sexologists," who must get their information secondhand. Now retired and living in seclusion, the legendary Mme. Claude granted *Penthouse* reporter Blythe Holbrooke this exclusive interview, in which she frankly and openly discusses everything she's learned and observed while creating the "beautiful creatures of dreams" who thrilled the most powerful men in the world.

Have You Whipped Your Child Today?—Although the Moral Majority and other New Right groups are obsessed with protecting the "rights of the unborn," their feelings about *living* children are not at all so tenderhearted. Many of the half-million children who are enrolled in fundamentalist schools are subjected to spankings, beatings, and even twelve-volt shocks in tiny electric chairs whenever they are judged to have strayed from the path of righteousness. "The fear brokers of the New Right don't trust children," writes Michael Disend in an extensive report on their reign of terror in the schoolroom. And what is the ultimate goal of education through pain? The man whom Jerry Falwell calls "the driving force in Christian education today" told Disend: "The ideal system is totalitarian government with a righteous and a pure and a godly leader." You won't want to miss this alarming story, part of our continuing series on the New Right.

Marco Polo—In an exclusive excerpt from William F. Buckley, Jr.'s new novel *Marco Polo, If You Can*, CIA agent Blackford Oakes continues the adventures that made Buckley's last novel, *Who's on First*, a national best-seller. On center stage this time, a beautiful agent once seduced by Oakes, Amanda Gaither becomes the central figure in a top-secret project designed to uncover the operative who has been relaying sensitive material to the Soviet Union.

Home Computers—In the foreseeable future personal home computers will become as indispensable as the telephone. Gerard K. O'Neill, Princeton professor and author of *2081—A Hopeful View of the Human Future*, explains how these miniature data banks have already begun to, and will continue to, affect all our lives. O+

watching the movie, which now was starting on a small orgy scene with three well-hung guys and one blond fox. The hot number next to me started squirming on the seat and said she'd like to do it with two guys sometime and then started stroking my now hard cock. Suddenly she stopped and reached for her purse. She pulled out a ten-inch dildo that looked like the real thing. She said it was a good friend because it never wanted to go on fishing trips, and with it and me she could have two cocks at once.

I quickly pushed her, face down, across the seat and dove into her dripping snatch as she started sucking on the dildo. I reached up and took the fake cock from her sucking lips and gently pushed it into her cunt. I then went to work on her ass with my tongue, getting her ass hole all hot and slick. As the last inch of dildo was in, I moved the swollen head of my cock to her wet ass hole. She then reached back and grabbed her tiny ass cheeks, spreading them apart, saying she had never had a cock up her ass. She said I should go easy, but she wanted to try it. Being a back-door man, I knew if I could get past that tight entrance she would love it. She relaxed and pulled her cheeks farther apart, and my cockhead popped right in. Stopping to let her get used to it, I reached down and gently moved the dildo in and out.

Now she was moving her hips, working my cock deeper into her ass until my balls were against the base of the dildo. We sure weren't watching the movie. But the orgy on the screen must have been getting good because the speaker in the car truck was blasting, "Harder, harder! Fuck my ass and cunt, you studs!" I got the same thing from the double-fucked girl lying on my truck seat. "That's it. All the way in. Fuck my ass harder! Oh, fuck, I'm coming!" I was really pounding away on her now, finally shooting a giant load of hot come deep in her ass. This was just the first of many back-door combinations we tried that night.

The dildo and I traded holes. She sucked me off while I reamed her ass with her friendly pet cock. I was finally so tuckered out and sore that I had to quit. But she still begged for more. I told her that if she could get me up, we'd go one more time. As she started sucking on my cock, she worked a finger in my ass. This was a big surprise to me. Next thing I knew, she actually had the head of the dildo pushing against my ass. She engulfed my rod and shoved that pet cock about halfway in. As she pounded it in I shot my last load deep in her throat. We now plan to meet any time a fishing trip is planned.—*Name and address withheld* O+

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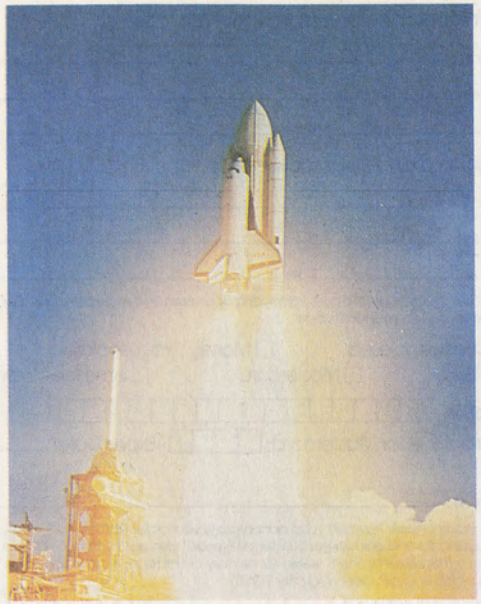

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